

Standard Library Edition

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THE WORKS OF  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

*ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL PORTRAITS  
AND PHOTOGRAVURES*

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

VOLUME I







THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

IN FOUR VOLUMES  
VOLUME I.

*NARRATIVE AND LEGENDARY POEMS*



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## PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT

THE Standard Library Edition of Mr. Whittier's writings comprises his poetical and prose works as re-arranged and thoroughly revised by himself or with his coöperation. Mr. Whittier has supplied such additional information regarding the subject and occasion of certain poems as may be stated in brief head-notes, and this edition has been much enriched by the poet's personal comment. So far as practicable the dates of publication of the various articles have been given, and since these were originally published soon after composition, the dates of their first appearance have been taken as determining the time at which they were written.

At the request of the Publishers, Mr. Whittier has allowed his early poems, discarded from previous collections, to be placed, in the general order of their appearance, in an appendix to the final volume of poems. By this means the present edition is made so complete and retrospective that students of the poet's career will always find the most abundant material for their purpose. The Publishers congratulate themselves and the public that the careful attention which Mr. Whittier has been able to give to this revision of his works has resulted in so comprehensive and well-adjusted a collection.

The portraits prefixed to the several volumes have been chosen with a view to illustrating successive periods in the poet's life. The original sources and dates are indicated in each case.

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NOTE. — The portrait prefixed to this volume was etched by S. A. Schoff, in 1888, after a painting by Bass Otis, a pupil of Gilbert Stuart, made in the winter of 1836-1837.

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## PROEM

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning  
dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try ;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the  
sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife,  
are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies ;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind ;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown ;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom ! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy  
shrine !

AMESBURY, 11th mo., 1847.





## INTRODUCTION

THE edition of my poems published in 1857 contained the following note by way of preface : —

“ In these volumes, for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made. While it is satisfactory to know that these scattered children of my brain have found a home, I cannot but regret that I have been unable, by reason of illness, to give that attention to their revision and arrangement, which respect for the opinions of others and my own afterthought and experience demand.

“ That there are pieces in this collection which I would ‘willingly let die,’ I am free to confess. But it is now too late to disown them, and I must submit to the inevitable penalty of poetical as well as other sins. There are others, intimately connected with the author’s life and times, which owe their tenacity of vitality to the circumstances under which they were written, and the events by which they were suggested.

“ The long poem of *Mogg Megone* was in a great measure composed in early life; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period.”

After a lapse of thirty years since the above was written, I have been requested by my pub-

lishers to make some preparation for a new and revised edition of my poems. I cannot flatter myself that I have added much to the interest of the work beyond the correction of my own errors and those of the press, with the addition of a few heretofore unpublished pieces, and occasional notes of explanation which seemed necessary. I have made an attempt to classify the poems under a few general heads, and have transferred the long poem of *Mogg Megone* to the Appendix, with other specimens of my earlier writings. I have endeavored to affix the dates of composition or publication as far as possible.

In looking over these poems I have not been unmindful of occasional prosaic lines and verbal infelicities, but at this late day I have neither strength nor patience to undertake their correction.

Perhaps a word of explanation may be needed in regard to a class of poems written between the years 1832 and 1865. Of their defects from an artistic point of view it is not necessary to speak. They were the earnest and often vehement expression of the writer's thought and feeling at critical periods in the great conflict between Freedom and Slavery. They were written with no expectation that they would survive the occasions which called them forth: they were protests, alarm signals, trumpet-calls to action, words wrung from the writer's heart, forged at white heat, and of course lacking the finish and careful word-selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might have given. Such as they are, they belong

to the history of the Anti-Slavery movement, and may serve as way-marks of its progress. If their language at times seems severe and harsh, the monstrous wrong of Slavery which provoked it must be its excuse, if any is needed. In attacking it, we did not measure our words. "It is," said Garrison, "a waste of politeness to be courteous to the devil." But in truth the contest was, in a great measure, an impersonal one, — hatred of slavery and not of slave-masters.

"No common wrong provoked our zeal,  
The silken gauntlet which is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel."

Even Thomas Jefferson, in his terrible denunciation of Slavery in the *Notes on Virginia*, says: "It is impossible to be temperate and pursue the subject of Slavery."

After the great contest was over, no class of the American people were more ready, with kind words and deprecation of harsh retaliation, to welcome back the revolted States than the Abolitionists; and none have since more heartily rejoiced at the fast increasing prosperity of the South.

Grateful for the measure of favor which has been accorded to my writings, I leave this edition with the public. It contains all that I care to republish, and some things which, had the matter of choice been left solely to myself, I should have omitted.

J. G. W.





## NARRATIVE AND LEGENDARY POEMS

---

### THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

This poem was suggested by the account given of the manner in which the Waldenses disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry. They gained access to the house through their occupation as peddlers of silks, jewels, and trinkets. "Having disposed of some of their goods," it is said by a writer who quotes the inquisitor Rainerus Sacco, "they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these, inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy."

The poem, under the title *Le Colporteur Vaudois*, was translated into French by Professor G. de Felice, of Montauban, and further naturalized by Professor Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet, who quoted it in his lectures on French literature, afterwards published. It became familiar in this form to the Waldenses, who adopted it as a household poem. An American clergyman, J. C. Fletcher, frequently heard it when he was a student, about the year 1850, in the theological seminary at Geneva, Switzerland, but the authorship of the poem was unknown to those who used it. Twenty-five years later, Mr. Fletcher, learning the name of the author, wrote to the moderator of the Waldensian synod at La Tour, giving the information. At the banquet which closed the meeting of the synod, the moderator announced the fact, and was instructed in the name of the Waldensian church to write to me a letter of thanks. My letter, written in reply, was translated into Italian and printed throughout Italy.

"O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful  
and rare, —  
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's  
queen might wear;

And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with  
whose radiant light they vie ;  
I have brought them with me a weary way, — will  
my gentle lady buy ? ”

The lady smiled on the worn old man through the  
dark and clustering curls  
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view his  
silks and glittering pearls ;  
And she placed their price in the old man’s hand  
and lightly turned away,  
But she paused at the wanderer’s earnest call, —  
“ My gentle lady, stay !

“ O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer  
lustre flings,  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on  
the lofty brow of kings ;  
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue  
shall not decay,  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing  
on thy way ! ”

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her  
form of grace was seen,  
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks  
waved their clasping pearls between ;  
“ Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou  
traveller gray and old,  
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my  
page shall count thy gold.”

The cloud went off from the pilgrim’s brow, as a  
small and meagre book,

Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!

“Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!

Nay, keep thy gold — I ask it not, for the word of God is free!”

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind

Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden’s mind,

And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,

And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,

The courtly knights of her father’s train, and the maidens of her bower;

And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,

Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!

1830.

### THE FEMALE MARTYR.

Mary G——, aged eighteen, a “Sister of Charity,” died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.

“BRING out your dead!” The midnight street  
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;

Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,  
 Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet,  
     Her coffin and her pall.  
 "What — only one!" the brutal hack-man said,  
 As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
     As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,  
 With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!  
 The dying turned him to the wall,  
     To hear it and to die!  
 Onward it rolled; while oft its driver stayed,  
 And hoarsely clamored, "Ho! bring out your  
     dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;  
     "Toss in your load!" and it was done.  
 With quick hand and averted face,  
 Hastily to the grave's embrace  
     They cast them, one by one,  
 Stranger and friend, the evil and the just,  
 Together trodden in the churchyard dust!

And thou, young martyr! thou wast there;  
     No white-robed sisters round thee trod,  
 Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer  
 Rose through the damp and noisome air,  
     Giving thee to thy God;  
 Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave  
 Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer! there shall be,  
     In every heart of kindly feeling,

A rite as holy paid to thee  
As if beneath the convent-tree  
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,  
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping  
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light  
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well;  
Enduring with a martyr's might,  
Through weary day and wakeful night,  
Far more than words may tell:  
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,  
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing, where  
The throngful street grew foul with death,  
O high-souled martyr! thou wast there,  
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,  
Poison with every breath.  
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread  
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed  
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,  
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,  
A new Electra by the bed  
Of suffering human-kind!  
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,  
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high  
And holy mysteries of Heaven!  
How turned to thee each glazing eye,

In mute and awful sympathy,  
 As thy low prayers were given ;  
 And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,  
 An angel's features, a deliverer's smile !

A blessed task ! and worthy one  
 Who, turning from the world, as thou,  
 Before life's pathway had begun  
 To leave its spring-time flower and sun,  
 Had sealed her early vow ;  
 Giving to God her beauty and her youth,  
 Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here  
 Could be for thee a meet reward ;  
 Thine is a treasure far more dear :  
 Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
 Of living mortal heard  
 The joys prepared, the promised bliss above,  
 The holy presence of Eternal Love !

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not  
 A nobler name than thine shall be.  
 The deeds by martial manhood wrought,  
 The lofty energies of thought,  
 The fire of poesy,  
 These have but frail and fading honors ; thine  
 Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,  
 And human pride and grandeur fall,  
 The herald's line of long renown,  
 The mitre and the kingly crown, —  
 Perishing glories all !

The pure devotion of thy generous heart  
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part.  
1833.

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND  
LEGEND."

Originally a part of the author's *Moll Pitcher*.

How has New England's romance fled,  
Even as a vision of the morning!  
Its rites foredone, its guardians dead,  
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning!  
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
And fire-dance round the magic rock,  
Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
At moonrise by his holy oak!  
No more along the shadowy glen  
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men;  
No more the unquiet churchyard dead  
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
Startling the traveller, late and lone;  
As, on some night of starless weather,  
They silently commune together,  
Each sitting on his own head-stone!  
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
Its living tenants all departed,  
No longer rings with midnight revel  
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil;  
No pale blue flame sends out its flashes  
Through creviced roof and shattered sashes!  
The witch-grass round the hazel spring  
May sharply to the night-air sing,



But there no more shall withered hags  
 Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,  
 Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
 As beverage meet for Satan's daughters ;  
 No more their mimic tones be heard,  
 The mew of cat, the chirp of bird,  
 Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter  
 Of the fell demon following after !  
 The cautious goodman nails no more  
 A horseshoe on his outer door,  
 Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
 To his own mouth her bridle-bit ;  
 The goodwife's churn no more refuses  
 Its wonted culinary uses  
 Until, with heated needle burned,  
 The witch has to her place returned !  
 Our witches are no longer old  
 And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
 But young and gay and laughing creatures,  
 With the heart's sunshine on their features ;  
 Their sorcery — the light which dances  
 Where the raised lid unveils its glances ;  
 Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,  
     The music of Love's twilight hours,  
 Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan  
     Above her nightly closing flowers,  
 Sweeter than that which sighed of yore  
 Along the charmed Ausonian shore !  
 Even she, our own weird heroine,  
 Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,<sup>1</sup>  
     Sleeps calmly where the living laid her ;  
 And the wide realm of sorcery,  
 Left by its latest mistress free,  
     Hath found no gray and skilled invader.

So perished Albion's "glammarye,"  
With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,  
His charm'd torch beside his knee,  
That even the dead himself might see  
The magic scroll within his keeping.  
And now our modern Yankee sees  
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries ;  
And naught above, below, around,  
Of life or death, of sight or sound,  
Whate'er its nature, form, or look,  
Excites his terror or surprise, —  
All seeming to his knowing eyes  
Familiar as his "catechise,"  
Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

1833.

### THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,  
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,  
And beats the maid with her unused broom,  
And the lazy lout with his idle flail ;  
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,  
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,  
And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-loft cheer,  
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,  
And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him  
 Who seven times crossed the deep,  
 Twined closely each lean and withered limb,  
 Like the nightmare in one's sleep.  
 But he drank of the wine, and Sindbad cast  
 The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day  
 To my quiet room and fireside nook,  
 Where the casement light falls dim and gray  
 On faded painting and ancient book,  
 Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
 Are chronicled well by good King James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,  
 No runner of errands like Ariel,  
 He comes in the shape of a fat old man,  
 Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell;  
 And whence he comes, or whither he goes,  
 I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat  
 Slouched heavily down to his dark, red nose,  
 And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,  
 Looking through glasses with iron bows.  
 Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,  
 Guard well your doors from that old man !

He comes with a careless "How d' ye do ?"  
 And seats himself in my elbow-chair ;  
 And my morning paper and pamphlet new  
 Fall forthwith under his special care,  
 And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,  
 And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,  
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
With the stolid sameness of posture and look  
Of one who reads to himself alone ;  
And hour after hour on my senses come  
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
The poet's song and the lover's glee,  
The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,  
The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit*,  
All reach my ear in the self-same tone, —  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on !

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,  
Or the low soft music, perchance, which seems  
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,  
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns, from the self-same book,  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,  
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe, —  
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low  
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar ;  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,  
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,  
And when the tale is of war and wrong,  
A trumpet's summons is in her words,  
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,  
And see the tossing of plume and spear!

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,  
The stout fiend darkens my parlor door ;  
And reads me perchance the self-same lay  
Which melted in music, the night before,  
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,  
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet !

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,  
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,  
I flourish my cane above his head,  
And stir up the fire to roast him out ;  
I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,  
And press my hands on my ears, in vain !

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,  
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat  
Of demons of every name and size  
Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,  
But never a hint and never a line  
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,  
And laid the Primer above them all,  
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,  
And hung a wig to my parlor wall  
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,  
At Salem court in the witchcraft day !

“ *Conjuro te, sceleratissime,  
Abire ad tuum locum !* ” — still  
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me, —  
The exorcism has lost its skill ;  
And I hear again in my haunted room  
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum !

Ah ! commend me to Mary Magdalen  
With her sevenfold plagues, to the wandering  
Jew,  
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when  
The furies his midnight curtains drew,  
But charm him off, ye who charm him can,  
That reading demon, that fat old man !  
1835.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

On the declivity of a hill in Salisbury, Essex County, is a fountain of clear water, gushing from the very roots of a venerable oak. It is about two miles from the junction of the Powow River with the Merrimac.

TRAVELLER ! on thy journey toiling  
By the swift Powow,  
With the summer sunshine falling  
On thy heated brow,  
Listen, while all else is still,  
To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing  
By that streamlet's side,  
And a greener verdure showing  
Where its waters glide,

Down the hill-slope murmuring on,  
Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth  
O'er the sloping hill,  
Beautiful and freshly springeth  
That soft-flowing rill,  
Through its dark roots wreathed and bare,  
Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never  
In that magic well,  
Of whose gift of life forever  
Ancient legends tell,  
In the lonely desert wasted,  
And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian  
Sought with longing eyes,  
Underneath the bright pavilion  
Of the Indian skies,  
Where his forest pathway lay  
Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,  
With the dusky brow  
Of the outcast forest-ranger,  
Crossed the swift Powow,  
And betook him to the rill  
And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness  
For an instant shone

Something like a gleam of gladness,  
As he stooped him down  
To the fountain's grassy side,  
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing  
O'er his mossy seat,  
And the cool, sweet waters flowing  
Softly at his feet,  
Closely by the fountain's rim  
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given  
To the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as heaven  
Lendeth to its bow ;  
And the soft breeze from the west  
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving  
With his chains of sand ;  
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,  
'Twixt the swells of land,  
Of its calm and silvery track,  
Rolled the tranquil Merrimac.

Over village, wood, and meadow  
Gazed that stranger man,  
Sadly, till the twilight shadow  
Over all things ran,  
Save where spire and westward pane  
Flashed the sunset back again.



Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
Of his warrior sires,  
Where no lingering trace was telling  
Of their wigwam fires,  
Who the gloomy thoughts might know  
Of that wandering child of woe?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,  
Hills that once had stood  
Down their sides the shadows throwing  
Of a mighty wood,  
Where the deer his covert kept,  
And the eagle's pinion swept!

Where the birch canoe had glided  
Down the swift Powow,  
Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
Those clear waters now ;  
And where once the beaver swam,  
Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,  
And the hunter's cheer,  
Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
Smote upon his ear ;  
And the thick and sullen smoke  
From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever  
Loved to linger here ?  
These bare hills, this conquered river, —  
Could they hold them dear,  
With their native loveliness  
Tamed and tortured into this ?

Sadly, as the shades of even  
Gathered o'er the hill,  
While the western half of heaven  
Blushed with sunset still,  
From the fountain's mossy seat  
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown forever,  
But he came no more  
To the hillside on the river  
Where he came before.  
But the villager can tell  
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden  
With their fruits or flowers, —  
Roving boy and laughing maiden,  
In their school-day hours,  
Love the simple tale to tell  
Of the Indian and his well.

1837.

### PENTUCKET.

The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventeen years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Chaillons, and Hertel de Rouville, the infamous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which at that time contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, and among them Hertel de Rouville. The minister of the place, Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a shot through his own door.

In a paper entitled *The Border War of 1708*, published in my collection of *Recreations and Miscellanies*, I have given a prose narrative of the surprise of Haverhill.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone !  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless west,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar !

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretched up and down on either hand,  
With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blackened stumps between.  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravelled forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm without a fear,  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary laborer left his plough,  
The milkmaid carolled by her cow ;  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.

At length the murmur died away,  
And silence on that village lay.  
— So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate !

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimac along his bed.  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hushed grouping of a dream.  
Yet on the still air crept a sound,  
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,  
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hillside beat ?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood ? —  
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb ?  
No, — through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,  
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress !

A yell the dead might wake to hear  
Swelled on the night air, far and clear ;  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock ;

Then rang the rifle-shot, and then  
 The shrill death-scream of stricken men, —  
 Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
 And childhood's cry arose in vain.  
 Bursting through roof and window came,  
 Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame,  
 And blended fire and moonlight glared  
 On still dead men and scalp-knives bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through  
 The river willows, wet with dew.  
 No sound of combat filled the air,  
 No shout was heard, nor gunshot there ;  
 Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
 From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;  
 And on the greensward many a stain,  
 And, here and there, the mangled slain,  
 Told how that midnight bolt had sped  
 Pentucket, on thy fated head !

Even now the villager can tell  
 Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,  
 Still show the door of wasting oak,  
 Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
 And point the curious stranger where  
 De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare ;  
 Whose hideous head, in death still feared,  
 Bore not a trace of hair or beard ;  
 And still, within the churchyard ground,  
 Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
 Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
 The victims of that sacrifice.

## THE NORSEMEN.

In the early part of the present century, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimac. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited the north-east coast of North America and probably New England, some centuries before the discovery of the western world by Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

GIFT from the cold and silent Past!  
A relic to the present cast,  
Left on the ever-changing strand  
Of shifting and unstable sand,  
Which wastes beneath the steady chime  
And beating of the waves of Time!  
Who from its bed of primal rock  
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?  
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,  
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

The waters of my native stream  
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam;  
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar  
The circles widen to its shore;  
And cultured field and peopled town  
Slope to its willowed margin down.  
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing  
The home-life sound of school-bells ringing,  
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,  
And voices from the wayside near  
Come quick and blended on my ear, —  
A spell is in this old gray stone,  
My thoughts are with the Past alone!

A change ! — The steepled town no more  
 Stretches along the sail-thronged shore ;  
 Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
 Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud :  
 Spectrally rising where they stood,  
 I see the old, primeval wood ;  
 Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
 I see its solemn waste expand ;  
 It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
 It arches o'er the valley's rill,  
 And leans from cliff and crag to throw  
 Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
 Unchanged, alone, the same bright river  
 Flows on, as it will flow forever !  
 I listen, and I hear the low  
 Soft ripple where its waters go ;  
 I hear behind the panther's cry,  
 The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,  
 And shyly on the river's brink  
 The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark ! — from wood and rock flung back,  
 What sound comes up the Merrimac ?  
 What sea-worn barks are those which throw  
 The light spray from each rushing prow ?  
 Have they not in the North Sea's blast  
 Bowed to the waves the straining mast ?  
 Their frozen sails the low, pale sun  
 Of Thulë's night has shone upon ;  
 Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep  
 Round icy drift, and headland steep.  
 Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters  
 Have watched them fading o'er the waters,







Lessening through driving mist and spray,  
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide, — and now I view  
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;  
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
Turned to green earth and summer sky.  
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside  
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;  
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,  
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.  
I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
The sound of smitten shields I hear,  
Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;  
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,  
His gray and naked isles among;  
Or muttered low at midnight hour  
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon  
Has answered to that startling rune;  
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,  
The light Frank knows its summons well;  
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,  
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,  
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'T is past, — the 'wilderling vision dies  
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!  
The forest vanishes in air,  
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;  
I hear the common tread of men,  
And hum of work-day life again;

The mystic relic seems alone  
 A broken mass of common stone ;  
 And if it be the chiselled limb  
 Of Berserker or idol grim,  
 A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
 The stormy Viking's god of War,  
 Or Praga of the Runic lay,  
 Or love-awakening Siona,  
 I know not, — for no graven line,  
 Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
 Is left me here, by which to trace  
 Its name, or origin, or place.  
 Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
 This glance upon its darkness cast,  
 My spirit bows in gratitude  
 Before the Giver of all good,  
 Who fashioned so the human mind,  
 That, from the waste of Time behind,  
 A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
 Can summon the departed forth ;  
 Quicken the Past to life again,  
 The Present lose in what hath been,  
 And in their primal freshness show  
 The buried forms of long ago.  
 As if a portion of that Thought  
 By which the Eternal will is wrought,  
 Whose impulse fills anew with breath  
 The frozen solitude of Death,  
 To mortal mind were sometimes lent,  
 To mortal musings sometimes sent,  
 To whisper — even when it seems  
 But Memory's fantasy of dreams —  
 Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,  
 Of an immortal origin !

FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

Polan, chief of the Sokokis Indians of the country between Agamenticus and Casco Bay, was killed at Windham on Sebago Lake in the spring of 1756. After the whites had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were upturned, placed the body of their chief beneath it, and then released the tree, which, in springing back to its old position, covered the grave. The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. François.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white ! save where the bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show,  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this ?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side ;

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide, —  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done: the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,  
The Indian's fitting monument !

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place,  
Which knew them once, retains no trace ;

Oh, long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head,  
A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake  
A solemn undertone shall make !

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers blow,  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,—  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer!

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,—  
And they have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O peeled and hunted and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!  
Great Nature owns her simple child!

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known, —  
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,  
The spirit of our brother man !

1841.

### ST. JOHN.

The fierce rivalry between Charles de La Tour, a Protestant, and D'Aulnay Charnasy, a Catholic, for the possession of Acadia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. La Tour received aid in several instances from the Puritan colony of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by D'Aulnay, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack however followed in the fourth month, 1647, when D'Aulnay was successful, and the garrison was put to the sword. Lady La Tour languished a few days in the hands of her enemy, and then died of grief.

“ To the winds give our banner !  
Bear homeward again ! ”  
Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne ;  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.



O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour had looked  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell ;  
But the men of Monhegan,  
Of Papists abhorred,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.  
Pemaquid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone,  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided,  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
Oh, well sped La Tour !  
For, in peril and pain,

His lady kept watch,  
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane-trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.  
“Now, why from yon battlements  
Speaks not my love!  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above?”

Dark and wild, from his deck  
St. Estienne gazed about,  
On fire-wasted dwellings,  
And silent redoubt;  
From the low, shattered walls  
Which the flame had o'errun,  
There floated no banner,  
There thundered no gun!

But beneath the low arch  
Of its doorway there stood  
A pale priest of Rome,  
In his cloak and his hood.  
With the bound of a lion,  
La Tour sprang to land,  
On the throat of the Papist  
He fastened his hand.

“Speak, son of the Woman  
Of scarlet and sin!  
What wolf has been prowling  
My castle within?”

From the grasp of the soldier  
The Jesuit broke,  
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
He smiled as he spoke :

“ No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
Has ravaged thy hall,  
But thy red-handed rival,  
With fire, steel, and ball !  
On an errand of mercy  
I hitherward came,  
While the walls of thy castle  
Yet spouted with flame.

“ Pentagoet’s dark vessels  
Were moored in the bay,  
Grim sea-lions, roaring  
Aloud for their prey.”  
“ But what of my lady ? ”  
Cried Charles of Estienne.  
“ On the shot-crumbled turret  
Thy lady was seen :

“ Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
Her hand grasped thy pennon,  
While her dark tresses swayed  
In the hot breath of cannon !  
But woe to the heretic,  
Evermore woe !  
When the son of the church  
And the cross is his foe !

“ In the track of the shell,  
In the path of the ball,

Pentagoet swept over  
The breach of the wall !  
Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
One moment, — and then  
Alone stood the victor,  
Alone with his men !

“ Of its sturdy defenders,  
Thy lady alone  
Saw the cross-blazoned banner  
Float over St. John.”

“ Let the dastard look to it ! ”  
Cried fiery Estienne,  
“ Were D'Aulnay King Louis,  
I 'd free her again ! ”

“ Alas for thy lady !  
No service from thee  
Is needed by her  
Whom the Lord hath set free ;  
Nine days, in stern silence,  
Her thraldom she bore,  
But the tenth morning came,  
And Death opened her door ! ”

As if suddenly smitten  
La Tour staggered back ;  
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,  
His forehead grew black.  
He sprang on the deck  
Of his shallop again.  
“ We cruise now for vengeance !  
Give way ! ” cried Estienne.

"Massachusetts shall hear  
 Of the Huguenot's wrong,  
 And from island and creekside  
 Her fishers shall throng!  
 Pentagoet shall rue  
 What his Papists have done,  
 When his palisades echo  
 The Puritan's gun!"

Oh, the loveliest of heavens  
 Hung tenderly o'er him,  
 There were waves in the sunshine,  
 And green isles before him:  
 But a pale hand was beckoning  
 The Huguenot on;  
 And in blackness and ashes  
 Behind was St. John!

1841.

### THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogees, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
 The sacred cypress-tree about,  
 And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,  
 Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there  
Through weary night and lingering day,—  
Grim as the idols at their side,  
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;  
Unseen of them the island flowers  
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,  
The thunder crashed on rock and hill;  
The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,  
Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?  
The Moslem's sunset-call, the dance  
Of Ceylon's maids, the passing gleam  
Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf  
Of which the wandering Jogeess sing:  
Which lends once more to wintry age  
The greenness of its spring.

Oh, if these poor and blinded ones  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed,  
In answer to the breath of prayer,  
Upon the waiting head—

Not to restore our failing forms,  
 And build the spirit's broken shrine,  
 But on the fainting soul to shed  
 A light and life divine —

Shall we grow weary in our watch,  
 And murmur at the long delay?  
 Impatient of our Father's time  
 And His appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things  
 Allure and claim the Christian's eye,  
 When on the heathen watcher's ear  
 Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith  
 Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
 The self-abasing watchfulness  
 Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
 Our erring brother in the wrong, —  
 And in the ear of Pride and Power  
 Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
 Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer.  
 Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,  
 Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,  
 From waters which alone can save;

And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of Thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee !

1841.

### THE EXILES.

The incidents upon which the following ballad has its foundation occurred about the year 1660. Thomas Macy was one of the first, if not the first white settler of Nantucket. The career of Macy is briefly but carefully outlined in James S. Pike's *The New Puritan*.

THE goodman sat beside his door  
One sultry afternoon,  
With his young wife singing at his side  
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air, —  
The dark green woods were still ;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud  
Above the wilderness,



As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air  
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,  
A weary stranger came,  
And stood before the farmer's door,  
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope  
Was in his quiet glance,  
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed  
His tranquil countenance, —

A look, like that his Master wore  
In Pilate's council-hall :  
It told of wrongs, but of a love  
Meekly forgiving all.

“Friend ! wilt thou give me shelter here ? ”  
The stranger meekly said ;  
And, leaning on his oaken staff,  
The goodman's features read.

“My life is hunted, — evil men  
Are following in my track ;  
The traces of the torturer's whip  
Are on my aged back ;

“ And much, I fear, ’t will peril thee  
Within thy doors to take  
A hunted seeker of the Truth,  
Oppressed for conscience’ sake.”

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman’s wife,  
“ Come in, old man ! ” quoth she,  
“ We will not leave thee to the storm,  
Whoever thou mayst be.”

Then came the aged wanderer in,  
And silent sat him down ;  
While all within grew dark as night  
Beneath the storm-cloud’s frown.

But while the sudden lightning’s blaze  
Filled every cottage nook,  
And with the jarring thunder-roll  
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses’ feet  
Came sounding up the lane,  
And half a score of horse, or more,  
Came plunging through the rain.

“ Now, Goodman Macy, ope thy door, —  
We would not be house-breakers ;  
A rueful deed thou ’st done this day,  
In harboring banished Quakers.”

Out looked the cautious goodman then,  
With much of fear and awe,  
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,  
The parish priest he saw.

“Open thy door, thou wicked man,  
 And let thy pastor in,  
 And give God thanks, if forty stripes  
 Repay thy deadly sin.”

“What seek ye?” quoth the goodman;  
 “The stranger is my guest;  
 He is worn with toil and grievous wrong, —  
 Pray let the old man rest.”

“Now, out upon thee, canting knave!”  
 And strong hands shook the door.  
 “Believe me, Macy,” quoth the priest,  
 “Thou ’lt rue thy conduct sore.”

Then kindled Macy’s eye of fire :  
 “No priest who walks the earth,  
 Shall pluck away the stranger-guest  
 Made welcome to my hearth.”

Down from his cottage wall he caught  
 The matchlock, hotly tried  
 At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,  
 By fiery Ireton’s side ;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,  
 With shout and psalm contended ;  
 And Rupert’s oath, and Cromwell’s prayer,  
 With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then :  
 “My spirit is not free  
 To bring the wrath and violence  
 Of evil men on thee ;

“ And for thyself, I pray forbear,  
    Bethink thee of thy Lord,  
Who healed again the smitten ear,  
    And sheathed His follower’s sword.

“ I go, as to the slaughter led.  
    Friends of the poor, farewell ! ”  
Beneath his hand the oaken door  
    Back on its hinges fell.

“ Come forth, old graybeard, yea and nay,”  
    The reckless scoffers cried,  
As to a horseman’s saddle-bow  
    The old man’s arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long  
    In Boston’s crowded jail,  
Where suffering woman’s prayer was heard,  
    With sickening childhood’s wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell ;  
    Those scenes have passed away ;  
Let the dim shadows of the past  
    Brood o’er that evil day.

“ Ho, sheriff ! ” quoth the ardent priest,  
    “ Take Goodman Macy too ;  
The sin of this day’s heresy  
    His back or purse shall rue.”

“ Now, goodwife, haste thee ! ” Macy cried.  
    She caught his manly arm ;  
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,  
    With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Macys, neck or naught, —  
 The river-course was near ;  
 The plashing on its pebbled shore  
 Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch,  
 Above the waters hung,  
 And at its base, with every wave,  
 A small light wherry swung.

A leap — they gain the boat — and there  
 The goodman wields his oar ;  
 " Ill luck betide them all," he cried,  
 " The laggards on the shore."

Down through the crashing underwood,  
 The burly sheriff came : —  
 " Stand, Goodman Macy, yield thyself ;  
 Yield in the King's own name."

" Now out upon thy hangman's face !"  
 Bold Macy answered then, —  
 " Whip women, on the village green,  
 But meddle not with men."

The priest came panting to the shore,  
 His grave cocked hat was gone ;  
 Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung  
 His wig upon a thorn.

" Come back, — come back !" the parson cried,  
 " The church's curse beware."  
 " Curse, an' thou wilt," said Macy, " but  
 Thy blessing prithee spare."

“Vile scoffer!” cried the baffled priest,

“Thou ’lt yet the gallows see.”

“Who ’s born to be hanged will not be drowned,”

Quoth Macy, merrily;

“And so, sir sheriff and priest, good-by!”

He bent him to his oar,

And the small boat glided quietly

From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds

Scattered and fell asunder,

While feebler came the rush of rain,

And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun

Looked out serene and warm,

Painting its holy symbol-light

Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span,

O’er dim Crane-neck was bended;

One bright foot touched the eastern hills,

And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket’s southern slope

The small boat glided fast;

The watchers of the Block-house saw

The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison

Sat shaking in their shoes,

To hear the dip of Indian oars,

The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury —  
The men were all away —  
Looked out to see the stranger oar  
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw  
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,  
And Newbury's spire and weathercock  
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,  
The marsh lay broad and green ;  
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs crowned,  
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye  
The harbor-bar was crossed ;  
A plaything of the restless wave,  
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
On land and water lay ;  
On the steep hills of Agawam,  
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
And Gloucester's harbor-bar ;  
The watch-fire of the garrison  
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning  
On Massachusetts Bay !  
Blue wave, and bright green island,  
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety  
Round isle and headland steep ;  
No tempest broke above them,  
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape  
The venturous Macy passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle  
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
They braved the rough sea-weather ;  
And there, in peace and quietness,  
Went down life's vale together ;

How others drew around them,  
And how their fishing sped,  
Until to every wind of heaven  
Nantucket's sails were spread ;

How pale Want alternated  
With Plenty's golden smile ;  
Behold, is it not written  
In the annals of the isle ?

And yet that isle remaineth  
A refuge of the free,  
As when true-hearted Macy  
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
Her shrubless hills of sand,  
Free as the waves that batter  
Along her yielding land.



Than hers, at duty's summons,  
 No loftier spirit stirs,  
 Nor falls o'er human suffering  
 A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island !  
 And grant forevermore,  
 That charity and freedom dwell  
 As now upon her shore !

1841.

## THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills  
 The sun shall sink again,  
 Farewell to life and all its ills,  
 Farewell to cell and chain !

These prison shades are dark and cold,  
 But, darker far than they,  
 The shadow of a sorrow old  
 Is on my heart alway.

For since the day when Warkworth wood  
 Closed o'er my steed, and I,  
 An alien from my name and blood,  
 A weed cast out to die, —

When, looking back in sunset light,  
 I saw her turret gleam,  
 And from its casement, far and white,  
 Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,  
Doth home's green isles descry,  
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er  
The waste of wave and sky ;

So from the desert of my fate  
I gaze across the past ;  
Forever on life's dial-plate  
The shade is backward cast !

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,  
I've knelt at many a shrine ;  
And bowed me to the rocky floor  
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine ;

And by the Holy Sepulchre  
I've pledged my knightly sword  
To Christ, His blessed Church, and her,  
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife !  
How vain do all things seem !  
My soul is in the past, and life  
To-day is but a dream !

In vain the penance strange and long,  
And hard for flesh to bear ;  
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,  
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep, —  
Its ears are open still ;  
And vigils with the past they keep  
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old  
Do evermore uprise ;  
I see the flow of locks of gold,  
The shine of loving eyes !

Ah me ! upon another's breast  
Those golden locks recline ;  
I see upon another rest  
The glance that once was mine.

“ O faithless priest ! O perjured knight ! ”  
I hear the Master cry ;  
“ Shut out the vision from thy sight,  
Let Earth and Nature die.

“ The Church of God is now thy spouse,  
And thou the bridegroom art ;  
Then let the burden of thy vows  
Crush down thy human heart ! ”

In vain ! This heart its grief must know,  
Till life itself hath ceased,  
And falls beneath the self-same blow  
The lover and the priest !

O pitying Mother ! souls of light,  
And saints and martyrs old !  
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,  
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,  
And death unbind my chain,

Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill  
The sun shall fall again.

1843.

### CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

In 1658 two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of nearly all his property for having entertained Quakers at his house, were fined for non-attendance at church. They being unable to pay the fine, the General Court issued an order empowering "the Treasurer of the County to sell the said persons to any of the English nation of *Virginia* or *Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise  
to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked  
the spoil away ;  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faith-  
ful three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His hand-  
maid free !

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison  
bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale  
gleam of stars ;  
In the coldness and the darkness all through the  
long night-time,  
My grated casement whitened with autumn's early  
rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept  
 by ;  
 Star after star looked palely in and sank adown  
 the sky ;  
 No sound amid night's stillness, save that which  
 seemed to be  
 The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea ;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the  
 morrow  
 The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in  
 my sorrow,  
 Dragged to their place of market, and bargained  
 for and sold,  
 Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer  
 from the fold !

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there, — the  
 shrinking and the shame ;  
 And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to  
 me came :  
 " Why sit'st thou thus forlornly," the wicked  
 murmur said,  
 " Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy  
 maiden bed ?

" Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and  
 sweet,  
 Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant  
 street ?  
 Where be the youths whose glances, the summer  
 Sabbath through,  
 Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew ?

“Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra? — Bethink  
thee with what mirth  
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm  
bright hearth;  
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads  
white and fair,  
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

“Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for  
thee kind words are spoken,  
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laugh-  
ing boys are broken;  
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are  
laid,  
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful hun-  
ters braid.

“O weak, deluded maiden! — by crazy fancies  
led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure  
and sound,  
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and  
sackcloth bound, —

“Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at  
things divine,  
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and  
wine;  
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the  
pillory lame,  
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in  
their shame.

“ And what a fate awaits thee ! — a sadly toiling  
 slave,  
 Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage  
 to the grave !  
 Think of thy woman’s nature, subdued in hopeless  
 thrall,  
 The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all ! ”

Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature’s  
 fears  
 Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavail-  
 ing tears,  
 I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in  
 silent prayer,  
 To feel, O Helper of the weak ! that Thou indeed  
 wert there !

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi’s cell,  
 And how from Peter’s sleeping limbs the prison  
 shackles fell,  
 Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel’s  
 robe of white,  
 And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies ! — for the peace  
 and love I felt,  
 Like dew of Hermon’s holy hill, upon my spirit  
 melt ;  
 When “ Get behind me, Satan ! ” was the lan-  
 guage of my heart,  
 And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts  
 depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning ; again the sun-  
shine fell,  
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within  
my lonely cell ;  
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward  
from the street  
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of  
passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was  
open cast,  
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street  
I passed ;  
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared  
not see,  
How, from every door and window, the people  
gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon  
my cheek,  
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling  
limbs grew weak :  
“ O Lord ! support thy handmaid ; and from her  
soul cast out  
The fear of man, which brings a snare, the weak-  
ness and the doubt.”

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a cloud in  
morning's breeze,  
And a low deep voice within me seemed whisper-  
ing words like these :



“Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven  
a brazen wall,  
Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over  
all.”

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit  
waters broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly  
wall of rock ;  
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear  
lines on high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network  
on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped  
and grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed  
and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at  
hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the  
land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready  
ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and  
scoff and jeer ;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of  
silence broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit  
spoke.

I cried, “The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the  
meek,

Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of  
the weak!  
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones, — go turn  
the prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf  
amid the flock ! ”

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a  
deeper red  
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of  
anger spread ;  
“ Good people,” quoth the white-lipped priest,  
“ heed not her words so wild,  
Her Master speaks within her, — the Devil owns  
his child ! ”

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the  
while the sheriff read  
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have  
made,  
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priest-  
hood bring  
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offer-  
ing.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff, turning,  
said, —  
“ Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this  
Quaker maid ?  
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's  
shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian  
girl or Moor.”

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and when  
again he cried,  
“ Speak out, my worthy seamen ! ” — no voice, no  
sign replied ;  
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind  
words met my ear, —  
“ God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl  
and dear ! ”

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a pitying  
friend was nigh, —  
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his  
eye ;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so  
kind to me,  
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring  
of the sea, —

“ Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with coins  
of Spanish gold,  
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of  
her hold,  
By the living God who made me ! — I would sooner  
in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child  
away ! ”

“ Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their  
cruel laws ! ”  
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the peo-  
ple’s just applause.

“Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?”

I looked on haughty Endicott ; with weapon half-  
way drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate  
and scorn ;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in  
silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of  
soul ;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and  
crushed his parchment roll.  
“Good friends,” he said, “since both have fled,  
the ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well  
released.”

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept  
round the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me  
go my way ;  
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of  
the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned the  
hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed  
beneath my eye,

A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of  
the sky,  
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream and  
woodland lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of  
the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! to Him all  
praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his hand-  
maid free ;  
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty  
are afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the  
poor is laid !

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight  
calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth the grate-  
ful psalm ;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the  
saints of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter  
told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty  
men of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay His hand  
upon the strong.  
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour !  
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven  
and devour !

But let the humble ones arise, the poor in heart  
be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with robes of  
praise be clad.  
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the  
stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to  
save !

1843.

### THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

The following ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with the famous General M——, of Hampton, New Hampshire, who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with the adversary. I give the story, as I heard it when a child, from a venerable family visitant.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,  
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest.  
All is over, all is done,  
Twain of yesterday are one !  
Blooming girl and manhood gray,  
Autumn in the arms of May !

Hushed within and hushed without,  
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout ;  
Dies the bonfire on the hill ;  
All is dark and all is still,  
Save the starlight, save the breeze  
Moaning through the graveyard trees ;  
And the great sea-waves below,  
Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride  
 She hath wakened, at his side.  
 With half-uttered shriek and start, —  
 Feels she not his beating heart?  
 And the pressure of his arm,  
 And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed  
 Springs that fair dishevelled head,  
 And a feeling, new, intense,  
 Half of shame, half innocence,  
 Maiden fear and wonder speaks  
 Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing,  
 Faintest light the lamp is throwing  
 On the mirror's antique mould,  
 High-backed chair, and wainscot old,  
 And, through faded curtains stealing,  
 His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,  
 Silver-streaked his careless hair;  
 Lips of love have left no trace  
 On that hard and haughty face;  
 And that forehead's knitted thought  
 Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

“Yet,” she sighs, “he loves me well,  
 More than these calm lips will tell.  
 Stooping to my lowly state,  
 He hath made me rich and great,  
 And I bless him, though he be  
 Hard and stern to all save me!”

While she speaketh, falls the light  
O'er her fingers small and white ;  
Gold and gem, and costly ring  
Back the timid lustre fling, —  
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,  
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow  
From those tapering lines of snow ;  
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending  
His black hair with golden blending,  
In her soft and light caress,  
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha ! — that start of horror ! why  
That wild stare and wilder cry,  
Full of terror, full of pain ?  
Is there madness in her brain ?  
Hark ! that gasping, hoarse and low,  
“ Spare me, — spare me, — let me go ! ”

God have mercy ! — icy cold  
Spectral hands her own enfold,  
Drawing silently from them  
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem.  
“ Waken ! save me ! ” still as death  
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,  
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn ;  
But she hears a murmur low,  
Full of sweetness, full of woe,  
Half a sigh and half a moan :  
“ Fear not ! give the dead her own ! ”



Ah! — the dead wife's voice she knows!  
 That cold hand whose pressure froze,  
 Once in warmest life had borne  
 Gem and band her own hath worn.  
 "Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes  
 Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,  
 Closer to his breast he holds her;  
 Trembling limbs his own are meeting,  
 And he feels her heart's quick beating:  
 "Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"  
 "Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream, — an idle dream."  
 But before the lamp's pale gleam  
 Tremblingly her hand she raises.  
 There no more the diamond blazes,  
 Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold, —  
 "Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,  
 But his dark lip quivereth,  
 And as o'er the past he thinketh,  
 From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;  
 Can those soft arms round him lie,  
 Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest  
 Soothed and childlike on his breast,  
 And in trustful innocence  
 Draw new strength and courage thence;  
 He, the proud man, feels within  
 But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought  
Simple prayers her mother taught,  
And His blessed angels call,  
Whose great love is over all ;  
He, alone, in prayerless pride,  
Meets the dark Past at her side !

One, who living shrank with dread  
From his look, or word, or tread,  
Unto whom her early grave  
Was as freedom to the slave,  
Moves him at this midnight hour,  
With the dead's unconscious power !

Ah, the dead, the unforgot !  
From their solemn homes of thought,  
Where the cypress shadows blend  
Darkly over foe and friend,  
Or in love or sad rebuke,  
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,  
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,  
Lifting from those dark, still places,  
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,  
O'er the guilty hearts behind  
An unwitting triumph find.

1843.

### THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord,

N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back, in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief. — *Vide* MORTON'S *New Canaan*.

WE had been wandering for many days  
Through the rough northern country. We had  
seen

The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,  
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake  
Of Winnepiseogee; and had felt  
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy isles  
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips  
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,  
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall  
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift  
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet  
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,  
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind  
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan  
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,  
We had looked upward where the summer sky,  
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,  
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags  
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land  
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed

The high source of the Saco ; and bewildered  
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,  
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,  
The horn of Fabyan sounding ; and atop  
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains'  
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and  
thick

As meadow mole-hills, — the far sea of Casco,  
A white gleam on the horizon of the east ;  
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills ;  
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge  
Lifting his granite forehead to the sun !

And we had rested underneath the oaks  
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are  
shaken

By the perpetual beating of the falls  
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked  
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung  
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,  
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,  
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam  
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon  
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,  
Like a great Indian camp-fire ; and its beams  
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver  
The Merrimac by Uncanoonuc's falls.

There were five souls of us whom travel's chance  
Had thrown together in these wild north hills :  
A city lawyer, for a month escaping  
From his dull office, where the weary eye  
Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged  
streets ;

Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see  
 Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take  
 Its chances all as godsend ; and his brother,  
 Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining  
 The warmth and freshness of a genial heart,  
 Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,  
 In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed  
 By dust of theologic strife, or breath  
 Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore ;  
 Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking  
 The hue and image of o'erleaning flowers,  
 Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,  
 Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,  
 And tenderest moonrise. 'T was, in truth, a study,  
 To mark his spirit, alternating between  
 A decent and professional gravity  
 And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often  
 Laughed in the face of his divinity,  
 Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined  
 The oracle, and for the pattern priest  
 Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,  
 To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's inn,  
 Giving the latest news of city stocks  
 And sales of cotton, had a deeper meaning  
 Than the great presence of the awful mountains  
 Glorified by the sunset ; and his daughter,  
 A delicate flower on whom had blown too long  
 Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice  
 And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,  
 Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts Bay,  
 With the same breath which stirs Spring's opening  
     leaves  
 And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,  
 Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced

That as we turned upon our homeward way,  
A drear northeastern storm came howling up  
The valley of the Saco ; and that girl  
Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,  
Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled  
In gusts around its sharp, cold pinnacle,  
Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in the streams  
Which lave that giant's feet ; whose laugh was  
heard

Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze  
Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's green  
islands,  
Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and visibly  
drooped

Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn  
Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled  
Heavily against the horizon of the north,  
Like summer thunder-clouds, we made our home :  
And while the mist hung over dripping hills,  
And the cold wind-driven rain-drops all day long  
Beat their sad music upon roof and pane,  
We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm  
Went angling down the Saco, and, returning,  
Recounted his adventures and mishaps ;  
Gave us the history of his scaly clients,  
Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations  
Of barbarous law Latin, passages  
From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh  
As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire,  
Where, under aged trees, the southwest wind  
Of soft June mornings fanned the thin, white hair

Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told,  
Our youthful candidate forsook his sermons,  
His commentaries, articles and creeds,  
For the fair page of human loveliness,  
The missal of young hearts, whose sacred text  
Is music, its illumining, sweet smiles.  
He sang the songs she loved ; and in his low,  
Deep, earnest voice, recited many a page  
Of poetry, the holiest, tenderest lines  
Of the sad bard of Olney, the sweet songs,  
Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature,  
Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal Mount  
Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing  
From the green hills, immortal in his lays.  
And for myself, obedient to her wish,  
I searched our landlord's proffered library, —  
A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pictures  
Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them ;  
Watts' unmelodious psalms ; Astrology's  
Last home, a musty pile of almanacs,  
And an old chronicle of border wars  
And Indian history. And, as I read  
A story of the marriage of the Chief  
Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,  
Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt  
In the old time upon the Merrimac,  
Our fair one, in the playful exercise  
Of her prerogative, — the right divine  
Of youth and beauty, — bade us versify  
The legend, and with ready pencil sketched  
Its plan and outlines, laughingly assigning  
To each his part, and barring our excuses  
With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers  
Whose voices still are heard in the Romance

Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the banks  
Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling  
The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled  
From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes  
To their fair auditor, and shared by turns  
Her kind approval and her playful censure.

It may be that these fragments owe alone  
To the fair setting of their circumstances,—  
The associations of time, scene, and audience,—  
Their place amid the pictures which fill up  
The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust  
That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,  
Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,  
That our broad land, — our sea-like lakes and moun-  
tains

Piled to the clouds, our rivers overhung  
By forests which have known no other change  
For ages than the budding and the fall  
Of leaves, our valleys lovelier than those  
Which the old poets sang of, — should but figure  
On the apocryphal chart of speculation  
As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privileges,  
Rights, and appurtenances, which make up  
A Yankee Paradise, unsung, unknown,  
To beautiful tradition ; even their names,  
Whose melody yet lingers like the last  
Vibration of the red man's requiem,  
Exchanged for syllables significant,  
Of cotton-mill and rail-car, will look kindly  
Upon this effort to call up the ghost  
Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear  
To the responses of the questioned Shade.



## I. THE MERRIMAC.

O child of that white-crested mountain whose  
springs  
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's  
wings,  
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters  
shine,  
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through the  
dwarf pine ;

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so  
lone,  
From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of  
stone,  
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and  
free,  
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to the  
sea !

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the  
trees  
Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in  
the breeze :  
No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy  
shores,  
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall  
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,  
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,  
And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with  
corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,  
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,  
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,  
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had  
    swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the  
    wood  
The bark-built wigwams of Pennacook stood ;  
There glided the corn-dance, the council-fire shone,  
And against the red war-post the hatchet was  
    thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and  
    the young  
To the pike and the white-perch their baited lines  
    flung ;  
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the  
    shy maid  
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum  
    braid.

O Stream of the Mountains ! if answer of thine  
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,  
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks  
    a moan  
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have  
    gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the wheel,  
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel ;  
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,  
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees !

II. THE BASHABA.<sup>2</sup>

Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,  
 And, turning from familiar sight and sound,  
 Sadly and full of reverence let us cast  
 A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,  
 Led by the few pale lights which, glimmering round  
 That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast ;  
 And that which history gives not to the eye,  
 The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,  
 Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush, supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,  
 Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,  
 Tracing many a golden line  
 On the ample floor within ;  
 Where, upon that earth-floor stark,  
 Lay the gaudy mats of bark,  
 With the bear's hide, rough and dark,  
 And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,  
 Woven of the willow white,  
 Lent a dimly checkered light ;  
 And the night-stars glimmered down,  
 Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,  
 Slowly through an opening broke,  
 In the low roof, ribbed with oak,  
 Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade  
 By the solemn pine-wood made ;  
 Through the rugged palisade,  
 In the open foreground planted,

Glimpses came of rowers rowing,  
Stir of leaves and wild-flowers blowing,  
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,  
In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba  
Held his long-unquestioned sway,  
From the White Hills, far away,  
To the great sea's sounding shore ;  
Chief of chiefs, his regal word  
All the river Sachems heard,  
At his call the war-dance stirred,  
Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,  
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,  
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,  
Lay beside his axe and bow ;  
And, adown the roof-pole hung,  
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,  
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung  
Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,  
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,  
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing  
O'er the waters still and red ;  
And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,  
And she drew her blanket tighter,  
As, with quicker step and lighter,  
From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,  
And a Panisee's dark will,

Over powers of good and ill,  
 Powers which bless and powers which ban;  
 Wizard lord of Pennacook,  
 Chiefs upon their war-path shook,  
 When they met the steady look  
 Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,  
 When the winter night-wind cold  
 Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,  
 And her fire burned low and small,  
 Till the very child abed,  
 Drew its bear-skin over head,  
 Shrinking from the pale lights shed  
 On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding  
 Under earth or wave, abiding  
 In the caverned rock, or riding  
 Misty clouds or morning breeze;  
 Every dark intelligence,  
 Secret soul, and influence  
 Of all things which outward sense  
 Feels, or hears, or sees, —

These the wizard's skill confessed,  
 At his bidding banned or blessed,  
 Stormful woke or lulled to rest  
 Wind and cloud, and fire and flood;  
 Burned for him the drifted snow,  
 Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,  
 And the leaves of summer grow  
 Over winter's wood!

Not untrue that tale of old !  
Now, as then, the wise and bold  
All the powers of Nature hold  
    Subject to their kingly will ;  
From the wondering crowds ashore,  
Treading life's wild waters o'er,  
As upon a marble floor,  
    Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements  
With their sterner laws dispense,  
And the chain of consequence  
    Broken in their pathway lies ;  
Time and change their vassals making,  
Flowers from icy pillows waking,  
Tresses of the sunrise shaking  
    Over midnight skies.

Still, to th' earnest soul, the sun  
Rests on towered Gibeon,  
And the moon of Ajalon  
    Lights the battle-grounds of life ;  
To his aid the strong reverses  
Hidden powers and giant forces,  
And the high stars, in their courses,  
    Mingle in his strife !

### III. THE DAUGHTER.

The soot-black brows of men, the yell  
Of women thronging round the bed,  
The tinkling charm of ring and shell,  
The Powah whispering o'er the dead !

All these the Sachem's home had known,  
When, on her journey long and wild  
To the dim World of Souls, alone,  
In her young beauty passed the mother of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling  
They laid her in the walnut shade,  
Where a green hillock gently swelling  
Her fitting mound of burial made.  
There trailed the vine in summer hours,  
The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell, —  
On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,  
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine  
fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and cold,  
It closes darkly o'er its care,  
And formed in Nature's sternest mould,  
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.  
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,  
Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,  
And still, in battle or in chase,  
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath his fore-  
most tread.

Yet when her name was heard no more,  
And when the robe her mother gave,  
And small, light moccasin she wore,  
Had slowly wasted on her grave,  
Unmarked of him the dark maids sped  
Their sunset dance and moonlit play;  
No other shared his lonely bed,  
No other fair young head upon his bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes  
The tempest-smitten tree receives  
From one small root the sap which climbs  
Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,  
So from his child the Sachem drew  
A life of Love and Hope, and felt  
His cold and rugged nature through  
The softness and the warmth of her young being  
melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang  
Bemocking April's gladdest bird, —  
A light and graceful form which sprang  
To meet him when his step was heard, —  
Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,  
Small fingers stringing bead and shell  
Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark, —  
With these the household-god<sup>3</sup> had graced his wig-  
wam well.

Child of the forest ! strong and free,  
Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,  
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,  
Or struck the flying bird in air.  
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's moon  
Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's way ;  
And dazzling in the summer noon  
The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of  
spray !

Unknown to her the rigid rule,  
The dull restraint, the chiding frown,  
The weary torture of the school,  
The taming of wild nature down.



Her only lore, the legends told  
 Around the hunter's fire at night ;  
 Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,  
 Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell, unquestioned  
 in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill  
 With which the artist-eye can trace  
 In rock and tree and lake and hill  
 The outlines of divinest grace ;  
 Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest,  
 Which sees, admires, yet yearns away ;  
 Too closely on her mother's breast  
 To note her smiles of love the child of Nature lay !

It is enough for such to be  
 Of common, natural things a part,  
 To feel, with bird and stream and tree,  
 The pulses of the same great heart ;  
 But we, from Nature long exiled,  
 In our cold homes of Art and Thought  
 Grieve like the stranger-tended child,  
 Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees but feels  
 them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom  
 In cultured soil and genial air,  
 To cloud the light of Fashion's room  
 Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair ;  
 In lonelier grace, to sun and dew  
 The sweetbrier on the hillside shows  
 Its single leaf and fainter hue,  
 Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose !

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo  
Their mingling shades of joy and ill  
The instincts of her nature threw;  
The savage was a woman still.  
Midst outlines dim of maiden schemes,  
Heart-colored prophecies of life,  
Rose on the ground of her young dreams  
The light of a new home, the lover and the wife.

## IV. THE WEDDING.

Cool and dark fell the autumn night,  
But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed with light,  
For down from its roof, by green withes hung,  
Flaring and smoking the pine-knots swung.

And along the river great wood-fires  
Shot into the night their long, red spires,  
Showing behind the tall, dark wood,  
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer and shade,  
Now high, now low, that firelight played,  
On tree-leaves wet with evening dews,  
On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's brook,  
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,  
Saw over the marshes, and through the pine,  
And down on the river, the dance-lights shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to woo  
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,

And laid at her father's feet that night  
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far southeast  
The river Sagamores came to the feast ;  
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds shook  
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of rock,  
From the snowy sources of Snooganock,  
And from rough Coös whose thick woods shake  
Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake.

From Ammonoosuc's mountain pass,  
Wild as his home, came Chepewass ;  
And the Keenomps of the hills which throw  
Their shade on the Smile of Manito.

With pipes of peace and bows unstrung,  
Glowing with paint came old and young,  
In wampum and furs and feathers arrayed,  
To the dance and feast the Bashaba made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and the waters yield,  
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled,  
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge ;  
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,  
And salmon speared in the Contoocook ;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick  
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic ;  
And small wild-hens in reed-snares caught  
From the banks of Sondagardee brought ;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,  
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills shaken,  
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot bog,  
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog :

And, drawn from that great stone vase which  
stands

In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,<sup>4</sup>  
Garnished with spoons of shell and horn,  
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and the waters yield,  
Furnished in that olden day  
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done  
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,  
With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper hum  
Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp-locks flowing,  
And red arms tossing and black eyes glowing,  
Now in the light and now in the shade  
Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more shrill,  
And the beat of the small drums louder still

Whenever within the circle drew  
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed  
Their snow upon that chieftain's head,  
And toil and care and battle's chance  
Had seamed his hard, dark countenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim, —  
Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,  
In whose cold look is naught beside  
The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines  
The rough oak with her arm of vines;  
And why the gray rock's rugged cheek  
The soft lips of the mosses seek:

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems  
To harmonize her wide extremes,  
Linking the stronger with the weak,  
The haughty with the soft and meek!

#### V. THE NEW HOME.

A wild and broken landscape, spiked with firs,  
Roughening the bleak horizon's northern edge;  
Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black hemlock  
spurs  
And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-swept  
ledge  
Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bristling rose,  
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down upon  
the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched away,  
Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,  
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day  
Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea ;  
And faint with distance came the stifled roar,  
The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling smokes,  
No laugh of children wrestling in the snow,  
No camp-fire blazing through the hillside oaks,  
No fishers kneeling on the ice below ;  
Yet midst all desolate things of sound and view,  
Through the long winter moons smiled dark-eyed  
Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home ; and freshly all  
Its beautiful affections overgrew  
Their rugged prop. As o'er some granite wall  
Soft vine-leaves open to the moistening dew  
And warm bright sun, the love of that young wife  
Found on a hard cold breast the dew and warmth  
of life.

The steep, bleak hills, the melancholy shore,  
The long, dead level of the marsh between,  
A coloring of unreal beauty wore  
Through the soft golden mist of young love seen.  
For o'er those hills and from that dreary plain,  
Nightly she welcomed home her hunter chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst of feeling,  
Repaid her welcoming smile and parting kiss,  
No fond and playful dalliance half concealing,  
Under the guise of mirth, its tenderness ;

But, in their stead, the warrior's settled pride,  
And vanity's pleased smile with homage satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone  
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his side ;  
That he whose fame to her young ear had flown  
Now looked upon her proudly as his bride ;  
That he whose name the Mohawk trembling heard  
Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look or word.

For she had learned the maxims of her race,  
Which teach the woman to become a slave,  
And feel herself the pardonless disgrace  
Of love's fond weakness in the wise and brave, —  
The scandal and the shame which they incur,  
Who give to woman all which man requires of her.

So passed the winter moons. The sun at last  
Broke link by link the frost chain of the rills,  
And the warm breathings of the southwest passed  
Over the hoar rime of the Saugus hills ;  
The gray and desolate marsh grew green once more,  
And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell round the  
Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners came,  
With gift and greeting for the Saugus chief ;  
Beseeching him in the great Sachem's name,  
That, with the coming of the flower and leaf,  
The song of birds, the warm breeze and the rain,  
Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely sire again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs together,  
And a grave council in his wigwam met,

Solemn and brief in words, considering whether

The rigid rules of forest etiquette  
Permitted Weetamoo once more to look  
Upon her father's face and green-banked Penna-  
cook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong water,

The forest sages pondered, and at length,  
Concluded in a body to escort her

Up to her father's home of pride and strength,  
Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense  
Of Winnepurkit's power and regal consequence.

So through old woods which Aukeetamit's <sup>5</sup> hand,

A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,  
Over high breezy hills, and meadow land

Yellow with flowers, the wild procession went,  
Till, rolling down its wooded banks between,  
A broad, clear, mountain stream, the Merrimac  
was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow undrawn,

The fisher lounging on the pebbled shores,  
Squaws in the clearing dropping the seed-corn,  
Young children peering through the wigwam  
doors,

Saw with delight, surrounded by her train  
Of painted Saugus braves, their Weetamoo again.

#### VI. AT PENNACOOK.

The hills are dearest which our childish feet  
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most  
sweet



Are ever those at which our young lips drank,  
 Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank.

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch, Home's hearth-  
 light  
 Shines round the helmsman plunging through the  
 night;  
 And still, with inward eye, the traveller sees  
 In close, dark, stranger streets his native trees.

The home-sick dreamer's brow is nightly fanned  
 By breezes whispering of his native land,  
 And on the stranger's dim and dying eye  
 The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood lie.

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once more  
 A child upon her father's wigwam floor !  
 Once more with her old fondness to beguile  
 From his cold eye the strange light of a smile.

The long, bright days of summer swiftly passed,  
 The dry leaves whirled in autumn's rising blast,  
 And evening cloud and whitening sunrise rime  
 Told of the coming of the winter-time.

But vainly looked, the while, young Weetamoo,  
 Down the dark river for her chief's canoe ;  
 No dusky messenger from Saugus brought  
 The grateful tidings which the young wife sought.

At length a runner from her father sent,  
 To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam went :  
 " Eagle of Saugus, — in the woods the dove  
 Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of love."

But the dark chief of Saugus turned aside  
In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride ;  
“ I bore her as became a chieftain’s daughter,  
Up to her home beside the gliding water.

“ If now no more a mat for her is found  
Of all which line her father’s wigwam round,  
Let Pennacook call out his warrior train,  
And send her back with wampum gifts again.”

The baffled runner turned upon his track,  
Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.  
“ Dog of the Marsh,” cried Pennacook, “ no more  
Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam floor.

“ Go, let him seek some meaner squaw to spread  
The stolen bear-skin of his beggar’s bed ;  
Son of a fish-hawk ! let him dig his clams  
For some vile daughter of the Agawams,

“ Or coward Nipmucks ! may his scalp dry black  
In Mohawk smoke, before I send her back.”  
He shook his clenched hand towards the ocean  
wave,  
While hoarse assent his listening council gave.

Alas poor bride ! can thy grim sire impart  
His iron hardness to thy woman’s heart ?  
Or cold self-torturing pride like his atone  
For love denied and life’s warm beauty flown ?

On Autumn’s gray and mournful grave the snow  
Hung its white wreaths ; with stifled voice and low

The river crept, by one vast bridge o'er-crossed,  
Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a moon in beauty newly born  
Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,  
Or, from the east, across her azure field  
Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not, — on the mat  
Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat ;  
And he, the while, in Western woods afar,  
Urged the long chase, or trod the path of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a chief !  
Waste not on him the sacredness of grief ;  
Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,  
His lips of scorning, and his heart of stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,  
The storm-worn watcher through long hunting  
    nights,  
Cold, crafty, proud of woman's weak distress,  
Her home-bound grief and pining loneliness ?

#### VII. THE DEPARTURE.

The wild March rains had fallen fast and long  
The snowy mountains of the North among,  
Making each vale a watercourse, each hill  
Bright with the cascade of some new-made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,  
Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,





The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimac  
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat  
Guided by one weak hand was seen to float ;  
Evil the fate which loosed it from the shore,  
Too early voyager with too frail an oar !

Down the vexed centre of that rushing tide,  
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening either side,  
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,  
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

The trapper, moistening his moose's meat  
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,  
Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled stream ;  
Slept he, or waked he ? was it truth or dream ?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,  
The small hand clenching on the useless oar,  
The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er the water —  
He knew them all — woe for the Sachem's daughter !

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,  
Heedless of peril, the still faithful wife  
Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,  
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

Down the white rapids like a sear leaf whirled,  
On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices hurled,  
Empty and broken, circled the canoe  
In the vexed pool below — but where was Wee-  
tamoo ?

## VIII. SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

The Dark eye has left us,  
 The Spring-bird has flown ;  
 On the pathway of spirits  
 She wanders alone.

The song of the wood-dove has died on our shore :  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee !* <sup>6</sup> We hear it no more !

O dark water Spirit !  
 We cast on thy wave  
 These furs which may never  
 Hang over her grave ;  
 Bear down to the lost one the robes that she wore :  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee !* We see her no more !

Of the strange land she walks in  
 No Powah has told :  
 It may burn with the sunshine,  
 Or freeze with the cold.  
 Let us give to our lost one the robes that she wore :  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee !* We see her no more !

The path she is treading  
 Shall soon be our own ;  
 Each gliding in shadow  
 Unseen and alone !  
 In vain shall we call on the souls gone before :  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee !* They hear us no more !

O mighty Sowanna ! <sup>7</sup>  
 Thy gateways unfold,  
 From thy wigwam of sunset  
 Lift curtains of gold !

Take home the poor Spirit whose journey is o'er :  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* We see her no more !

So sang the Children of the Leaves beside  
The broad, dark river's coldly flowing tide ;  
Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause and swell,  
On the high wind their voices rose and fell.  
Nature's wild music, — sounds of wind-swept trees,  
The scream of birds, the wailing of the breeze,  
The roar of waters, steady, deep, and strong, —  
Mingled and murmured in that farewell song.

1844.

### BARCLAY OF URY.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honored before. " I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, " as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the kirk and college green,  
Rode the Laird of Ury ;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.



Flouted him the drunken churl,  
 Jeered at him the serving-girl,  
     Prompt to please her master ;  
 And the begging carlin, late  
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
     Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,  
 Up the streets of Aberdeen  
     Came he slowly riding ;  
 And, to all he saw and heard,  
 Answering not with bitter word,  
     Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
     Loose and free and froward ;  
 Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !  
 Push him ! prick him ! through the town  
     Drive the Quaker coward ! "

But from out the thickening crowd  
 Cried a sudden voice and loud :  
     " Barelay ! Ho ! a Barelay ! "  
 And the old man at his side  
 Saw a comrade, battle tried,  
     Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who with ready weapon bare,  
 Fronting to the troopers there,  
     Cried aloud : " God save us,  
 Call ye coward him who stood  
 Ankle deep in Lützen's blood,  
     With the brave Gustavus ? "

“Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine,” said Ury’s lord;

“Put it up, I pray thee :  
Passive to His holy will,  
Trust I in my Master still,  
Even though He slay me.

“Pledges of thy love and faith,  
Proved on many a field of death,  
Not by me are needed.”  
Marvelled much that henchman bold,  
That his laird, so stout of old,  
Now so meekly pleaded.

“Woe’s the day !” he sadly said,  
With a slowly shaking head,  
And a look of pity ;  
“Ury’s honest lord reviled,  
Mock of knave and sport of child,  
In his own good city !

“Speak the word, and, master mine,  
As we charged on Tilly’s<sup>8</sup> line,  
And his Walloon lancers,  
Smiting through their midst we’ll teach  
Civil look and decent speech  
To these boyish prancers !”

“Marvel not, mine ancient friend,  
Like beginning, like the end :”  
Quoth the Laird of Ury ;  
“Is the sinful servant more  
Than his gracious Lord who bore  
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

- “ Give me joy that in His name  
I can bear, with patient frame,  
All these vain ones offer ;  
While for them He suffereth long,  
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
Scoffing with the scoffer ?
- “ Happier I, with loss of all,  
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
With few friends to greet me,  
Than when reeve and squire were seen,  
Riding out from Aberdeen,  
With bared heads to meet me.
- “ When each goodwife, o’er and o’er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door ;  
And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.
- “ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,  
Hard the old friend’s falling off,  
Hard to learn forgiving ;  
But the Lord His own rewards,  
And His love with theirs accords,  
Warm and fresh and living.
- “ Through this dark and stormy night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
Up the blackness streaking ;  
Knowing God’s own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking ! ”

So the Laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse's head  
Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron gates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial ;  
Every age on him who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways  
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter ;  
And while Hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet  
Share of Truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow ;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the Future borrow ;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow !

## THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

A letter-writer from Mexico during the Mexican war, when detailing some of the incidents at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, mentioned that Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans, with impartial tenderness.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward  
far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican  
array,  
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or  
come they near?  
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the  
storm we hear.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of  
battle rolls;  
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy  
on their souls!”  
Who is losing? who is winning? “Over hill  
and over plain,  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the  
mountain rain.”

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena,  
look once more.  
“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly  
as before,

Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe-  
man, foot and horse,  
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping  
down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke  
has rolled away;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the  
ranks of gray.  
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop  
of Minon wheels;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the can-  
non at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and  
now advance!  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's  
charging lance!  
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and  
foot together fall;  
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them  
ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and  
frightful on!  
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost,  
and who has won?  
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together  
fall,  
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters,  
for them all!

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed  
     Mother, save my brain!  
 I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from  
     heaps of slain.  
 Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they  
     fall, and strive to rise;  
 Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die  
     before our eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy  
     poor head on my knee;  
 Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst  
     thou hear me? canst thou see?  
 O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal,  
     look once more  
 On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy!  
     all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one  
     down to rest;  
 Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon  
     his breast;  
 Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral  
     masses said;  
 To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy  
     aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young,  
     a soldier lay,  
 Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding  
     slow his life away;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-  
belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned  
away her head ;  
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon  
her dead ;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his  
struggling breath of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his parching  
lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand  
and faintly smiled ;  
Was that pitying face his mother's ? did she watch  
beside her child ?  
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's  
heart supplied ;  
With her kiss upon his forehead, " Mother ! " mur-  
mured he, and died !

" A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee  
forth,  
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lone-  
ly, in the North ! "  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him  
with her dead,  
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the  
wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena ! " Like a cloud  
before the wind



Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood  
and death behind ;  
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in the dust the  
wounded strive ;  
Hide your faces, holy angels ! O thou Christ of  
God, forgive ! ”

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains ! let the cool,  
gray shadows fall ;  
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain  
over all !  
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart  
the battle rolled,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's  
lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task  
pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and  
faint and lacking food.  
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender  
care they hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange  
and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father ! is this evil world of  
ours ;  
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh  
the Eden flowers ;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity  
send their prayer,  
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in  
our air !

## THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.

"This legend [to which my attention was called by my friend Charles Sumner], is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the lifelike vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the coloring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture." — MRS. JAMESON'S *Sacred and Legendary Art*, i. 154.

THE day is closing dark and cold,  
With roaring blast and sleety showers;  
And through the dusk the lilacs wear  
The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,  
To ponder o'er a tale of old;  
A legend of the age of Faith,  
By dreaming monk or abbess told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives  
That fancy of a loving heart,  
In graceful lines and shapes of power,  
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)  
There lived a lord, to whom, as slave,  
A peasant-boy of tender years  
The chance of trade or conquest gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,  
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,  
The straining eye could scarce discern  
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare  
The service of the youth repaid,  
By stealth, before that holy shrine,  
For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,  
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill;  
Why stayed the Baron from the chase,  
With looks so stern, and words so ill?

“Go, bind yon slave! and let him learn,  
By scath of fire and strain of cord,  
How ill they speed who give dead saints  
The homage due their living lord!”

They bound him on the fearful rack,  
When, through the dungeon’s vaulted dark,  
He saw the light of shining robes,  
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,  
The cords released their cruel clasp,  
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,  
Fell broken from the torturer’s grasp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,  
Barred door and wall of stone gave way;  
And up from bondage and the night  
They passed to freedom and the day!

O dreaming monk ! thy tale is true ;  
O painter ! true thy pencil's art ;  
In tones of hope and prophecy,  
Ye whisper to my listening heart !

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal  
Moans up to God's inclining ear ;  
Unheeded by his tender eye,  
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God !  
The pomp and power of tyrant man  
Are scattered at his lightest breath,  
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift  
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain.  
God's angel, like the good St. Mark,  
Comes shining down to break his chain !

O weary ones ! ye may not see  
Your helpers in their downward flight ;  
Nor hear the sound of silver wings  
Slow beating through the hush of night !

But not the less gray Dothan shone,  
With sunbright watchers bending low,  
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone  
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,  
Can see the helpers God has sent,  
And how life's rugged mountain-side  
Is white with many an angel tent !

They hear the heralds whom our Lord  
 Sends down his pathway to prepare ;  
 And light, from others hidden, shines  
 On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,  
 Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
 Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer :  
 "Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see !"

1849.

## KATHLEEN.

This ballad was originally published in my prose work, *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, as the song of a wandering Milesian schoolmaster. In the seventeenth century, slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United Kingdom.

O NORAH, lay your basket down,  
 And rest your weary hand,  
 And come and hear me sing a song  
 Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,  
 A mighty lord was he ;  
 And he did wed a second wife,  
 A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,  
 And so, in evil spite,  
 She baked the black bread for his kin,  
 And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the kern,  
And drove away the poor ;  
“ Ah, woe is me ! ” the old lord said,  
“ I rue my bargain sore ! ”

This lord he had a daughter fair,  
Beloved of old and young,  
And nightly round the shealing-fires  
Of her the gleeman sung.

“ As sweet and good is young Kathleen  
As Eve before her fall ; ”  
So sang the harper at the fair,  
So harped he in the hall.

“ Oh, come to me, my daughter dear !  
Come sit upon my knee,  
For looking in your face, Kathleen,  
Your mother’s own I see ! ”

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,  
He kissed her forehead fair ;  
“ It is my darling Mary’s brow,  
It is my darling’s hair ! ”

Oh, then spake up the angry dame,  
“ Get up, get up,” quoth she,  
“ I’ll sell ye over Ireland,  
I’ll sell ye o’er the sea ! ”

She clipped her glossy hair away,  
That none her rank might know,  
She took away her gown of silk,  
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town  
And to a seaman sold  
This daughter of an Irish lord  
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,  
And tore his beard so gray ;  
But he was old, and she was young,  
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled  
To fright the evil dame,  
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,  
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,  
And glimmering down the hill ;  
They crept before the dead-vault door,  
And there they all stood still !

“Get up, old man ! the wake-lights shine ! ”  
“Ye murdering witch,” quoth he,  
“So I ’m rid of your tongue, I little care  
If they shine for you or me.”

“Oh, whoso brings my daughter back,  
My gold and land shall have ! ”  
Oh, then spake up his handsome page,  
“No gold nor land I crave !

“But give to me your daughter dear,  
Give sweet Kathleen to me,  
Be she on sea or be she on land,  
I ’ll bring her back to thee.”

“ My daughter is a lady born,  
And you of low degree,  
But she shall be your bride the day  
You bring her back to me.”

He sailèd east, he sailèd west,  
And far and long sailed he,  
Until he came to Boston town,  
Across the great salt sea.

“ Oh, have ye seen the young Kathleen,  
The flower of Ireland ?  
Ye ’ll know her by her eyes so blue,  
And by her snow-white hand ! ”

Out spake an ancient man, “ I know  
The maiden whom ye mean ;  
I bought her of a Limerick man,  
And she is called Kathleen.

“ No skill hath she in household work,  
Her hands are soft and white,  
Yet well by loving looks and ways  
She doth her cost requite.”

So up they walked through Boston town,  
And met a maiden fair,  
A little basket on her arm  
So snowy-white and bare.

“ Come hither, child, and say hast thou  
This young man ever seen ? ”  
They wept within each other’s arms,  
The page and young Kathleen.



“ Oh give to me this darling child,  
 And take my purse of gold.”  
 “ Nay, not by me,” her master said,  
 “ Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.

“ We loved her in the place of one  
 The Lord hath early ta'en ;  
 But, since her heart 's in Ireland,  
 We give her back again ! ”

Oh, for that same the saints in heaven  
 For his poor soul shall pray,  
 And Mary Mother wash with tears  
 His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland ;  
 As you go up Claremore  
 Ye 'll see their castle looking down  
 The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,  
 And a happy man is he,  
 For he sits beside his own Kathleen,  
 With her darling on his knee.

1849.

### THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.

Pennant, in his *Voyage to the Hebrides*, describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree  
 A little isle reposes ;

A shadow woven of the oak  
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,  
Set round with stony warders ;  
A fountain, gushing through the turf,  
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,  
With care or madness burning,  
Feels once again his healthful thought  
And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,  
Unquiet and unstable,  
That holy well of Loch Maree  
Is more than idle fable !

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,  
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,  
And blest is he who on his way  
That fount of healing findeth !

The shadows of a humbled will  
And contrite heart are o'er it ;  
Go read its legend, "TRUST IN GOD,"  
On Faith's white stones before it.

## THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

The incident upon which this poem is based is related in a note to Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's *Etudes de la Nature*.

"We arrived at the habitation of the Hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, 'At this moment I experience what is said in the gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.' I said, 'If Fénelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic.' He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'Oh, if Fénelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!'"

In my sketch of Saint Pierre, it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him, I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In the fragmentary Sequel to his *Studies of Nature*, he thus speaks of himself: "The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes, — these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason. . . . I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, 'My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them?'"

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend, J. J. Rousseau. "I renounced," says he, "my books. I threw my eyes upon the works of nature, which spake to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations

have it in their power to alter. Thenceforth my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human systems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms, quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention."

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: "I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts. . . . Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: *His sins, which are many, are forgiven, for he loved much.*"

"I DO believe, and yet, in grief,  
I pray for help to unbelief;  
For needful strength aside to lay  
The daily cumberings of my way.

"I 'm sick at heart of craft and cant,  
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,  
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,  
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

"I ponder o'er the sacred word,  
I read the record of our Lord;  
And, weak and troubled, envy them  
Who touched His seamless garment's hem;

"Who saw the tears of love He wept  
Above the grave where Lazarus slept;

And heard, amidst the shadows dim  
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

“How blessed the swineherd’s low estate,  
The beggar crouching at the gate,  
The leper loathly and abhorred,  
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord!

“O sacred soil His sandals pressed!  
Sweet fountains of His noonday rest!  
O light and air of Palestine,  
Impregnate with His life divine!

“Oh, bear me thither! Let me look  
On Siloa’s pool, and Kedron’s brook;  
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by  
Gennesaret walk, before I die!

“Methinks this cold and northern night  
Would melt before that Orient light;  
And, wet by Hermon’s dew and rain,  
My childhood’s faith revive again!”

So spake my friend, one autumn day,  
Where the still river slid away  
Beneath us, and above the brown  
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I, — for I could not brook  
The mute appealing of his look, —  
“I, too, am weak, and faith is small,  
And blindness happeneth unto all.

- “Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right;  
And, step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man ;
- “That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.
- “Thou weariest of thy present state ;  
What gain to thee time’s holiest date ?  
The doubter now perchance had been  
As High Priest or as Pilate then !
- “What thought Chorazin’s scribes ? What faith  
In Him had Nain and Nazareth ?  
Of the few followers whom He led  
One sold Him, — all forsook and fled.
- “O friend ! we need nor rock nor sand,  
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land ;  
The heavens are glassed in Merrimac, —  
What more could Jordan render back ?
- “We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient’s marvels here ;  
The still small voice in autumn’s hush,  
Yon maple wood the burning bush.
- “For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold ;  
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves,  
With roots deep set in battle graves !

“Through the harsh noises of our day  
 A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;  
 Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
 A light is breaking, calm and clear.

“That song of Love, now low and far,  
 Erelong shall swell from star to star !  
 That light, the breaking day, which tips  
 The golden-spired Apocalypse ! ”

Then, when my good friend shook his head,  
 And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said :  
 “Thou mind’st me of a story told  
 In rare Bernardin’s leaves of gold.”

And while the slanted sunbeams wove  
 The shadows of the frost-stained grove,  
 And, picturing all, the river ran  
 O’er cloud and wood, I thus began : —

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In Mount Valerien’s chestnut wood  
 The Chapel of the Hermits stood ;  
 And thither, at the close of day,  
 Came two old pilgrims, worn and gray.

One, whose impetuous youth defied  
 The storms of Baikal’s wintry side,  
 And mused and dreamed where tropic day  
 Flamed o’er his lost Virginia’s bay.

His simple tale of love and woe  
 All hearts had melted, high or low ; —

A blissful pain, a sweet distress,  
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charm'd page  
Beat quick the young heart of his age,  
He walked amidst the crowd unknown,  
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.

A homeless, troubled age, — the gray  
Pale setting of a weary day ;  
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,  
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept ;  
Yet still his heart its young dream kept,  
And, wandering like the deluge-dove,  
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And, mateless, childless, envied more  
The peasant's welcome from his door  
By smiling eyes at eventide,  
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until, in place of wife and child,  
All-pitying Nature on him smiled,  
And gave to him the golden keys  
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim !  
She laid her great heart bare to him,  
Its loves and sweet accords ; — he saw  
The beauty of her perfect law.



The language of her signs he knew,  
What notes her cloudy clarion blew;  
The rhythm of autumn's forest dyes,  
The hymn of sunset's painted skies.

And thus he seemed to hear the song  
Which swept, of old, the stars along;  
And to his eyes the earth once more  
Its fresh and primal beauty wore.

Who sought with him, from summer air,  
And field and wood, a balm for care;  
And bathed in light of sunset skies  
His tortured nerves and weary eyes?

His fame on all the winds had flown;  
His words had shaken crypt and throne;  
Like fire, on camp and court and cell  
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

Beneath the pomps of state, below  
The mitred juggler's masque and show,  
A prophecy, a vague hope, ran  
His burning thought from man to man.

For peace or rest too well he saw  
The fraud of priests, the wrong of law,  
And felt how hard, between the two,  
Their breath of pain the millions drew.

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild,  
The weakness of an unweaned child,  
A sun-bright hope for human-kind,  
And self-despair, in him combined.

He loathed the false, yet lived not true  
To half the glorious truths he knew ;  
The doubt, the discord, and the sin,  
He mourned without, he felt within.

Untrod by him the path he showed,  
Sweet pictures on his easel glowed  
Of simple faith, and loves of home,  
And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly made  
The foil to all his pen portrayed ;  
Still, where his dreamy splendors shone,  
The shadow of himself was thrown.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at times,  
Up to Thy sevenfold brightness climbs,  
While still his grosser instinct clings  
To earth, like other creeping things !

So rich in words, in acts so mean ;  
So high, so low ; chance-swung between  
The foulness of the penal pit  
And Truth's clear sky, millennium-lit !

Vain, pride of star-lent genius ! — vain,  
Quick fancy and creative brain,  
Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,  
Absurdly great, or weakly wise !

Midst yearnings for a truer life,  
Without were fears, within was strife ;  
And still his wayward act denied  
The perfect good for which he sighed.

The love he sent forth void returned ;  
The fame that crowned him scorched and burned,  
Burning, yet cold and drear and lone, —  
A fire-mount in a frozen zone !

Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed,<sup>9</sup>  
Seen southward from his sleety mast,  
About whose brows of changeless frost  
A wreath of flame the wild winds tossed.

Far round the mournful beauty played  
Of lambent light and purple shade,  
Lost on the fixed and dumb despair  
Of frozen earth and sea and air !

A man apart, unknown, unloved  
By those whose wrongs his soul had moved,  
He bore the ban of Church and State,  
The good man's fear, the bigot's hate !

Forth from the city's noise and throng,  
Its pomp and shame, its sin and wrong,  
The twain that summer day had strayed  
To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade.

To them the green fields and the wood  
Lent something of their quietude,  
And golden-tinted sunset seemed  
Prophetical of all they dreamed.

The hermits from their simple cares  
The bell was calling home to prayers,  
And, listening to its sound, the twain  
Seemed lapped in childhood's trust again.

Wide open stood the chapel door ;  
A sweet old music, swelling o'er  
Low prayerful murmurs, issued thence, —  
The Litanies of Providence !

Then Rousseau spake : “ Where two or three  
In His name meet, He there will be ! ”  
And then, in silence, on their knees  
They sank beneath the chestnut-trees.

As to the blind returning light,  
As daybreak to the Arctic night,  
Old faith revived ; the doubts of years  
Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,  
“ Ah me ! ” Bernardin sighed at last,  
“ I would thy bitterest foes could see  
Thy heart as it is seen of me !

“ No church of God hast thou denied ;  
Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside  
A bare and hollow counterfeit,  
Profaning the pure name of it !

“ With dry dead moss and marish weeds  
His fire the western herdsman feeds,  
And greener from the ashen plain  
The sweet spring grasses rise again.

“ Nor thunder-peal nor mighty wind  
Disturb the solid sky behind ;  
And through the cloud the red bolt rends  
The calm, still smile of Heaven descends !

“ Thus through the world, like bolt and blast,  
And scourging fire, thy words have passed.  
Clouds break, — the steadfast heavens remain ;  
Weeds burn, — the ashes feed the grain !

“ But whoso strives with wrong may find  
Its touch pollute, its darkness blind ;  
And learn, as latent fraud is shown  
In others' faith, to doubt his own.

“ With dream and falsehood, simple trust  
And pious hope we tread in dust ;  
Lost the calm faith in goodness, — lost  
The baptism of the Pentecost !

“ Alas ! — the blows for error meant  
Too oft on truth itself are spent,  
As through the false and vile and base  
Looks forth her sad, rebuking face.

“ Not ours the Theban's charm'd life ;  
We come not scathless from the strife !  
The Python's coil about us clings,  
The trampled Hydra bites and stings !

“ Meanwhile, the sport of seeming chance,  
The plastic shapes of circumstance,  
What might have been we fondly guess,  
If earlier born, or tempted less.

“ And thou, in these wild, troubled days,  
Misjudged alike in blame and praise,  
Unsought and undeserved the same  
The skeptic's praise, the bigot's blame ; —

"I cannot doubt, if thou hadst been  
Among the highly favored men  
Who walked on earth with Fénelon,  
He would have owned thee as his son ;

"And, bright with wings of cherubim  
Visibly waving over him,  
Seen through his life, the Church had seemed  
All that its old confessors dreamed."

"I would have been," Jean Jaques replied,  
"The humblest servant at his side,  
Obscure, unknown, content to see  
How beautiful man's life may be !

"Oh, more than thrice-blest relic, more  
Than solemn rite or sacred lore,  
The holy life of one who trod  
The foot-marks of the Christ of God !

"Amidst a blinded world he saw  
The oneness of the Dual law ;  
That Heaven's sweet peace on Earth began,  
And God was loved through love of man.

"He lived the Truth which reconciled  
The strong man Reason, Faith the child ;  
In him belief and act were one,  
The homilies of duty done !"

So speaking, through the twilight gray  
The two old pilgrims went their way.  
What seeds of life that day were sown,  
The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to fold  
 Green Summer in her brown and gold ;  
 Time passed, and Winter's tears of snow  
 Dropped on the grave-mound of Rousseau.

“The tree remaineth where it fell,  
 The pained on earth is pained in hell !”  
 So priestcraft from its altars cursed  
 The mournful doubts its falsehood nursed.

Ah ! well of old the Psalmist prayed,  
 “Thy hand, not man's, on me be laid !”  
 Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps above,  
 And man is hate, but God is love !

No Hermits now the wanderer sees,  
 Nor chapel with its chestnut-trees ;  
 A morning dream, a tale that 's told,  
 The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day ;  
 And from its twilight cool and gray  
 Comes up a low, sad whisper, “Make  
 The truth thine own, for truth's own sake.

“Why wait to see in thy brief span  
 Its perfect flower and fruit in man ?  
 No saintly touch can save ; no balm  
 Of healing hath the martyr's palm.

“Midst soulless forms, and false pretence  
 Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,  
 A voice saith, ‘What is that to thee ?  
 Be true thyself, and follow Me !’

“ In days when throne and altar heard  
The wanton’s wish, the bigot’s word,  
And pomp of state and ritual show  
Scarce hid the loathsome death below, —

“ Midst fawning priests and courtiers foul,  
The losel swarm of crown and cowl,  
White-robed walked François Fénelon,  
Stainless as Uriel in the sun !

“ Yet in his time the stake blazed red,  
The poor were eaten up like bread :  
Men knew him not ; his garment’s hem  
No healing virtue had for them.

“ Alas ! no present saint we find ;  
The white cymar gleams far behind,  
Revealed in outline vague, sublime,  
Through telescopic mists of time !

“ Trust not in man with passing breath,  
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith ;  
The truth which saves thou mayst not blend  
With false professor, faithless friend.

“ Search thine own heart. What paineth thee  
In others in thyself may be ;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak ;  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek !

Where now with pain thou treadest, trod  
The whitest of the saints of God !  
To show thee where their feet were set,  
The light which led them shineth yet.



“The footprints of the life divine,  
Which marked their path, remain in thine ;  
And that great Life, transfused in theirs,  
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers !”

A lesson which I well may heed,  
A word of fitness to my need ;  
So from that twilight cool and gray  
Still saith a voice, or seems to say.

We rose, and slowly homeward turned,  
While down the west the sunset burned ;  
And, in its light, hill, wood, and tide,  
And human forms seemed glorified.

The village homes transfigured stood,  
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood  
Across the waters leaned to hold  
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.

Then spake my friend : “ Thy words are true ;  
Forever old, forever new,  
These home-seen splendors are the same  
Which over Eden’s sunsets came.

“To these bowed heavens let wood and hill  
Lift voiceless praise and anthem still ;  
Fall, warm with blessing, over them,  
Light of the New Jerusalem !

“Flow on, sweet river, like the stream  
Of John’s Apocalyptic dream !

This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,  
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee !

“Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore ;  
God’s love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now and here and everywhere.”

1851.

### TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,  
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,  
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life ;  
As one who, wandering in a starless night,  
Feels momentarily the jar of unseen waves,  
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,  
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same  
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,  
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart  
Had groaned : “ Have pity upon me, Lord !  
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.  
Send me a man who can direct my steps ! ”

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path  
A sound as of an old man’s staff among  
The dry, dead linden-leaves ; and, looking up,  
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

“ Peace be unto thee, father ! ” Tauler said,  
“ God give thee a good day ! ” The old man raised

Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son ;  
But all my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,  
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,  
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve :  
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.  
Surely man's days are evil, and his life  
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,  
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days  
Are as our needs ; for shadow as for sun,  
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike  
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is ;  
And that which is not, sharing not His life,  
Is evil only as devoid of good.  
And for the happiness of which I spake,  
I find it in submission to his will,  
And calm trust in the holy Trinity  
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,  
Stood the great preacher ; then he spake as one  
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought  
Which long has followed, whispering through the  
dark  
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light :  
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell ?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.  
What Hell may be I know not ; this I know, —

I cannot lose the presence of the Lord.  
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon  
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,  
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go  
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him  
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,  
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove  
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked  
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man  
Went his slow way, until his silver hair  
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine  
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:  
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man  
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,  
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step  
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,  
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,  
Which tracing backward till its airy lines  
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes  
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,  
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,  
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise  
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where  
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,  
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,  
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,  
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.  
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth  
The dark triangle of its shade alone

When the clear day is shining on its top,  
 So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life  
 Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
 By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon ;  
 And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

1853.

### THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,  
 From inmost founts of life ye start, —  
 The spirit's pulse, the vital breath  
 Of soul and heart !

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,  
 Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,  
 Unheard of man, ye enter in  
 The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,  
 Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ;  
 The simple heart, that freely asks  
 In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is :  
 The mercy-seat and cherubim,  
 And all the holy mysteries,  
 He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,  
 Which, wordless, shapes itself in needs,  
 And wearies Heaven for naught above  
 Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect will  
That trust of His undoubting child  
Whereby all seeming good and ill  
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs  
Of favor, is content to fall  
Within the providence which shines  
And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned  
At noontime o'er the sacred word.  
Was it an angel or a fiend  
Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,  
A human utterance, sweet and mild ;  
And, looking up, the hermit saw  
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,  
O'erawed and troubled by the sight  
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,  
And anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man? No shade  
Of cool, green palms, nor grass, nor well,  
Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit said :  
"With God I dwell.

"Alone with Him in this great calm,  
I live not by the outward sense ;  
My Nile his love, my sheltering palm  
His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does God live  
 Here only? — where the desert's rim  
 Is green with corn, at morn and eve,  
 We pray to Him.

"My brother tills beside the Nile  
 His little field; beneath the leaves  
 My sisters sit and spin, the while  
 My mother weaves.

"And when the millet's ripe heads fall,  
 And all the bean-field hangs in pod,  
 My mother smiles, and says that all  
 Are gifts from God.

"And when to share our evening meal,  
 She calls the stranger at the door,  
 She says God fills the hands that deal  
 Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks  
 Glistened the flow of human tears;  
 "Dear Lord!" he said, "Thy angel speaks,  
 Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,  
 And thought of home and life with men;  
 And all his pilgrim feet forsook  
 Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,  
 The eyes that smiled through lavish locks,  
 Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-song,  
 And bleat of flocks.

“O child!” he said, “thou teachest me  
There is no place where God is not;  
That love will make, where’er it be,  
A holy spot.”

He rose from off the desert sand,  
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,  
Went with the young child hand in hand,  
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert’s burning line,  
And heard the palm-tree’s rustling fan,  
The Nile-bird’s cry, the low of kine,  
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide  
He followed, as the small hand led  
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,  
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,  
She thanked the stranger with her eyes;  
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy  
And dumb surprise.

And lo! — with sudden warmth and light  
A tender memory thrilled his frame;  
New-born, the world-lost anchorite  
A man became.

“O sister of El Zara’s race,  
Behold me! — had we not one mother?”  
She gazed into the stranger’s face:  
“Thou art my brother!”



“O kin of blood! Thy life of use  
 And patient trust is more than mine;  
 And wiser than the gray recluse  
 This child of thine.

“For, taught of him whom God hath sent,  
 That toil is praise, and love is prayer,  
 I come, life’s cares and pains content  
 With thee to share.”

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,  
 The hermit’s better life began;  
 Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,  
 And found a man!

1854.

### MAUD MULLER.

The recollection of some descendants of a Hessian deserter in the Revolutionary war bearing the name of Muller doubtless suggested the somewhat infelicitous title of a New England idyl. The poem had no real foundation in fact, though a hint of it may have been found in recalling an incident, trivial in itself, of a journey on the picturesque Maine seaboard with my sister some years before it was written. We had stopped to rest our tired horse under the shade of an apple-tree, and refresh him with water from a little brook which rippled through the stone wall across the road. A very beautiful young girl in scantest summer attire was at work in the hay-field, and as we talked with her we noticed that she strove to hide her bare feet by raking hay over them, blushing as she did so, through the tan of her cheek and neck.

MAUD MULLER on a summer’s day,  
 Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : “ Ah me !  
That I the Judge’s bride might be !

“ He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“ My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“ I’d dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

“ And I’d feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.





“ A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.

“ And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“ Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay ;

“ No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“ But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health and quiet and loving words.”

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth’s bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,  
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, " It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : " It might have been ! "

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !



## MARY GARVIN.

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the  
lake that never fails,  
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's inter-  
vales ;  
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters  
foam and flow,  
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred  
years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges,  
dams, and mills,  
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its free-  
dom of the hills,  
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately  
Champernoon  
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trum-  
pet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of  
fire and steam,  
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him  
like a dream.  
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly back-  
ward far and fast  
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of  
the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged : the sorrow  
and the sin,  
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our  
own akin ;

And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our  
mothers sung,  
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always  
young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's banks to-day!  
O mill-girl watching late and long the shuttle's  
restless play!  
Let, for the once, a listening ear the working hand  
beguile,  
And lend my old Provincial tale, as suits, a tear or  
smile!

---

The evening gun had sounded from gray Fort  
Mary's walls;  
Through the forest, like a wild beast, roared and  
plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp and  
gusty grew,  
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes of Spur-  
wink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin, blazed the crack-  
ling walnut log;  
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and between  
them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside  
him on her mat,  
Sitting drowsy in the firelight, winked and purred  
the mottled cat.

"Twenty years!" said Goodman Garvin, speaking  
sadly, under breath,  
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who  
speaks of death.

The goodwife dropped her needles: "It is twenty  
years to-day,  
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our child  
away."

Then they sank into the silence, for each knew  
the other's thought,  
Of a great and common sorrow, and words were  
needed not.

"Who knocks?" cried Goodman Garvin. The  
door was open thrown;  
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked and  
furred, the fire-light shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-skin  
from his head;  
"Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" "I am he," the  
goodman said.

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for the night  
is chill with rain."  
And the goodwife drew the settle, and stirred the  
fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the firelight  
glistened fair  
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of  
dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her : “ It is Mary’s self  
I see !

Dear heart ! ” she cried, “ now tell me, has my  
child come back to me ? ”

“ My name indeed is Mary,” said the stranger sob-  
bing wild ;

“ Will you be to me a mother ? I am Mary Gar-  
vin’s child !

“ She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying  
day

She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far  
away.

“ And when the priest besought her to do me no  
such wrong,

She said, ‘ May God forgive me ! I have closed  
my heart too long.

“ ‘ When I hid me from my father, and shut out  
my mother’s call,

I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father  
of us all.

“ ‘ Christ’s love rebukes no home-love, breaks no  
tie of kin apart ;

Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

“ ‘ Tell me not the Church must censure : she who  
wept the Cross beside

Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the claims  
of blood denied ;

“ ‘ And if she who wronged her parents, with her  
 child atones to them,  
 Earthly daughter, Heavenly Mother ! thou at least  
 wilt not condemn ! ’

“ So, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed mother  
 spake ;  
 As we come to do her bidding, so receive us for her  
 sake.”

“ God be praised ! ” said Goodwife Garvin, “ He  
 taketh, and He gives ;  
 He woundeth, but He healeth ; in her child our  
 daughter lives ! ”

“ Amen ! ” the old man answered, as he brushed a  
 tear away,  
 And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said, with rever-  
 ence, “ Let us pray.”

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew para-  
 phrase,  
 Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer  
 of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off  
 his knee,  
 The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of  
 Papistrie.

“ What is this ? ” cried Farmer Garvin. “ Is an  
 English Christian’s home  
 A chapel or a mass-house, that you make the sign  
 of Rome ? ”

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his  
trembling hand, and cried :

“ Oh, forbear to chide my father ; in that faith my  
mother died !

“ On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dew and  
sunshine fall,  
As they fall on Spurwink’s graveyard ; and the  
dear God watches all ! ”

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on  
his knee ;

“ Your words, dear child,” he answered, “ are God’s  
rebuke to me.

“ Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet our  
faith and hope be one.

Let me be your father’s father, let him be to me  
a son.”

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the  
still and frosty air,  
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to  
sermon and to prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order  
due and fit,

As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the  
people sit ;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire  
before the clown,

From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray  
frock, shading down ;

From the pulpit read the preacher, "Goodman  
Garvin and his wife  
Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has  
followed them through life,

"For the great and crowning mercy, that their  
daughter, from the wild,  
Where she rests (they hope in God's peace), has  
sent to them her child ;

"And the prayers of all God's people they ask,  
that they may prove  
Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such  
special proof of love."

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple  
stood,  
And the fair Canadian also, in her modest maiden-  
hood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting, "She is  
Papist born and bred ;"  
Thought the young men, "'T is an angel in Mary  
Garvin's stead !"

1856.

### THE RANGER.

Originally published as *Martha Mason ; a Song of the Old French War.*

ROBERT RAWLIN ! — Frosts were falling  
When the ranger's horn was calling  
Through the woods to Canada.

Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,  
Gone the spring-time's bud and blowing,  
Gone the summer's harvest mowing,  
    And again the fields are gray.  
    Yet away, he's away!  
Faint and fainter hope is growing  
    In the hearts that mourn his stay.

Where the lion, crouching high on  
Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,  
    Glares o'er wood and wave away,  
Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,  
Or as thunder spent and dying,  
Come the challenge and replying,  
    Come the sounds of flight and fray.  
    Well-a-day! Hope and pray!  
Some are living, some are lying  
    In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,  
Homeward faring, weary strangers  
    Pass the farm-gate on their way;  
Tidings of the dead and living,  
Forest march and ambush, giving,  
Till the maidens leave their weaving,  
    And the lads forget their play.  
    "Still away, still away!"  
Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,  
    "Why does Robert still delay!"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,  
Does the golden-locked fruit bearer  
    Through his painted woodlands stray,



Than where hillside oaks and beeches  
 Overlook the long, blue reaches,  
 Silver coves and pebbled beaches,  
     And green isles of Casco Bay ;  
 Nowhere day, for delay,  
 With a tenderer look beseeches,  
     “ Let me with my charmed earth stay.”

On the grain-lands of the mainlands  
 Stands the serried corn like train-bands,  
     Plume and pennon rustling gay ;  
 Out at sea, the islands wooded,  
 Silver birches, golden-hooded,  
 Set with maples, crimson-blooded,  
     White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,  
     Stretch away, far away.  
 Dim and dreamy, over-brooded  
     By the hazy autumn day.

Gayly chattering to the clattering  
 Of the brown nuts downward pattering,  
     Leap the squirrels, red and gray.  
 On the grass-land, on the fallow,  
 Drop the apples, red and yellow ;  
 Drop the russet pears and mellow,  
     Drop the red leaves all the day.  
     And away, swift away,  
 Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow  
     Chasing, weave their web of play.

“ Martha Mason, Martha Mason,  
 Prithce tell us of the reason  
     Why you mope at home to-day :

Surely smiling is not sinning;  
Leave your quilling, leave your spinning;  
What is all your store of linen,  
    If your heart is never gay?  
    Come away, come away!  
Never yet did sad beginning  
    Make the task of life a play."

Overbending, till she's blending  
With the flaxen skein she's tending  
    Pale brown tresses smoothed away  
From her face of patient sorrow,  
Sits she, seeking but to borrow,  
From the trembling hope of morrow,  
    Solace for the weary day.  
    "Go your way, laugh and play;  
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow  
    And the lily, let me pray."

"With our rally, rings the valley,—  
Join us!" cried the blue-eyed Nelly;  
    "Join us!" cried the laughing May,  
"To the beach we all are going,  
And, to save the task of rowing,  
West by north the wind is blowing,  
Blowing briskly down the bay!  
    Come away, come away!  
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,  
    Let us take them while we may!

"Never tell us that you'll fail us,  
Where the purple beach-plum mellows  
    On the bluffs so wild and gray.

Hasten, for the oars are falling ;  
 Hark, our merry mates are calling ;  
 Time it is that we were all in,  
     Singing tideward down the bay ! ”  
 “ Nay, nay, let me stay ;  
 Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin  
     Is my heart,” she said, “ to-day.”

“ Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !  
 Some red squaw his moose-meat ’s broiling,  
     Or some French lass, singing gay ;  
 Just forget as he ’s forgetting ;  
 What avails a life of fretting ?  
 If some stars must needs be setting,  
     Others rise as good as they.”  
 “ Cease, I pray ; go your way ! ”  
 Martha cries, her eyelids wetting ;  
     “ Foul and false the words you say ! ”

“ Martha Mason, hear to reason !  
 Prithee, put a kinder face on ! ”  
     “ Cease to vex me,” did she say ;  
 “ Better at his side be lying,  
 With the mournful pine-trees sighing,  
 And the wild birds o’er us crying,  
     Than to doubt like mine a prey ;  
     While away, far away,  
 Turns my heart, forever trying  
     Some new hope for each new day.

“ When the shadows veil the meadows,  
 And the sunset’s golden ladders  
     Sink from twilight’s walls of gray, —

From the window of my dreaming,  
I can see his sickle gleaming,  
Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming  
Down the locust-shaded way ;  
But away, swift away,  
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,  
And I kneel again to pray.

“ When the growing dawn is showing,  
And the barn-yard cock is crowing,  
And the horned moon pales away :  
From a dream of him awaking,  
Every sound my heart is making  
Seems a footstep of his taking ;  
Then I hush the thought, and say,  
‘ Nay, nay, he’s away ! ’  
Ah ! my heart, my heart is breaking  
For the dear one far away.”

Look up, Martha ! worn and swarthy,  
Glows a face of manhood worthy :  
“ Robert ! ” “ Martha ! ” all they say.  
O’er went wheel and reel together,  
Little cared the owner whither ;  
Heart of lead is heart of feather,  
Noon of night is noon of day !  
Come away, come away !  
When such lovers meet each other,  
Why should prying idlers stay ?

Quench the timber’s fallen embers,  
Quench the red leaves in December’s  
Hoary rime and chilly spray.

But the hearth shall kindle clearer,  
 Household welcomes sound sincerer,  
 Heart to loving heart draw nearer,  
 When the bridal bells shall say :  
 “ Hope and pray, trust alway ;  
 Life is sweeter, love is dearer,  
 For the trial and delay ! ”

1856.

## THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far beneath  
 the tent-like span  
 Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland  
 of Cape Ann.

Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide  
 glimmering down,  
 And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient  
 fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its  
 memory waxes old,  
 When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant  
 friend I strolled.  
 Ah ! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean  
 wind blows cool,  
 And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy  
 grave, Rantoul !

With the memory of that morning by the summer  
 sea I blend  
 A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather  
 penned,

In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange  
and marvellous things,  
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos  
Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual  
life of old,  
Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward,  
mean and coarse and cold;  
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vul-  
gar clay,  
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of hod-  
den gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but  
through the din  
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life be-  
hind steal in;  
And the lore of home and fireside, and the legend-  
ary rhyme,  
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man  
owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Cove-  
nanter knew,  
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's  
moorland graveyards through,  
From the graves of old traditions I part the black-  
berry-vines,  
Wipe the moss from off the headstones, and re-  
touch the faded lines.

---

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse  
with rolling pebbles, ran,  
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray  
rocks of Cape Ann ;  
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and pali-  
sade,  
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moon-  
light overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and  
eastward looking forth  
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with  
breakers stretching north, —  
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged  
capes, with bush and tree,  
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and  
gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by  
dying brands,  
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets  
in their hands ;  
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch  
was shared,  
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from  
beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, — talked of  
wizards Satan-sold ;  
Of all ghostly sights and noises, — signs and won-  
ders manifold ;

Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men  
in her shrouds,  
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morn-  
ing clouds ;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of  
Gloucester woods,  
Full of plants that love the summer, — blooms of  
warmer latitudes ;  
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's  
flowery vines,  
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight  
of the pines !

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky  
tones of fear,  
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of  
evil near ;  
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim  
of gun ;  
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of  
mortals run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from  
the midnight wood they came, —  
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, un-  
harmed, its volleyed flame ;  
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in  
earth or lost in air,  
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit  
sands lay bare.



Midnight came ; from out the forest moved a  
dusky mass that soon  
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly  
marching in the moon.  
“Ghosts or witches,” said the captain, “thus I foil  
the Evil One !”  
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet,  
down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded  
wall about ;  
Once again the levelled muskets through the pali-  
sades flashed out,  
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top  
might not shun,  
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant  
wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless  
shower of lead.  
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the  
phantoms fled ;  
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the  
moonlight lay,  
And the white smoke curling through it drifted  
slowly down the bay !

“God preserve us !” said the captain ; “never  
mortal foes were there ;  
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and  
Power of the air !

Lay aside your useless weapons ; skill and prowess  
naught avail ;  
They who do the Devil's service wear their mas-  
ter's coat of mail ! ”

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again  
a warning call  
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round  
the dusky hall :  
And they looked to flint and priming, and they  
longed for break of day ;  
But the captain closed his Bible : “Let us cease  
from man, and pray ! ”

To the men who went before us, all the unseen  
powers seemed near,  
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its  
roots in holy fear.  
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was  
bowed and bare,  
Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the  
captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres  
round the wall,  
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears  
and hearts of all, —  
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish ! Never  
after mortal man  
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the  
block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and  
 sea-blown town,  
 From the childhood of its people comes the solemn  
 legend down.  
 Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral  
 lives the youth  
 And the fitness and the freshness of an undecay-  
 ing truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres  
 of the mind,  
 Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the  
 darkness undefined ;  
 Round us throng the grim projections of the heart  
 and of the brain,  
 And our pride of strength is weakness, and the  
 cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children ; and no answer  
 from on high  
 Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white  
 wings downward fly ;  
 But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith,  
 and not to sight,  
 And our prayers themselves drive backward all the  
 spirits of the night !

1857.

### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS of Herbiopolis, one day,  
 While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,  
 Alone with God, as was his pious choice,  
 Heard from without a miserable voice,

A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,  
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain whereby  
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;  
And, looking from the casement, saw below  
A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,  
And withered hands held up to him, who cried  
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave  
His life for ours, my child from bondage save, —  
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves  
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves  
Lap the white walls of Tunis !" — "What I can  
I give," Tritemius said, "my prayers." — "O man  
Of God !" she cried. for grief had made her bold,  
"Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers, but gold.  
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice ;  
Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman !" Tritemius answered, "from our door  
None go unfed, hence are we always poor ;  
A single soldo is our only store.  
Thou hast our prayers ; — what can we give thee  
more ?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks  
On either side of the great crucifix.  
God well may spare them on His errands sped,  
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy word,  
Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious Lord,

Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,  
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize  
 Above the gifts upon his altar piled !)  
 Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms  
 He placed within the beggar's eager palms ;  
 And as she vanished down the linden shade,  
 He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came  
 He woke to find the chapel all aflame,  
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold  
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

1857.

### SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

In the valuable and carefully prepared *History of Marblehead*, published in 1879 by Samuel Roads, Jr., it is stated that the crew of Captain Ireson, rather than himself, were responsible for the abandonment of the disabled vessel. To screen themselves they charged their captain with the crime. In view of this the writer of the ballad addressed the following letter to the historian :—

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, 5 mo. 18, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I heartily thank thee for a copy of thy *History of Marblehead*. I have read it with great interest and think good use has been made of the abundant material. No town in Essex County has a record more honorable than Marblehead ; no one has done more to develop the industrial interests of our New England seaboard, and certainly none have given such evidence of self-sacrificing patriotism. I am glad the story of it has been at last told, and told so well. I have now no doubt that thy version of Skipper Ireson's ride is the correct one. My verse was founded solely on a fragment of rhyme which I heard from one of my early schoolmates, a native of Marblehead.

I supposed the story to which it referred dated back at least a century. I knew nothing of the participators, and the narrative

of the ballad was pure fancy. I am glad for the sake of truth and justice that the real facts are given in thy book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living.

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human back,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :  
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,

Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,  
 Over and over the Mænads sang:  
     "Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
     Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
     By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! — He sailed away  
 From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay, —  
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
 With his own town's-people on her deck!  
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.  
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!  
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!  
     Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
     Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
     By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.  
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
 Over the moaning and rainy sea, —  
 Looked for the coming that might not be!  
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say  
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —  
     Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
     Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
     By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,  
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;

Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,  
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain :  
    " Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
    By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting, far and near :  
    " Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
    By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

" Hear me, neighbors ! " at last he cried, —  
" What to me is this noisy ride ?  
What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within ?  
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck !  
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread  
The hand of God and the face of the dead ! "  
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead !



Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
 Said, "God has touched him! why should we?"  
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"  
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
 And left him alone with his shame and sin.  
     Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
     Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
     By the women of Marblehead!  
 1857.

### THE SYCAMORES.

Hugh Tallant was the first Irish resident of Haverhill, Mass. He planted the button-wood trees on the bank of the river below the village in the early part of the seventeenth century. Unfortunately this noble avenue is now nearly destroyed.

IN the outskirts of the village,  
     On the river's winding shores,  
 Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
     Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,  
     And another half-way told,  
 Since the rustic Irish gleeman  
     Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,  
     At his violin's sound they grew,  
 Through the moonlit eves of summer,  
     Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant !  
Pass in jerkin green along,  
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,  
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,  
With his fiddle and his pack ;  
Little dreamed the village Saxons  
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,  
Delved by day and sang by night,  
With a hand that never wearied,  
And a heart forever light, —

Still the gay tradition mingles  
With a record grave and drear,  
Like the rollic air of Cluny,  
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,  
Made the sweet May woodlands glad,  
And the Aronia by the river  
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,  
With their silver-sided haul,  
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,  
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,  
Love stole in at Labor's side,  
With the lusty airs of England,  
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

'Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,  
 And the merry fair's carouse ;  
 Of the wild Red Fox of Erin  
 And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,  
 Pleasant seemed his simple tales,  
 Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends  
 And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory  
 Scrambled up from fate forlorn,  
 On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,  
 Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara  
 Played all night to ghosts of kings ;  
 Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies  
 Dancing in their moorland rings !

Jolliest of our birds of singing,  
 Best he loved the Bob-o-link.  
 "Hush !" he 'd say, "the tipsy fairies !  
 Hear the little folks in drink !"

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,  
 Singing through the ancient town,  
 Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,  
 Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses ;  
 But if yet his spirit walks,  
 'Tis beneath the trees he planted,  
 And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks ;

Green memorials of the gleeman!  
Linking still the river-shores,  
With their shadows cast by sunset,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores!

When the Father of his Country  
Through the north-land riding came,  
And the roofs were starred with banners,  
And the steeples rang acclaim, —

When each war-scarred Continental,  
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,  
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,  
And shot off his old king's arm, —

Slowly passed that august Presence  
Down the thronged and shouting street;  
Village girls as white as angels,  
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow  
Deepest fell, his rein he drew:  
On his stately head, uncovered,  
Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,  
Looking up and looking down  
On the hills of Gold and Silver  
Rimming round the little town, —

On the river, full of sunshine,  
To the lap of greenest vales  
Winding down from wooded headlands,  
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping  
Slowly with his ungloved hand,  
“I have seen no prospect fairer  
In this goodly Eastern land.”

Then the bugles of his escort  
Stirred to life the cavalcade :  
And that head, so bare and stately,  
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,  
Life has had its ebb and flow ;  
Thrice hath passed the human harvest  
To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,  
Through the changes, changeless stand ;  
As the marble calm of Tadmor  
Mocks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising  
Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;  
Still beneath them, half in shadow,  
Singing, glides the pleasure craft ;

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,  
Love and Youth together stray ;  
While, as heart to heart beats faster,  
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,  
On the open hillside wrought,  
Singing, as he drew his stitches,  
Songs his German masters taught,

Singing, with his gray hair floating  
Round his rosy ample face, —  
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen  
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy  
Now are Traffic's dusty streets ;  
From the village, grown a city,  
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

1857.

### THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

An incident of the Sepoy mutiny.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,  
Voice of the glens and hills ;  
The droning of the torrents,  
The treble of the rills !  
Not the braes of broom and heather,  
Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,  
And plaided mountaineer, —  
To the cottage and the castle  
The Scottish pipes are dear ; —  
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;

But the sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger  
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;  
Round and round the jungle-serpent  
Near and nearer circles swept.  
“Pray for rescue, wives and mothers, —  
Pray to-day!” the soldier said;  
“To-morrow, death’s between us  
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,  
Till their hope became despair;  
And the sobs of low bewailing  
Filled the pauses of their prayer.  
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,  
With her ear unto the ground:  
“Dinna ye hear it? — dinna ye hear it?  
The pipes o’ Havelock sound!”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;  
Hushed the wife her little ones;  
Alone they heard the drum-roll  
And the roar of Sepoy guns.  
But to sounds of home and childhood  
The Highland ear was true; —  
As her mother’s cradle-crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear,

She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbell's call :  
" Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,  
The grandest o' them all ! "

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,  
And they caught the sound at last ;  
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
Rose and fell the piper's blast !  
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;  
" God be praised ! — the march of Havelock !  
The piping of the clans ! "

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life.  
But when the far-off dust-cloud  
To plaided legions grew,  
Full tenderly and blithesomely  
The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,  
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
The air of Auld Lang Syne.  
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
Rose that sweet and homelike strain ;  
And the tartan clove the turban,  
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper  
And plaided mountaineer, —



To the cottage and the castle  
 The piper's song is dear.  
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;  
 But the sweetest of all music  
 The Pipes at Lucknow played !

1858.

### TELLING THE BEES.

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

HERE is the place ; right over the hill  
 Runs the path I took ;  
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,  
 And the poplars tall ;  
 And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,  
 And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun ;  
 And down by the brink  
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,  
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
 Heavy and slow ;





And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There 's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze ;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brookside my brow and  
throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —  
To love, a year ;  
Down through the beeches I looked at last  
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves,  
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, —  
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer sun  
 Had the chill of snow ;  
 For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
 Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary weeps  
 For the dead to-day :  
 Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
 The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low ; on the doorway sill,  
 With his cane to his chin,  
 The old man sat ; and the chore-girl still  
 Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
 In my ear sounds on : —  
 " Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence !  
 Mistress Mary is dead and gone ! "

1858.

### THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

In Young's *Chronicles of Massachusetts Bay from 1623 to 1636* may be found Anthony Thacher's *Narrative of his Shipwreck*. Thacher was Avery's companion and survived to tell the tale. Mather's *Magnalia*, III. 2, gives further *Particulars of Parson Avery's End*, and suggests the title of the poem.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,  
 Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife  
 and children eight,  
 Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop  
 " Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-  
morn,  
With the newly planted orchards dropping their  
fruits first-born,  
And the home-roofs like brown islands amid a sea  
of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided  
creeks between,  
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and  
walnuts green ; —  
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never  
seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty  
led,  
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the  
living bread  
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of  
Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at nightfall the pleasant land-  
breeze died,  
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights  
denied,  
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophe-  
sied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock,  
and wood, and sand ;  
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder  
in his hand,  
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and  
what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled  
 round him, weeping sore :  
 "Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walk-  
 ing on before  
 To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall  
 be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain  
 drawn aside,  
 To let down the torch of lightning on the terror  
 far and wide ;  
 And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote  
 the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail  
 and man's despair,  
 A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp  
 and bare,  
 And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's  
 prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild  
 waves and the blast,  
 On a rock, where every billow broke above him as  
 it passed,  
 Alone, of all his household, the man of God was  
 cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause  
 of wave and wind :  
 "All my own have gone before me, and I linger  
 just behind ;  
 Not for life I ask, but only for the rest Thy ran-  
 somed find !

“In this night of death I challenge the promise of  
Thy word! —

Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears  
have heard! —

Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the  
grace of Christ, our Lord!

“In the baptism of these waters wash white my  
every sin,

And let me follow up to Thee my household and  
my kin!

Open the sea-gate of Thy heaven, and let me enter  
in!”

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the  
listening heavens draw near,

And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal,  
hear

How the notes so faint and broken swell to music  
in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to His servant's last re-  
quest;

As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet  
hymn upward pressed,

And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its  
rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks  
of Marblehead;

In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of  
prayer were read;

And long, by board and hearthstone, the living  
mourned the dead.



And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from  
 the squall,  
 With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale re-  
 call,  
 When they see the white waves breaking on the  
 Rock of Avery's Fall!

1858.

### THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEW- BURY.

"Concerning y<sup>e</sup> Amphisbæna, as soon as I received your com-  
 mands, I made diligent inquiry: . . . he assures me y<sup>t</sup> it had  
 really two heads, one at each end; two mouths, two stings or  
 tongues." — REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN to COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time  
 Of every people, in every clime,  
 Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,  
 Born of water, and air, and fire,  
 Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud  
 And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,  
 Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,  
 Through dusk tradition and ballad age.  
 So from the childhood of Newbury town  
 And its time of fable the tale comes down  
 Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,  
 The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake!

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,  
 Consider that strip of Christian earth  
 On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,  
 Full of terror and mystery,

Half redeemed from the evil hold  
 Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and old,  
 Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew  
 When Time was young, and the world was new,  
 And wove its shadows with sun and moon,  
 Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn.  
 Think of the sea's dread monotone,  
 Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,  
 Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the North,  
 Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,  
 And the dismal tales the Indian told,  
 Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,  
 And he shrank from the tawny wizard boasts,  
 And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,  
 And above, below, and on every side,  
 The fear of his creed seemed verified ; —  
 And think, if his lot were now thine own,  
 To grope with terrors nor named nor known,  
 How laxer muscle and weaker nerve  
 And a feebler faith thy need might serve ;  
 And own to thyself the wonder more  
 That the snake had two heads, and not a score !

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen  
 Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,  
 Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,  
 Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,  
 Nothing on record is left to show ;  
 Only the fact that he lived, we know,  
 And left the cast of a double head  
 In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.  
 For he carried a head where his tail should be,  
 And the two, of course, could never agree,

But wriggled about with main and might,  
 Now to the left and now to the right ;  
 Pulling and twisting this way and that,  
 Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near !  
 Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !  
 Think what ancient gossips might say,  
 Shaking their heads in their dreary way,  
 Between the meetings on Sabbath-day !  
 How urchins, searching at day's decline  
 The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,  
 The terrible double-ganger heard  
 In leafy rustle or whirl of bird !  
 Think what a zest it gave to the sport,  
 In berry-time, of the younger sort,  
 As over pastures blackberry-twined,  
 Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,  
 And closer and closer, for fear of harm,  
 The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;  
 And how the spark, who was forced to stay,  
 By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day,  
 Thanked the snake for the fond delay !

Far and wide the tale was told,  
 Like a snowball growing while it rolled.  
 The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry ;  
 And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,  
 To paint the primitive serpent by.  
 Cotton Mather came galloping down  
 All the way to Newbury town,  
 With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,  
 And his marvellous inkhorn at his side ;

Stirring the while in the shallow pool  
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,  
To garnish the story, with here a streak  
Of Latin, and there another of Greek :  
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,  
Behold ! are they not in his Wonder-Book ?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.  
If the snake does not, the tale runs still  
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.  
And still, whenever husband and wife  
Publish the shame of their daily strife,  
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain  
At either end of the marriage-chain,  
The gossips say, with a knowing shake  
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!  
One in body and two in will,  
The Amphisbæna is living still !"

1859.

## MABEL MARTIN.

### A HARVEST IDYL.

Susanna Martin, an aged woman of Amesbury, Mass., was tried and executed for the alleged crime of witchcraft. Her home was in what is now known as Pleasant Valley on the Merrimac, a little above the old Ferry way, where, tradition says, an attempt was made to assassinate Sir Edmund Andros on his way to Falmouth (afterward Portland) and Pemaquid, which was frustrated by a warning timely given. Goody Martin was the only woman hanged on the north side of the Merrimac during the dreadful delusion. The aged wife of Judge Bradbury who lived on the other side of the Powow River was imprisoned and would have been put to death but for the collapse of the hideous persecution.

The substance of the poem which follows was published under the name of *The Witch's Daughter*, in *The National Era* in 1857. In 1875 my publishers desired to issue it with illustrations, and I then enlarged it and otherwise altered it to its present form. The principal addition was in the verses which constitute Part I.

## PROEM.

I CALL the old time back : I bring my lay  
In tender memory of the summer day  
When, where our native river lapsed away,

We dreamed it over, while the thrushes made  
Songs of their own, and the great pine-trees  
laid  
On warm noonlights the masses of their shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again  
Her life in ours, despite of years and pain, —  
The Autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one  
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,  
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common landscape seem  
Fairer than any of which painters dream ;  
Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream ;

For she whose speech was always truth's pure  
gold  
Heard, not displeased, its simple legends told,  
And loved with us the beautiful and old.

## I. THE RIVER VALLEY.

Across the level tableland,  
A grassy, rarely trodden way,  
With thinnest skirt of birchen spray

And stunted growth of cedar, leads  
To where you see the dull plain fall  
Sheer off, steep-slanted, ploughed by all

The seasons' rainfalls. On its brink  
The over-leaning harebells swing,  
With roots half bare the pine-trees cling;

And, through the shadow looking west,  
You see the wavering river flow  
Along a vale, that far below

Holds to the sun, the sheltering hills  
And glimmering water-line between,  
Broad fields of corn and meadows green,

And fruit-bent orchards grouped around  
The low brown roofs and painted eaves,  
And chimney-tops half hid in leaves.

No warmer valley hides behind  
Yon wind-scourged sand-dunes, cold and bleak;  
No fairer river comes to seek

The wave-sung welcome of the sea,  
Or mark the northmost border line  
Of sun-loved growths of nut and vine.

Here, ground-fast in their native fields,  
Untempted by the city's gain,  
The quiet farmer folk remain

Who bear the pleasant name of Friends,  
And keep their fathers' gentle ways  
And simple speech of Bible days ;

In whose neat homesteads woman holds  
With modest ease her equal place,  
And wears upon her tranquil face

The look of one who, merging not  
Her self-hood in another's will,  
Is love's and duty's handmaid still.

Pass with me down the path that winds  
Through birches to the open land,  
Where, close upon the river strand

You mark a cellar, vine o'errun,  
Above whose wall of loosened stones  
The sumach lifts its reddening cones,

And the black nightshade's berries shine,  
And broad, unsightly burdocks fold  
The household ruin, century-old.

Here, in the dim colonial time  
Of sterner lives and gloomier faith,  
A woman lived, tradition saith,

Who wrought her neighbors foul annoy,  
And witched and plagued the country-side,  
Till at the hangman's hand she died.

Sit with me while the westering day  
Falls slantwise down the quiet vale,  
And, haply ere yon loitering sail,

That rounds the upper headland, falls  
Below Deer Island's pines, or sees  
Behind it Hawkswood's belt of trees

Rise black against the sinking sun,  
My idyl of its days of old,  
The valley's legend, shall be told.

## II. THE HUSKING.

It was the pleasant harvest-time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns, —  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams  
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks, —

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.



On Esek Harden's oaken floor,  
With many an autumn threshing worn,  
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,  
Beneath a moon that, large and low,  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places ; some by chance,  
And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-  
boughs !

On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,  
On girlhood with its solid curves  
Of healthful strength and painless nerves !

And jests went round, and laughs that made  
The house-dog answer with his howl,  
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl ;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung  
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,  
Ere Norman William trod their shores ;

And tales, whose merry license shook  
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,  
Forgetful of the hovering Dane, —

Rude plays to Celt and Cimbri known,  
The charms and riddles that beguiled  
On Oxus' banks the young world's child, —

That primal picture-speech wherein  
Have youth and maid the story told,  
So new in each, so dateless old,

Recalling pastoral Ruth in her  
Who waited, blushing and demure,  
The red-ear's kiss of forfeiture.

### III. THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

But still the sweetest voice was mute  
That river-valley ever heard  
From lips of maid or throat of bird ;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall  
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,  
Who knew that none would condescend  
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,  
Since curious thousands thronged to see  
Her mother at the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the prison-palsied limbs  
That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
And wan lip trembling with its prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,  
Or, when they saw the mother die,  
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,  
As men and Christians justified :  
God willed it, and the wretch had died !

Dear God and Father of us all,  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies, —  
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive thy creature when he takes,  
For the all-perfect love Thou art,  
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn  
Our bloody altars ; let us see  
Thyself in Thy humanity !

Young Mabel from her mother's grave  
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,  
And wrestled with her fate alone ;

With love, and anger, and despair,  
The phantoms of disordered sense,  
The awful doubts of Providence !

Oh, dreary broke the winter days,  
And dreary fell the winter nights  
When, one by one, the neighboring lights

Went out, and human sounds grew still,  
And all the phantom-peopled dark  
Closed round her hearth-fire's dying spark.

And summer days were sad and long,  
And sad the uncompanioned eves,  
And sadder sunset-tinted leaves,

And Indian Summer's airs of balm;  
She scarcely felt the soft caress,  
The beauty died of loneliness!

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,  
And, when she sought the house of prayer,  
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door  
She saw the horseshoe's curvèd charm,  
To guard against her mother's harm :

That mother, poor and sick and lame,  
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,  
Folded her withered hands in prayer ; —

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,  
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,  
When her dim eyes could read no more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept  
Her faith, and trusted that her way,  
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round  
Day after day, with no relief :  
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

## IV. THE CHAMPION.

So in the shadow Mabel sits ;  
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,  
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,  
And cruel lips repeat her name,  
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,  
But drew her apron o'er her face,  
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,  
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze  
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,  
Ere yet her mother's doom had made  
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,  
And, starting, with an angry frown,  
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,  
"This passes harmless mirth or jest ;  
I brook no insult to my guest.

“She is indeed her mother’s child;  
But God’s sweet pity ministers  
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

“Let Goody Martin rest in peace;  
I never knew her harm a fly,  
And witch or not, God knows — not I.

“I know who swore her life away;  
And as God lives, I’d not condemn  
An Indian dog on word of them.”

The broadest lands in all the town,  
The skill to guide, the power to awe,  
Were Harden’s; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,  
But one sly maiden spake aside:  
“The little witch is evil-eyed!

“Her mother only killed a cow,  
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;  
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!”

#### V. IN THE SHADOW.

Poor Mabel, homeward turning, passed  
The nameless terrors of the wood,  
And saw, as if a ghost pursued,

Her shadow gliding in the moon;  
The soft breath of the west-wind gave  
A chill as from her mother’s grave.

How dreary seemed the silent house !  
Wide in the moonbeams' ghastly glare  
Its windows had a dead man's stare !

And, like a gaunt and spectral hand,  
The tremulous shadow of a birch  
Reached out and touched the door's low  
porch,

As if to lift its latch ; hard by,  
A sudden warning call she heard,  
The night-cry of a boding bird.

She leaned against the door ; her face,  
So fair, so young, so full of pain,  
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,  
Made music such as childhood knew ;  
The door-yard tree was whispered through

By voices such as childhood's ear  
Had heard in moonlights long ago ;  
And through the willow-boughs below

She saw the rippled waters shine ;  
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,  
The hills rolled off into the night.

She saw and heard, but over all  
A sense of some transforming spell,  
The shadow of her sick heart fell.







And still across the wooded space  
The harvest lights of Harden shone,  
And song and jest and laugh went on.

And he, so gentle, true, and strong,  
Of men the bravest and the best,  
Had he, too, scorned her with the rest?

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,  
And, in her old and simple way,  
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,  
Grew to a low, despairing cry  
Of utter misery: "Let me die!

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,  
And hide me where the cruel speech  
And mocking finger may not reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's name:  
A daughter's right I dare not crave  
To weep above her unblest grave!

"Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone.

"O God! have mercy on Thy child,  
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and  
small,  
And take me ere I lose it all!"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave became  
A voice whose burden was her name.

VI. THE BETROTHAL.

Had then God heard her? Had He sent  
His angel down? In flesh and blood,  
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm :  
“ Dear Mabel, this no more shall be ;  
Who scoffs at you must scoff at me.

“ You know rough Esek Harden well ;  
And if he seems no suitor gay,  
And if his hair is touched with gray,

“ The maiden grown shall never find  
His heart less warm than when she smiled,  
Upon his knees, a little child ! ”

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,  
As, folded in his strong embrace,  
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

“ O truest friend of all ! ” she said,  
“ God bless you for your kindly thought,  
And make me worthy of my lot ! ”

He led her forth, and, blent in one,  
Beside their happy pathway ran  
The shadows of the maid and man.

He led her through his dewy fields,  
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,  
And through the doors the huskers showed.

“ Good friends and neighbors ! ” Esek said,  
“ I ’m weary of this lonely life ;  
In Mabel see my chosen wife !

“ She greets you kindly, one and all ;  
The past is past, and all offence  
Falls harmless from her innocence.

“ Henceforth she stands no more alone ;  
You know what Esek Harden is ; —  
He brooks no wrong to him or his.

“ Now let the merriest tales be told,  
And let the sweetest songs be sung  
That ever made the old heart young !

“ For now the lost has found a home ;  
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,  
As all the household joys return ! ”

Oh, pleasantly the harvest-moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-  
boughs !

On Mabel’s curls of golden hair,  
On Esek’s shaggy strength it fell ;  
And the wind whispered, “ It is well ! ”

## THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

The prose version of this prophecy is to be found in Sewall's *The New Heaven upon the New Earth*, 1697, quoted in Joshua Coffin's *History of Newbury*. Judge Sewall's father, Henry Sewall, was one of the pioneers of Newbury.

Up and down the village streets  
 Strange are the forms my fancy meets,  
 For the thoughts and things of to-day are hid,  
 And through the veil of a closèd lid  
 The ancient worthies I see again :  
 I hear the tap of the elder's cane,  
 And his awful periwig I see,  
 And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.  
 Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,  
 His black cap hiding his whitened hair,  
 Walks the Judge of the great Assize,  
 Samuel Sewall the good and wise.  
 His face with lines of firmness wrought,  
 He wears the look of a man unbought,  
 Who swears to his hurt and changes not;  
 Yet, touched and softened nevertheless  
 With the grace of Christian gentleness,  
 The face that a child would climb to kiss !  
 True and tender and brave and just,  
 That man might honor and woman trust.

Touching and sad, a tale is told,  
 Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,  
 Of the fast which the good man lifelong kept<sup>10</sup>  
 With a haunting sorrow that never slept,  
 As the circling year brought round the time  
 Of an error that left the sting of crime,

When he sat on the bench of the witchcraft  
courts,  
With the laws of Moses and Hale's Reports,  
And spake, in the name of both, the word  
That gave the witch's neck to the cord,  
And piled the oaken planks that pressed  
The feeble life from the warlock's breast!  
All the day long, from dawn to dawn,  
His door was bolted, his curtain drawn;  
No foot on his silent threshold trod,  
No eye looked on him save that of God,  
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with charms  
Of penitent tears, and prayers, and psalms,  
And, with precious proofs from the sacred word  
Of the boundless pity and love of the Lord,  
His faith confirmed and his trust renewed  
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely rued,  
Might be washed away in the mingled flood  
Of his human sorrow and Christ's dear blood!

Green forever the memory be  
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,  
Whom even his errors glorified,  
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side  
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide!  
Honor and praise to the Puritan  
Who the halting step of his age outran,  
And, seeing the infinite worth of man  
In the priceless gift the Father gave,  
In the infinite love that stooped to save,  
Dared not brand his brother a slave!  
"Who doth such wrong," he was wont to say,  
In his own quaint, picture-loving way,

“Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade  
Which God shall cast down upon his head !”

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast  
That brave old jurist of the past  
And the cunning trickster and knave of courts  
Who the holy features of Truth distorts, —  
Ruling as right the will of the strong,  
Poverty, crime, and weakness wrong ;  
Wide-eared to power, to the wronged and weak  
Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek ;  
Scoffing aside at party's nod  
Order of nature and law of God ;  
For whose dabbled ermine respect were waste,  
Reverence folly, and awe misplaced ;  
Justice of whom 't were vain to seek  
As from Koordish robber or Syrian Sheik !  
Oh, leave the wretch to his bribes and sins ;  
Let him rot in the web of lies he spins !  
To the saintly soul of the early day,  
To the Christian judge, let us turn and say :  
“Praise and thanks for an honest man ! —  
Glory to God for the Puritan !”

I see, far southward, this quiet day,  
The hills of Newbury rolling away,  
With the many tints of the season gay,  
Dreamily blending in autumn mist  
Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.  
Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,  
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,  
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.

Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
The hills curve round like a bended bow ;  
A silver arrow from out them sprung,  
I see the shine of the Quasycung ;  
And, round and round, over valley and hill,  
Old roads winding, as old roads will,  
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;  
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,  
Through green elm arches and maple leaves, —  
Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
Gladden or sadden the heart of man,  
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone  
Life and Death have come and gone !  
There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,  
Great beams sag from the ceiling low,  
The dresser glitters with polished wares,  
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,  
And the low, broad chimney shows the crack  
By the earthquake made a century back.  
Up from their midst springs the village spire  
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire ;  
Beyond are orchards and planting lands,  
And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,  
And, where north and south the coast-lines run,  
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,  
But my thoughts are full of the past and old,  
I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;  
And the shadows and shapes of early days  
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,  
With measured movement and rhythmic chime  
Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.



I think of the old man wise and good  
 Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,  
 (A poet who never measured rhyme,  
 A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)  
 And, propped on his staff of age, looked down,  
 With his boyhood's love, on his native town,  
 Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,  
 His burden of prophecy yet remains,  
 For the voices of wood, and wave, and wind  
 To read in the ear of the musing mind : —

“ As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast  
 As God appointed, shall keep its post ;  
 As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep  
 Of Merrimac River, or sturgeon leap ;  
 As long as pickerel swift and slim,  
 Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim ;  
 As long as the annual sea-fowl know  
 Their time to come and their time to go ;  
 As long as cattle shall roam at will  
 The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill ;  
 As long as sheep shall look from the side  
 Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,  
 And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;  
 As long as a wandering pigeon shall search  
 The fields below from his white-oak perch,  
 When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,  
 And the dry husks fall from the standing corn ;  
 As long as Nature shall not grow old,  
 Nor drop her work from her doting hold,  
 And her care for the Indian corn forget,  
 And the yellow rows in pairs to set ; —  
 So long shall Christians here be born,  
 Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn ! —

By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost,  
 Shall never a holy ear be lost,  
 But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,  
 Be sown again in the fields of light ! ”

The Island still is purple with plums,  
 Up the river the salmon comes,  
 The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl feeds  
 On hillside berries and marish seeds, —  
 All the beautiful signs remain,  
 From spring-time sowing to autumn rain  
 The good man's vision returns again !  
 And let us hope, as well we can,  
 That the Silent Angel who garners man  
 May find some grain as of old he found  
 In the human cornfield ripe and sound,  
 And the Lord of the Harvest deign to own  
 The precious seed by the fathers sown !

1859.

#### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

OUT and in the river is winding  
 The links of its long, red chain,  
 Through belts of dusky pine-land  
 And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath  
 With the drifting cloud-rack joins, —  
 The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
 Of the wild Assiniboins !

Drearly blows the north-wind  
 From the land of ice and snow ;

The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,  
The Angel of Shadow gives warning  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?  
Is it the Indian's yell,  
That lends to the voice of the north-wind  
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace ;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
That call from their turrets twain,  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey  
The bitter north-winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace!

1859.

## THE PREACHER.

George Whitefield, the celebrated preacher, died at Newburyport in 1770, and was buried under the church which has since borne his name.

ITS windows flashing to the sky,  
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,  
Far down the vale, my friend and I  
Beheld the old and quiet town ;  
The ghostly sails that out at sea  
Flapped their white wings of mystery ;  
The beaches glimmering in the sun,  
And the low wooded capes that run  
Into the sea-mist north and south ;  
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth ;  
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,  
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands  
A crimson-tinted shadow lay,  
Of clouds through which the setting day  
Flung a slant glory far away.  
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,  
It flamed upon the city's panes,  
Smote the white sails of ships that wore

Outward or in, and glided o'er  
The steeples with their veering vanes !

Awhile my friend with rapid search  
O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire  
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire ;  
What is it, pray ?" — "The Whitefield Church !  
Walled about by its basement stones,  
There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."  
Then as our homeward way we walked,  
Of the great preacher's life we talked ;  
And through the mystery of our theme  
The outward glory seemed to stream,  
And Nature's self interpreted .  
The doubtful record of the dead ;  
And every level beam that smote  
The sails upon the dark afloat  
A symbol of the light became,  
Which touched the shadows of our blame,  
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers  
Gathers the moss of a hundred years ;  
On man and his works has passed the change  
Which needs must be in a century's range.  
The land lies open and warm in the sun,  
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run, —  
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,  
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain !  
But the living faith of the settlers old  
A dead profession their children hold ;  
To the lust of office and greed of trade  
A stepping-stone is the altar made.

The Church, to place and power the door,  
Rebukes the sin of the world no more,  
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.  
Everywhere is the grasping hand,  
And eager adding of land to land ;  
And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant  
But as a pilgrim's wayside tent, —  
A nightly shelter to fold away  
When the Lord should call at the break of day, —  
Solid and steadfast seems to be,  
And Time has forgotten Eternity !

But fresh and green from the rotting roots  
Of primal forests the young growth shoots ;  
From the death of the old the new proceeds,  
And the life of truth from the rot of creeds :  
On the ladder of God, which upward leads,  
The steps of progress are human needs.  
For His judgments still are a mighty deep,  
And the eyes of His providence never sleep :  
When the night is darkest He gives the morn ;  
When the famine is sorest, the wine and corn !

In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,  
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought ;  
And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent  
The iron links of his argument,  
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span  
The purpose of God and the fate of man !  
Yet faithful still, in his daily round  
To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick found,  
The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art  
Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.

Had he not seen in the solitudes  
 Of his deep and dark Northampton woods  
 A vision of love about him fall?  
 Not the blinding splendor which fell on Saul,  
 But the tenderer glory that rests on them  
 Who walk in the New Jerusalem,  
 Where never the sun nor moon are known,  
 But the Lord and His love are the light alone!  
 And watching the sweet, still countenance  
 Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,  
 Had he not treasured each broken word  
 Of the mystical wonder seen and heard;  
 And loved the beautiful dreamer more  
 That thus to the desert of earth she bore  
 Clusters of Eshcol from Canaan's shore?

As the barley-winnower, holding with pain  
 Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,  
 Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze  
 Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,  
 So he who had waited long to hear  
 The sound of the Spirit drawing near,  
 Like that which the son of Iddo heard  
 When the feet of angels the myrtles stirred,  
 Felt the answer of prayer, at last,  
 As over his church the afflatus passed,  
 Breaking its sleep as breezes break  
 To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,  
 The creep of the flesh at danger near,  
 A vague foreboding and discontent,  
 Over the hearts of the people went.

All nature warned in sounds and signs :  
The wind in the tops of the forest pines  
In the name of the Highest called to prayer,  
As the muezzin calls from the minaret stair.  
Through ceilëd chambers of secret sin  
Sudden and strong the light shone in ;  
A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs  
Startled the man of title-deeds ;  
The trembling hand of the worldling shook  
The dust of years from the Holy Book ;  
And the psalms of David, forgotten long,  
Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward course  
Of waters moved by a central force ;  
The tide of spiritual life rolled down  
From inland mountains to seaboard town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands  
Waiting the prophet's outstretched hands  
And prayer availing, to downward call  
The fiery answer in view of all.  
Hearts are like wax in the furnace ; who  
Shall mould, and shape, and cast them anew ?  
Lo ! by the Merrimac Whitefield stands  
In the temple that never was made by hands, —  
Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,  
And dome of the sunshine over all —  
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name  
Blown about on the winds of fame ;  
Now as an angel of blessing classed,  
And now as a mad enthusiast.  
Called in his youth to sound and gauge  
The moral lapse of his race and age,



And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw  
 Of human frailty and perfect law ;  
 Possessed by the one dread thought that lent  
 Its goad to his fiery temperament,  
 Up and down the world he went,  
 A John the Baptist crying, Repent !

No perfect whole can our nature make ;  
 Here or there the circle will break ;  
 The orb of life as it takes the light  
 On one side leaves the other in night.  
 Never was saint so good and great  
 As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate  
 For the plea of the Devil's advocate.  
 So, incomplete by his being's law,  
 The marvellous preacher had his flaw ;  
 With step unequal, and lame with faults,  
 His shade on the path of History halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard :  
 Fear is easy, but love is hard, —  
 Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,  
 And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage ;  
 But he is greatest and best who can  
 Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he, — to whom, in the painful stress  
 Of zeal on fire from its own excess,  
 Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small  
 That man was nothing, since God was all, —  
 Forgot, as the best at times have done,  
 That the love of the Lord and of man are one.  
 Little to him whose feet unshod  
 The thorny path of the desert trod,

Careless of pain, so it led to God,  
Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor man's wrong,  
The weak ones trodden beneath the strong.  
Should the worm be chooser? — the clay withstand  
The shaping will of the potter's hand?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears  
The scorn of a god rebuke his fears :  
" Spare thy pity ! " Krishna saith ;  
" Not in thy sword is the power of death !  
All is illusion, — loss but seems ;  
Pleasure and pain are only dreams ;  
Who deems he slayeth doth not kill ;  
Who counts as slain is living still.  
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime ;  
Nothing dies but the cheats of time ;  
Slain or slayer, small the odds  
To each, immortal as Indra's gods ! "

So by Savannah's banks of shade,  
The stones of his mission the preacher laid  
On the heart of the negro crushed and rent,  
And made of his blood the wall's cement ;  
Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to coast,  
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost ;  
And begged, for the love of Christ, the gold  
Coined from the hearts in its groaning hold.  
What could it matter, more or less  
Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness ?  
Living or dying, bond or free,  
What was time to eternity ?

Alas for the preacher's cherished schemes !  
Mission and church are now but dreams ;

Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan  
 To honor God through the wrong of man.  
 Of all his labors no trace remains  
 Save the bondman lifting his hands in chains.  
 The woof he wove in the righteous warp  
 Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,  
 Clothes with curses the goodly land,  
 Changes its greenness and bloom to sand ;  
 And a century's lapse reveals once more  
 The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.  
 Father of Light ! how blind is he  
 Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee  
 With the blood and tears of humanity !

He erred : shall we count His gifts as naught ?  
 Was the work of God in him unwrought ?  
 The servant may through his deafness err,  
 And blind may be God's messenger ;  
 But the errand is sure they go upon, —  
 The word is spoken, the deed is done.  
 Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good  
 That Solomon bowed to gods of wood ?  
 For his tempted heart and wandering feet,  
 Were the songs of David less pure and sweet ?  
 So in light and shadow the preacher went,  
 God's erring and human instrument ;  
 And the hearts of the people where he passed  
 Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,  
 Under the spell of a voice which took  
 In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,  
 And the mystical chime of the bells of gold  
 On the ephod's hem of the priest of old, —  
 Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe  
 Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd  
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.  
The sailor reeling from out the ships  
Whose masts stood thick in the river-slips  
Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.  
Listened the fisherman rude and hard,  
The calker rough from the builder's yard ;  
The man of the market left his load,  
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,  
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt  
Their hearts in a closer union melt,  
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom  
Down the endless vistas of life to come.  
Old age sat feebly brushing away  
From his ears the scanty locks of gray ;  
And careless boyhood, living the free  
Unconscious life of bird and tree,  
Suddenly wakened to a sense  
Of sin and its guilty consequence.  
It was as if an angel's voice  
Called the listeners up for their final choice ;  
As if a strong hand rent apart  
The veils of sense from soul and heart,  
Showing in light ineffable  
The joys of heaven and woes of hell !  
All about in the misty air  
The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer ;  
The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge,  
The water's lap on its gravelled edge,  
The wailing pines, and, far and faint,  
The wood-dove's note of sad complaint, —  
To the solemn voice of the preacher lent  
An undertone as of low lament ;

And the rote of the sea from its sandy coast,  
On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,  
Seemed the murmurous sound of the judgment host.

Yet wise men doubted, and good men wept,  
As that storm of passion above them swept,  
And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,  
The priests of the new Evangel came, —  
Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,  
Charged like summer's electric cloud,  
Now holding the listener still as death  
With terrible warnings under breath,  
Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed  
The vision of Heaven's beatitude !  
And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound  
Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,  
Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,  
And wringing of hands, and eyes aglare,  
Groaning under the world's despair !  
Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to lose,  
Prophesied to the empty pews  
That gourds would wither, and mushrooms die,  
And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,  
Like the spring that gushed in Newbury Street,  
Under the tramp of the earthquake's feet,  
A silver shaft in the air and light,  
For a single day, then lost in night,  
Leaving only, its place to tell,  
Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.  
With zeal wing-clipped and white-heat cool,  
Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,  
No longer harried, and cropped, and fleeced,  
Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,

But by wiser counsels left at ease  
To settle quietly on his lees,  
And, self-concentred, to count as done  
The work which his fathers well begun,  
In silent protest of letting alone,  
The Quaker kept the way of his own, —  
A non-conductor among the wires,  
With coat of asbestos proof to fires.  
And quite unable to mend his pace  
To catch the falling manna of grace,  
He hugged the closer his little store  
Of faith, and silently prayed for more.  
And vague of creed and barren of rite,  
But holding, as in his Master's sight,  
Act and thought to the inner light,  
The round of his simple duties walked,  
And strove to live what the others talked.

And who shall marvel if evil went  
Step by step with the good intent,  
And with love and meekness, side by side,  
Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride? —  
That passionate longings and fancies vain  
Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain?  
That over the holy oracles  
Folly sported with cap and bells?  
That goodly women and learned men  
Marvelling told with tongue and pen  
How unweaned children chirped like birds  
Texts of Scripture and solemn words,  
Like the infant seers of the rocky glens  
In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes:  
Or baby Lamas who pray and preach  
From Tartar cradles in Buddha's speech?

In the war which Truth or Freedom wages  
With impious fraud and the wrong of ages,  
Hate and malice and self-love mar  
The notes of triumph with painful jar,  
And the helping angels turn aside  
Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide.  
Never on custom's oil'd grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates and grinds with friction hard  
On granite boulder and flinty shard.  
The heart must bleed before it feels,  
The pool be troubled before it heals ;  
Ever by losses the right must gain,  
Every good have its birth of pain ;  
The active Virtues blush to find  
The Vices wearing their badge behind,  
And Graces and Charities feel the fire  
Wherein the sins of the age expire ;  
The fiend still rends as of old he rent  
The tortured body from which he went.

But Time tests all. In the over-drift  
And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift,  
Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk ?  
Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic monk ?  
The tide that loosens the temple's stones,  
And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,  
Drives away from the valley-land  
That Arab robber, the wandering sand,  
Moistens the fields that know no rain,  
Fringes the desert with belts of grain,  
And bread to the sower brings again.

So the flood of emotion deep and strong  
Troubled the land as it swept along,  
But left a result of holier lives,  
Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.  
The husband and father whose children fled  
And sad wife wept when his drunken tread  
Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,  
And a rock of offence his hearthstone made,  
In a strength that was not his own began  
To rise from the brute's to the plane of man.  
Old friends embraced, long held apart  
By evil counsel and pride of heart ;  
And penitence saw through misty tears,  
In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,  
The promise of Heaven's eternal years, —  
The peace of God for the world's annoy, —  
Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy !

Under the church of Federal Street,  
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,  
Walled about by its basement stones,  
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.  
No saintly honors to them are shown,  
No sign nor miracle have they known ;  
But he who passes the ancient church  
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,  
And ponders the wonderful life of him  
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.  
Long shall the traveller strain his eye  
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,  
And the vanishing town behind him search  
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church ;



And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade,  
 And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,  
 By the thought of that life of pure intent,  
 That voice of warning yet eloquent,  
 Of one on the errands of angels sent.  
 And if where he labored the flood of sin  
 Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,  
 And over a life of time and sense  
 The church-spires lift their vain defence,  
 As if to scatter the bolts of God  
 With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod, —  
 Still, as the gem of its civic crown,  
 Precious beyond the world's renown,  
 His memory hallows the ancient town !

1859.

### THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA.

In the winter of 1675-76, the Eastern Indians, who had been making war upon the New Hampshire settlements, were so reduced in numbers by fighting and famine that they agreed to a peace with Major Waldron at Dover, but the peace was broken in the fall of 1676. The famous chief, Squando, was the principal negotiator on the part of the savages. He had taken up the hatchet to revenge the brutal treatment of his child by drunken white sailors, which caused its death.

It not unfrequently happened during the Border wars that young white children were adopted by their Indian captors, and so kindly treated that they were unwilling to leave the free, wild life of the woods ; and in some instances they utterly refused to go back with their parents to their old homes and civilization.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and stone,  
 These huge mill-monsters overgrown ;  
 Blot out the humbler piles as well,  
 Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell

The weaving genii of the bell ;  
Tear from the wild Coheco's track  
The dams that hold its torrents back ;  
And let the loud-rejoicing fall  
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall ;  
And let the Indian's paddle play  
On the unbridged Piscataqua !  
Wide over hill and valley spread  
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,  
With here and there a clearing cut  
From the walled shadows round it shut ;  
Each with its farm-house builded rude,  
By English yeoman squared and hewed,  
And the grim, flanked block-house bound  
With bristling palisades around.  
So, haply shall before thine eyes  
The dusty veil of centuries rise,  
The old, strange scenery overlay  
The tamer pictures of to-day,  
While, like the actors in a play,  
Pass in their ancient guise along  
The figures of my border song :  
What time beside Coheco's flood  
The white man and the red man stood,  
With words of peace and brotherhood ;  
When passed the sacred calumet  
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,  
And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's smoke  
Through the gray beard of Waldron broke,  
And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea  
For mercy, struck the haughty key  
Of one who held, in any fate,  
His native pride inviolate !

“ Let your ears be opened wide !  
He who speaks has never lied.  
Waldron of Piscataqua,  
Hear what Squando has to say !

“ Squando shuts his eyes and sees,  
Far off, Saco’s hemlock-trees.  
In his wigwam, still as stone,  
Sits a woman all alone,

“ Wampum beads and birchen strands  
Dropping from her careless hands,  
Listening ever for the fleet  
Patter of a dead child’s feet !

“ When the moon a year ago  
Told the flowers the time to blow,  
In that lonely wigwam smiled  
Menewee, our little child.

“ Ere that moon grew thin and old,  
He was lying still and cold ;  
Sent before us, weak and small,  
When the Master did not call !

“ On his little grave I lay ;  
Three times went and came the day ,  
Thrice above me blazed the noon,  
Thrice upon me wept the moon.

“ In the third night-watch I heard,  
Far and low, a spirit-bird ;  
Very mournful, very wild,  
Sang the totem of my child.

- “ ‘ Menewee, poor Menewee,  
Walks a path he cannot see :  
Let the white man’s wigwam light  
With its blaze his steps aright.
- “ ‘ All-uncalled, he dares not show  
Empty hands to Manito :  
Better gifts he cannot bear  
Than the scalps his slayers wear.’
- “ All the while the totem sang,  
Lightning blazed and thunder rang ;  
And a black cloud, reaching high,  
Pulled the white moon from the sky.
- “ I, the medicine-man, whose ear  
All that spirits hear can hear, —  
I, whose eyes are wide to see  
All the things that are to be, —
- “ Well I knew the dreadful signs  
In the whispers of the pines,  
In the river roaring loud,  
In the mutter of the cloud.
- “ At the breaking of the day,  
From the grave I passed away ;  
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang glad,  
But my heart was hot and mad.
- “ There is rust on Squando’s knife,  
From the warm, red springs of life ;  
On the funeral hemlock-trees  
Many a scalp the totem sees.

“ Blood for blood ! But evermore  
Squando’s heart is sad and sore ;  
And his poor squaw waits at home  
For the feet that never come !

“ Waldron of Cocheco, hear !  
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear ;  
Take the captives he has ta’en ;  
Let the land have peace again ! ”

As the words died on his tongue,  
Wide apart his warriors swung ;  
Parted, at the sign he gave,  
Right and left, like Egypt’s wave.

And, like Israel passing free  
Through the prophet-charmèd sea,  
Captive mother, wife, and child  
Through the dusky terror fled.

One alone, a little maid,  
Middleway her steps delayed,  
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,  
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid  
On the little maiden’s head,  
Lightly from her forehead fair  
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

“ Gift or favor ask I none ;  
What I have is all my own :  
Never yet the birds have sung,  
‘ Squando hath a beggar’s tongue.’ ”

“ Yet for her who waits at home,  
For the dead who cannot come,  
Let the little Gold-hair be  
In the place of Menewee !

“ Mishanock, my little star !  
Come to Saco's pines afar ;  
Where the sad one waits at home,  
Wequashim, my moonlight, come ! ”

“ What ! ” quoth Waldron, “ leave a child  
Christian-born to heathens wild ?  
As God lives, from Satan's hand  
I will pluck her as a brand ! ”

“ Hear me, white man ! ” Squando cried ;  
“ Let the little one decide.  
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,  
Wilt thou go with me, or stay ? ”

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,  
Half regretfully, the maid  
Owned the ties of blood and race, —  
Turned from Squando's pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,  
But his wampum chain he broke,  
And the beaded wonder hung  
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem  
In the marches of a dream,  
Single-filed, the grim array  
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,  
Through her tears the young child gazed.  
"God preserve her!" Waldron said;  
"Satan hath bewitched the maid!"

Years went and came. At close of day  
Singing came a child from play,  
Tossing from her loose-locked head  
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,  
But her head she gravely shook,  
And with lips that fondly smiled  
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began :  
"Up and down the brook I ran,  
Where, beneath the bank so steep,  
Lie the spotted trout asleep.

"'Chip!' went squirrel on the wall,  
After me I heard him call,  
And the cat-bird on the tree  
Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so dark  
That I stopped to look and hark,  
On a log, with feather-hat,  
By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away ;  
But he called, and bade me stay ;  
And his voice was good and mild  
As my mother's to her child.

“ And he took my wampum chain,  
Looked and looked it o’er again ;  
Gave me berries, and, beside,  
On my neck a plaything tied.”

Straight the mother stooped to see  
What the Indian’s gift might be.  
On the braid of wampum hung,  
Lo ! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,  
Squando’s bird and totem pine ;  
And, a mirage of the brain,  
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,  
Into space the walls outgrew ;  
On the Indian’s wigwam-mat,  
Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west-wind blow,  
In her ear the pines sang low,  
And, like links from out a chain,  
Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,  
From the griefs that gnaw within,  
To the freedom of the woods  
Called the birds, and winds, and floods.

Well, O painful minister !  
Watch thy flock, but blame not her,  
If her ear grew sharp to hear  
All their voices whispering near.



Blame her not, as to her soul  
 All the desert's glamour stole,  
 That a tear for childhood's loss  
 Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was read,  
 And she bowed her widowed head,  
 And a prayer for each loved name  
 Rose like incense from a flame,

With a hope the creeds forbid  
 In her pitying bosom hid,  
 To the listening ear of Heaven  
 Lo ! the Indian's name was given.

1860.

#### MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
 Their song was soft and low ;  
 The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
 Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
 The orchard birds sang clear ;  
 The sweetest and the saddest day  
 It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
 My playmate left her home,  
 And took with her the laughing spring,  
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine :  
What more could ask the bashful boy  
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
Of uneventful years ;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
Her summer roses blow ;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smooths her silken gown, —  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems, —  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice ;  
Does she remember mine ?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours, —  
That other hands with nuts are filled,  
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow ;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea, —  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee !

## COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

This ballad was written on the occasion of a Horticultural Festival. Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimac.

THE beaver cut his timber  
With patient teeth that day,  
The minks were fish-wards, and the crows  
Surveyors of highway, —

When Keezar sat on the hillside  
Upon his cobbler's form,  
With a pan of coals on either hand  
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,  
He stitched and hammered and sung;  
In the brook he moistened his leather,  
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well knew the tough old Teuton  
Who brewed the stoutest ale,  
And he paid the goodwife's reckoning  
In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing  
Who dress the hills of vine,  
The tales that haunt the Brocken  
And whisper down the Rhine.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
The swift stream wound away,  
Through birches and scarlet maples  
Flashing in foam and spray, —

Down on the sharp-horned ledges  
 Plunging in steep cascade,  
 Tossing its white-maned waters  
 Against the hemlock's shade.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
 East and west and north and south ;  
 Only the village of fishers  
 Down at the river's mouth ;

Only here and there a clearing,  
 With its farm-house rude and new,  
 And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,  
 Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,  
 No vintage-song he heard,  
 And on the green no dancing feet  
 The merry violin stirred.

"Why should folk be glum," said Keezar,  
 "When Nature herself is glad,  
 And the painted woods are laughing  
 At the faces so sour and sad?"

Small heed had the careless cobbler  
 What sorrow of heart was theirs  
 Who travailed in pain with the births of God,  
 And planted a state with prayers, —

Hunting of witches and warlocks,  
 Smiting the heathen horde, —  
 One hand on the mason's trowel,  
 And one on the soldier's sword !

But give him his ale and cider,  
Give him his pipe and song,  
Little he cared for Church or State,  
Or the balance of right and wrong.

"'Tis work, work, work," he muttered, —  
"And for rest a snuffle of psalms!"  
He smote on his leathern apron  
With his brown and waxen palms.

"Oh for the purple harvests  
Of the days when I was young!  
For the merry grape-stained maidens,  
And the pleasant songs they sung!

"Oh for the breath of vineyards,  
Of apples and nuts and wine!  
For an oar to row and a breeze to blow  
Down the grand old river Rhine!"

A tear in his blue eye glistened,  
And dropped on his beard so gray.  
"Old, old am I," said Keezar,  
"And the Rhine flows far away!"

But a cunning man was the cobbler;  
He could call the birds from the trees,  
Charm the black snake out of the ledges,  
And bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals,  
All the lore of the woods, he knew,  
And the arts of the Old World mingled  
With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,  
 And the lapstone on his knee  
 Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles  
 Or the stone of Doctor Dee.<sup>11</sup>

For the mighty master Agrippa  
 Wrought it with spell and rhyme  
 From a fragment of mystic moonstone  
 In the tower of Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger  
 The marvellous stone gave he, —  
 And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,  
 Who brought it over the sea.

He held up that mystic lapstone,  
 He held it up like a lens,  
 And he counted the long years coming  
 By twenties and by tens.

"One hundred years," quoth Keezar,  
 "And fifty have I told :  
 Now open the new before me,  
 And shut me out the old !"

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness  
 Rolled from the magic stone,  
 And a marvellous picture mingled  
 The unknown and the known.

Still ran the stream to the river,  
 And river and ocean joined ;  
 And there were the bluffs and the blue sea-line,  
 And cold north hills behind.

But the mighty forest was broken  
By many a steepled town,  
By many a white-walled farm-house,  
And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,  
The stream no more ran free ;  
White sails on the winding river,  
White sails on the far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village  
The flags were floating gay,  
And shone on a thousand faces  
The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen  
Turned the brown earth from their shares ;  
Here were the farmer's treasures,  
There were the craftsman's wares.

Golden the goodwife's butter,  
Ruby her currant-wine ;  
Grand were the strutting turkeys,  
Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,  
And the ripe pears russet-brown,  
And the peaches had stolen blushes  
From the girls who shook them down.

And with blooms of hill and wildwood,  
That shame the toil of art,  
Mingled the gorgeous blossoms  
Of the garden's tropic heart.



“What is it I see?” said Keezar:

“Am I here, or am I there?

Is it a fête at Bingen?

Do I look on Frankfort fair?

“But where are the clowns and puppets,

And imps with horns and tail?

And where are the Rhenish flagons?

And where is the foaming ale?

“Strange things, I know, will happen, —

Strange things the Lord permits;

But that droughty folk should be jolly

Puzzles my poor old wits.

“Here are smiling manly faces,

And the maiden’s step is gay;

Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking,

Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.

“Here’s pleasure without regretting,

And good without abuse,

The holiday and the bridal

Of beauty and of use.

“Here’s a priest and there is a Quaker,

Do the cat and dog agree?

Have they burned the stocks for ovenwood?

Have they cut down the gallows-tree?

“Would the old folk know their children?

Would they own the graceless town,

With never a ranter to worry

And never a witch to drown?”

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,  
    Laughed like a school-boy gay ;  
Tossing his arms above him,  
    The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hillside,  
    It spun like a wheel bewitched,  
It plunged through the leaning willows,  
    And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water,  
    The magic stone lies still,  
Under the leaning willows  
    In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher  
    Sits on the shadowy bank,  
And his dreams make marvellous pictures  
    Where the wizard's lapstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,  
    When the river seems to run  
Out from the inner glory,  
    Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers  
    Beside the charmed stream,  
And the sky and the golden water  
    Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,  
    The rosy signals fly ;  
Her homestead beckons from the cloud,  
    And love goes sailing by.

## AMY WENTWORTH.

TO WILLIAM BRADFORD.

As they who watch by sick-beds find relief  
Unwittingly from the great stress of grief  
And anxious care, in fantasies outwrought  
From the hearth's embers flickering low, or caught  
From whispering wind, or tread of passing feet,  
Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet  
Snatch of old song or romance, whence or why  
They scarcely know or ask, — so, thou and I,  
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong  
In the endurance which outwearies Wrong,  
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,  
And trusting God against the universe, —  
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not share  
With other weapons than the patriot's prayer,  
Yet owning, with full hearts and moistened eyes,  
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,  
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all  
Who give their loved ones for the living wall  
'Twixt law and treason, — in this evil day  
May haply find, through automatic play  
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain,  
And hearten others with the strength we gain.  
I know it has been said our times require  
No play of art, nor dalliance with the lyre,  
No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform  
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm,  
But the stern war-blast rather, such as sets  
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,

And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with these  
Some softer tints may blend, and milder keys  
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us keep sweet,  
If so we may, our hearts, even while we eat  
The bitter harvest of our own device  
And half a century's moral cowardice.  
As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,  
And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,  
And through the war-march of the Puritan  
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,  
So let the household melodies be sung,  
The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung, —  
So let us hold against the hosts of night  
And slavery all our vantage-ground of light.  
Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake  
From its flag-folds its symbol rattlesnake,  
Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in tan,  
And carve its pipe-bowls from the bones of man,  
And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull  
By drinking whiskey from a loyal skull, —  
But let us guard, till this sad war shall cease,  
(God grant it soon!) the graceful arts of peace:  
No foes are conquered who the victors teach  
Their vandal manners and barbaric speech.

And while, with hearts of thankfulness, we bear  
Of the great common burden our full share,  
Let none upbraid us that the waves entice  
Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint device,  
Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away  
From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-day.  
Thus, while the east-wind keen from Labrador  
Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore

Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar  
 Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky  
 Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I try  
 To time a simple legend to the sounds  
 Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled  
                   bounds, —

A song for oars to chime with, such as might  
 Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night  
 Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove  
 Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they love.  
 (So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay  
 On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay,  
 And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that rolled  
 Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy gold.)  
 Something it has — a flavor of the sea,  
 And the sea's freedom — which reminds of thee.  
 Its faded picture, dimly smiling down  
 From the blurred fresco of the ancient town,  
 I have not touched with warmer tints in vain,  
 If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one thought from  
                   pain.

---

Her fingers shame the ivory keys  
       They dance so light along ;  
 The bloom upon her parted lips  
       Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles !  
       Her thoughts are not of thee ;  
 She better loves the salted wind,  
       The voices of the sea.





Her heart is like an outbound ship  
That at its anchor swings;  
The murmur of the stranded shell  
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,  
But dreams the while of one  
Who watches from his sea-blown deck  
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,  
And every fog-wreath dim,  
And bids the sea-birds flying north  
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men  
He perilled life to save,  
And grateful prayers like holy oil  
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack !  
Fair toast of all the town ! —  
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems  
The lady's silken gown !

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
For him the blush of shame  
Who dares to set his manly gifts  
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine;  
Nor honored less than he who heirs  
Is he who founds a line.



Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
If love be Fortune's spur ;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights  
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch  
The English ivy twines,  
Trained back to show in English oak  
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown, —  
And this has worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,  
She walks the gallery floor  
As if she trod her sailor's deck  
By stormy Labrador !

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,  
And green are Elliot's bowers ;  
Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar  
To see the white gulls fly ;  
His greeting from the Northern sea  
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,  
As in its romance old,  
Shall homeward ride with silken sails  
And masts of beaten gold !

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low mate ill ;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will !

1862.

### THE COUNTESS.

TO E. W.

I inscribed this poem to Dr. Elias Weld of Haverhill, Massachusetts, to whose kindness I was much indebted in my boyhood. He was the one cultivated man in the neighborhood. His small but well-chosen library was placed at my disposal. He is the "wise old doctor" of *Snow-Bound*.

Count François de Vipart with his cousin Joseph Rochemont de Poyen came to the United States in the early part of the present century. They took up their residence at Rocks Village on the Merrimac, where they both married. The wife of Count Vipart was Mary Ingalls, who as my father remembered her was a very lovely young girl. Her wedding dress, as described by a lady still living, was "pink satin with an overdress of white lace, and white satin slippers." She died in less than a year after her marriage. Her husband returned to his native country. He lies buried in the family tomb of the Viparts at Bordeaux.

I KNOW not, Time and Space so intervene,  
Whether, still waiting with a trust serene,  
Thou bearest up thy fourscore years and ten,  
Or, called at last, art now Heaven's citizen ;  
But, here or there, a pleasant thought of thee,  
Like an old friend, all day has been with me.

The shy, still boy, for whom thy kindly hand  
 Smoothed his hard pathway to the wonder-land  
 Of thought and fancy, in gray manhood yet  
 Keeps green the memory of his early debt.  
 To-day, when truth and falsehood speak their  
     words

Through hot-lipped cannon and the teeth of swords,  
 Listening with quickened heart and ear intent  
 To each sharp clause of that stern argument,  
 I still can hear at times a softer note  
 Of the old pastoral music round me float,  
 While through the hot gleam of our civil strife  
 Looms the green mirage of a simpler life.  
 As, at his alien post, the sentinel  
 Drops the old bucket in the homestead well,  
 And hears old voices in the winds that toss  
 Above his head the live-oak's beard of moss,  
 So, in our trial-time, and under skies  
 Shadowed by swords like Islam's paradise,  
 I wait and watch, and let my fancy stray  
 To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian day ;  
 And howsoe'er the pencil dipped in dreams  
 Shades the brown woods or tints the sunset streams,  
 The country doctor in the foreground seems,  
 Whose ancient sulky down the village lanes  
 Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and pains.  
 I could not paint the scenery of my song,  
 Mindless of one who looked thereon so long ;  
 Who, night and day, on duty's lonely round,  
 Made friends o' the woods and rocks, and knew the  
     sound

Of each small brook, and what the hillside trees  
 Said to the winds that touched their leafy keys ;

Who saw so keenly and so well could paint  
The village-folk, with all their humors quaint, —  
The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,  
Grave and erect, with white hair backward blown ;  
The tough old boatman, half amphibious grown ;  
The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's tale,  
And the loud straggler levying his blackmail, —  
Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,  
All that lies buried under fifty years.  
To thee, as is most fit, I bring my lay,  
And, grateful, own the debt I cannot pay.

---

Over the wooded northern ridge,  
Between its houses brown,  
To the dark tunnel of the bridge  
The street comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse, through birch and pine,  
Of gable, roof, and porch,  
The tavern with its swinging sign,  
The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves  
To meet, in ebb and flow,  
The single broken wharf that serves  
For sloop and gundelow.

With salt sea-scents along its shores  
The heavy hay-boats crawl,  
The long antennæ of their oars  
In lazy rise and fall.

Along the gray abutment's wall  
The idle shad-net dries ;  
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall  
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone  
Of waves that chafe and gnaw ;  
You start, — a skipper's horn is blown  
To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds  
With slow and sluggard beat,  
Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds  
Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears,  
A cobwebbed nook of dreams ;  
Left by the stream whose waves are years  
The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,  
The native dweller clings,  
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,  
The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,  
The farmer sows his grain,  
Content to hear the murmuring pines  
Instead of railroad-train.

Go where, along the tangled steep  
That slopes against the west,  
The hamlet's buried idlers sleep  
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery plume,  
The birch's pale-green scarf,  
And break the web of brier and bloom  
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,  
Of pomp and romance shorn,  
The dry, old names that common breath  
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound, and part  
The wild vines o'er it laced,  
And read the words by rustic art  
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager  
Of fourscore years can say  
What means the noble name of her  
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land  
Found refuge here and rest,  
And loved, of all the village band,  
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath morns,  
He worshipped through her eyes,  
And on the pride that doubts and scorns  
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw  
By homeliest duties tried,  
In all things by an untaught law  
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid ;  
He took the hue and tone  
Of lowly life and toil, and made  
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,  
To harvest-field or dance  
He brought the gentle courtesies,  
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not less  
From him she loved in turn  
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness  
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,  
Nor knew the gazing town  
If she looked upward to her lord  
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was o'er,  
His violin's mirth and wail,  
The walk on pleasant Newbury's shore,  
The river's moonlit sail !

Ah ! life is brief, though love be long ;  
The altar and the bier,  
The burial hymn and bridal song,  
Were both in one short year !

Her rest is quiet on the hill,  
Beneath the locust's bloom :  
Far off her lover sleeps as still  
Within his scutcheon'd tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid,  
In death still clasp their hands ;  
The love that levels rank and grade  
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hillside grave,  
Or whose the blazoned stone?  
Forever to her western wave  
Shall whisper blue Garonne !

O Love ! — so hallowing every soil  
That gives thy sweet flower room,  
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,  
The human heart takes bloom ! —

Plant of lost Eden, from the sod  
Of sinful earth unriven,  
White blossom of the trees of God  
Dropped down to us from heaven ! —

This tangled waste of mound and stone  
Is holy for thy sake ;  
A sweetness which is all thy own  
Breathes out from fern and brake.

And while ancestral pride shall twine  
The Gascon's tomb with flowers,  
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,  
With summer's bloom and showers !

And let the lines that severed seem  
Unite again in thee,  
As western wave and Gallic stream  
Are mingled in one sea !



## AMONG THE HILLS.

This poem, when originally published, was dedicated to Annie Fields, wife of the distinguished publisher, James T. Fields, of Boston, in grateful acknowledgment of the strength and inspiration I have found in her friendship and sympathy.

The poem in its first form was entitled *The Wife: an Idyl of Bearcamp Water*, and appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1868. When I published the volume *Among the Hills*, in December of the same year, I expanded the Prelude and filled out also the outlines of the story.

## PRELUDE.

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
 That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,  
 Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,  
 And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers  
 Hang motionless upon their upright staves.  
 The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,  
 Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,  
 Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf  
 With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,  
 Confesses it. The locust by the wall  
 Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.  
 A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
 Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
 On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
 Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,  
 The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still  
 Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
 A drowsy smell of flowers — gray heliotrope,  
 And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette —  
 Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends  
 To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long over-worn  
To task their strength : and (unto Him be praise  
Who giveth quietness !) the stress and strain  
Of years that did the work of centuries  
Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once  
more

Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters  
Make glad their nooning underneath the elms  
With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,  
I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn  
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming  
o'er

Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,  
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.

And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,  
Proud of field-lore and harvest craft, and feeling  
All their fine possibilities, how rich  
And restful even poverty and toil  
Become when beauty, harmony, and love  
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat  
At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man  
Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock  
The symbol of a Christian chivalry  
Tender and just and generous to her  
Who clothes with grace all duty ; still, I know  
Too well the picture has another side, —  
How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear  
And heart are starved amidst the plenitude  
Of nature, and how hard and colorless  
Is life without an atmosphere. I look  
Across the lapse of half a century,

And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower  
 Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,  
 Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place  
 Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose  
 And honeysuckle, where the house walls seemed  
 Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine  
 To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves  
 Across the curtainless windows, from whose panes  
 Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness.  
 Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor, unwashed  
 (Broom-clean I think they called it); the best  
                   room

Stifing with cellar damp, shut from the air  
 In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless  
 Save the inevitable sampler hung  
 Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,  
 A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, beneath  
 Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth  
 Bristling with faded pine-boughs half concealing  
 The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;  
 And, in sad keeping with all things about them,  
 Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,  
 Untidy, loveless, old before their time,  
 With scarce a human interest save their own  
 Monotonous round of small economies,  
 Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;  
 Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,  
 Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;  
 For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink  
 Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;  
 For them in vain October's holocaust  
 Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,  
 The sacramental mystery of the woods.

Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,  
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,  
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls  
And winter pork with the least possible outlay  
Of salt and sanctity ; in daily life  
Showing as little actual comprehension  
Of Christian charity and love and duty,  
As if the Sermon on the Mount had been  
Outdated like a last year's almanac :  
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,  
And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,  
The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,  
The sun and air his sole inheritance,  
Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,  
And hugged his rags in self-complacency !

Not such should be the homesteads of a land  
Where whoso wisely wills and acts may dwell  
As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state,  
With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make  
His hour of leisure richer than a life  
Of fourscore to the barons of old time,  
Our yeoman should be equal to his home  
Set in the fair, green valleys, purple walled,  
A man to match his mountains, not to creep  
Dwarfed and abased below them. I would fain  
In this light way (of which I needs must own  
With the knife-grinder of whom Canning sings,  
" Story, God bless you ! I have none to tell you ! ")  
Invite the eye to see and heart to feel  
The beauty and the joy within their reach, —  
Home, and home loves, and the beatitudes  
Of nature free to all. Haply in years

That wait to take the places of our own,  
 Heard where some breezy balcony looks down  
 On happy homes, or where the lake in the moon  
 Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth,  
 In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet  
 Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine  
 May seem the burden of a prophecy,  
 Finding its late fulfilment in a change  
 Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up  
 Through broader culture, finer manners, love,  
 And reverence, to the level of the hills.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,  
 And not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
 Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee  
                   bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things  
 Are pure and honest and of good repute,  
 But add thereto whatever bard has sung  
 Or seer has told of when in trance and dream  
 They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!  
 Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide  
 Between the right and wrong ; but give the heart  
 The freedom of its fair inheritance ;  
 Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so  
                   long,

At Nature's table feast his ear and eye  
 With joy and wonder ; let all harmonies  
 Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon  
 The princely guest, whether in soft attire  
 Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,  
 And, lending life to the dead form of faith,  
 Give human nature reverence for the sake

Of One who bore it, making it divine  
With the ineffable tenderness of God ;  
Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,  
The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
The unsolved mystery round about us, make  
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir.  
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things  
Should minister, as outward types and signs  
Of the eternal beauty which fulfils  
The one great purpose of creation, Love,  
The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

---

For weeks the clouds had raked the hills  
And vexed the vales with raining,  
And all the woods were sad with mist,  
And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore  
The mountain veils asunder,  
And swept the valleys clean before  
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich notch the west-wind sang  
Good morrow to the cotter ;  
And once again Chocorua's horn  
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,  
Once more the sunshine wearing,  
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield  
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky,  
The peaks had winter's keenness ;  
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales  
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

Again the sodden forest floors  
With golden lights were checkered,  
Once more rejoicing leaves in wind  
And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late  
Atoning for its sadness  
Had borrowed every season's charm  
To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales  
Of shadow and of shining,  
Through which, my hostess at my side,  
I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above  
The river's whitening shallows,  
By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns  
Swept through and through by swallows ;

By maple orchards, belts of pine  
And larches climbing darkly  
The mountain slopes, and, over all,  
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range  
With gaps of brightness riven, —  
How through each pass and hollow streamed  
The purpling lights of heaven, —







Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
From far celestial fountains, —  
The great sun flaming through the rifts  
Beyond the wall of mountains !

We paused at last where home-bound cows  
Brought down the pasture's treasure,  
And in the barn the rhythmic flails  
Beat out a harvest measure.

We heard the night-hawk's sullen plunge,  
The crow his tree-mates calling :  
The shadows lengthening down the slopes  
About our feet were falling.

And through them smote the level sun  
In broken lines of splendor,  
Touched the gray rocks and made the green  
Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,  
Their arch of leaves just tinted  
With yellow warmth, the golden glow  
Of coming autumn hinted.

Keen white between the farm-house showed,  
. And smiled on porch and trellis,  
The fair democracy of flowers  
That equals cot and palace.

And weaving garlands for her dog,  
'Twixt chidings and caresses,  
A human flower of childhood shook  
The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs  
Of fancy and of shrewdness,  
Where taste had wound its arms of vines  
Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.

The sun-brown farmer in his frock  
Shook hands, and called to Mary :  
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,  
White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told  
Of womanly completeness ;  
A music as of household songs  
Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not fair alone in curve and line,  
But something more and better,  
The secret charm eluding art,  
Its spirit, not its letter ; —

An inborn grace that nothing lacked  
Of culture or appliance, —  
The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood  
How dared our hostess utter  
The paltry errand of her need  
To buy her fresh-churned butter ?

She led the way with housewife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
Full tenderly the golden balls  
With practised hands disposing.

Then, while along the western hills  
We watched the changeful glory  
Of sunset, on our homeward way,  
I heard her simple story.

The early crickets sang ; the stream  
Plashed through my friend's narration :  
Her rustic patois of the hills  
Lost in my free translation.

"More wise," she said, "than those who swarm  
Our hills in middle summer,  
She came, when June's first roses blow,  
To greet the early comer.

"From school and ball and rout she came,  
The city's fair, pale daughter,  
To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

"Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over ;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,  
She caught the bloom of clover.

"For health comes sparkling in the streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing :  
There's iron in our Northern winds ;  
Our pines are trees of healing.

"She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing-meadow,  
And watched the gentle west-wind weave  
The grass with shine and shadow.

“ Beside her, from the summer heat  
 To share her grateful screening,  
 With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
 Upon his pitchfork leaning.

“ Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
 Had nothing mean or common, —  
 Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
 And pride beloved of woman.

“ She looked up, glowing with the health  
 The country air had brought her,  
 And, laughing, said: ‘ You lack a wife,  
 Your mother lacks a daughter.

“ ‘ To mend your frock and bake your bread  
 You do not need a lady:  
 Be sure among these brown old homes  
 Is some one waiting ready, —

“ ‘ Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand  
 And cheerful heart for treasure,  
 Who never played with ivory keys,  
 Or danced the polka’s measure.’

“ He bent his black brows to a frown,  
 He set his white teeth tightly.  
 ‘ ’T is well,’ he said, ‘ for one like you  
 To choose for me so lightly.

“ ‘ You think, because my life is rude  
 I take no note of sweetness:  
 I tell you love has naught to do  
 With meetness or unmeetness.

- “ ‘Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion  
When silken zone or homespun frock  
It stirs with throbs of passion.
- “ ‘You think me deaf and blind : you bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
We two had played together.
- “ ‘You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheek of sundown’s blushes,  
A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.
- “ ‘The plaything of your summer sport,  
The spells you weave around me  
You cannot at your will undo,  
Nor leave me as you found me.
- “ ‘You go as lightly as you came,  
Your life is well without me ;  
What care you that these hills will close  
Like prison-walls about me ?
- “ ‘No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother :  
Who loves you loses in that love  
All power to love another !
- “ ‘I dare your pity or your scorn,  
With pride your own exceeding ;  
I fling my heart into your lap  
Without a word of pleading.’

“ She looked up in his face of pain  
 So archly, yet so tender :  
 ‘ And if I lend you mine,’ she said,  
 ‘ Will you forgive the lender ?

“ ‘ Nor frock nor tan can hide the man ;  
 And see you not, my farmer,  
 How weak and fond a woman waits  
 Behind this silken armor ?

“ ‘ I love you : on that love alone,  
 And not my worth, presuming,  
 Will you not trust for summer fruit  
 The tree in May-day blooming ? ’

“ Alone the hangbird overhead,  
 His hair-swung cradle straining,  
 Looked down to see love’s miracle, —  
 The giving that is gaining.

“ And so the farmer found a wife,  
 His mother found a daughter :  
 There looks no happier home than hers  
 On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

“ Flowers spring to blossom where she walks  
 The careful ways of duty ;  
 Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
 Are flowing curves of beauty.

“ Our homes are cheerier for her sake,  
 Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
 And all about the social air  
 Is sweeter for her coming.

- “Unspoken homilies of peace  
Her daily life is preaching;  
The still refreshment of the dew  
Is her unconscious teaching.
- “And never tenderer hand than hers  
Unknits the brow of ailing;  
Her garments to the sick man's ear  
Have music in their trailing.
- “And when, in pleasant harvest moons,  
The youthful huskers gather,  
Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways  
Defy the winter weather, —
- “In sugar-camps, when south and warm  
The winds of March are blowing,  
And sweetly from its thawing veins  
The maple's blood is flowing, —
- “In summer, where some lily pond  
Its virgin zone is baring,  
Or where the ruddy autumn fire  
Lights up the apple-paring, —
- “The coarseness of a ruder time  
Her finer mirth displaces,  
A subtler sense of pleasure fills  
Each rustic sport she graces.
- “Her presence lends its warmth and health  
To all who come before it.  
If woman lost us Eden, such  
As she alone restore it.



- “For larger life and wiser aims  
The farmer is her debtor ;  
Who holds to his another’s heart  
Must needs be worse or better.
- “Through her his civic service shows  
A purer-toned ambition ;  
No double consciousness divides  
The man and politician.
- “In party’s doubtful ways he trusts  
Her instincts to determine ;  
At the loud polls, the thought of her  
Recalls Christ’s Mountain Sermon.
- “He owns her logic of the heart,  
And wisdom of unreason,  
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,  
The needed word in season.
- “He sees with pride her richer thought,  
Her fancy’s freer ranges ;  
And love thus deepened to respect  
Is proof against all changes.
- “And if she walks at ease in ways  
His feet are slow to travel,  
And if she reads with cultured eyes  
What his may scarce unravel,
- “Still clearer, for her keener sight  
Of beauty and of wonder,  
He learns the meaning of the hills  
He dwelt from childhood under.

“ And higher, warmed with summer lights,  
Or winter-crowned and hoary,  
The ridged horizon lifts for him  
Its inner veils of glory.

“ He has his own free, bookless lore,  
The lessons nature taught him,  
The wisdom which the woods and hills  
And toiling men have brought him :

“ The steady force of will whereby  
Her flexile grace seems sweeter ;  
The sturdy counterpoise which makes  
Her woman's life completer ;

“ A latent fire of soul which lacks  
No breath of love to fan it ;  
And wit, that, like his native brooks,  
Plays over solid granite.

“ How dwarfed against his manliness  
She sees the poor pretension,  
The wants, the aims, the follies, born  
Of fashion and convention !

“ How life behind its accidents  
Stands strong and self-sustaining,  
The human fact transcending all  
The losing and the gaining.

“ And so in grateful interchange  
Of teacher and of hearer,  
Their lives their true distinctness keep  
While daily drawing nearer.

“ And if the husband or the wife  
     In home’s strong light discovers  
 Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
     The blinded eyes of lovers,

“ Why need we care to ask ? — who dreams  
     Without their thorns of roses,  
 Or wonders that the truest steel  
     The readiest spark discloses ?

“ For still in mutual sufferance lies  
     The secret of true living ;  
 Love scarce is love that never knows  
     The sweetness of forgiving.

“ We send the Squire to General Court,  
     He takes his young wife thither ;  
 No prouder man election day  
     Rides through the sweet June weather.

“ He sees with eyes of manly trust  
     All hearts to her inclining ;  
 Not less for him his household light  
     That others share its shining.”

Thus, while my hostess spake, there grew  
     Before me, warmer tinted  
 And outlined with a tenderer grace,  
     The picture that she hinted.

The sunset smouldered as we drove  
     Beneath the deep hill-shadows.  
 Below us wreaths of white fog walked  
     Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars  
 Dropped down their golden plummets;  
 The pale arc of the Northern lights  
 Rose o'er the mountain summits,

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,  
 We heard the Bearcamp flowing,  
 And saw across the mapled lawn  
 The welcome home-lights glowing.

And, musing on the tale I heard,  
 'T were well, thought I, if often  
 To rugged farm-life came the gift  
 To harmonize and soften;

If more and more we found the troth  
 Of fact and fancy plighted,  
 And culture's charm and labor's strength  
 In rural homes united, —

The simple life, the homely hearth,  
 With beauty's sphere surrounding,  
 And blessing toil where toil abounds  
 With graces more abounding.

1868.

#### THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL.

THE land was pale with famine  
 And racked with fever-pain;  
 The frozen fiords were fishless,  
 The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja  
Before them come and go,  
And, through their dreams, the Urdarmoon  
From west to east sailed slow !

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera  
At Yule-time made his vow ;  
On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone  
He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her ;  
To Skuld, the younger Norn,  
Who watches over birth and death,  
He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter  
Took up the sprinkling-rod,  
And smeared with blood the temple  
And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water  
Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er ;  
Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves,  
Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,  
Aloft in icy space,  
Shone down on the bloody Horg-stones  
And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer  
Beneath its baleful light  
The Jotun shapes of mountains  
Came crowding through the night.

The gray-haired Hersir trembled  
As a flame by wind is blown ;  
A weird power moved his white lips,  
And their voice was not his own !

“The Æsir thirst ! ” he muttered ;  
“The gods must have more blood  
Before the tun shall blossom  
Or fish shall fill the flood.

“The Æsir thirst and hunger,  
And hence our blight and ban ;  
The mouths of the strong gods water  
For the flesh and blood of man !

“Whom shall we give the strong ones ?  
Not warriors, sword on thigh ;  
But let the nursling infant  
And bedrid old man die.”

“So be it ! ” cried the young men,  
“There needs nor doubt nor parle.”  
But, knitting hard his red brows,  
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman’s weeping  
At the temple door was heard,  
But the old men bowed their white heads,  
And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,  
A Vala young and fair,  
Sang softly, stirring with her breath  
The veil of her loose hair.

She sang : " The winds from Alfheim  
Bring never sound of strife ;  
The gifts for Frey the meetest  
Are not of death, but life.

" He loves the grass-green meadows,  
The grazing kine's sweet breath ;  
He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,  
Your gifts that smell of death.

" No wrong by wrong is righted,  
No pain is cured by pain ;  
The blood that smokes from Doom-rings  
Falls back in redder rain.

" The gods are what you make them,  
As earth shall Asgard prove ;  
And hate will come of hating,  
And love will come of love.

" Make dole of skyr and black bread  
That old and young may live ;  
And look to Frey for favor  
When first like Frey you give.

" Even now o'er Njord's sea-meadows  
The summer dawn begins :  
The tun shall have its harvest,  
The fiord its glancing fins."

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell :  
" By Gimli and by Hel,  
O Vala of Thingvalla,  
Thou singest wise and well !

“ Too dear the Æsir’s favors  
    Bought with our children’s lives ;  
Better die than shame in living  
    Our mothers and our wives.

“ The full shall give his portion  
    To him who hath most need ;  
Of curdled skyr and black bread,  
    Be daily dole decreed.”

He broke from off his neck-chain  
    Three links of beaten gold ;  
And each man, at his bidding,  
    Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,  
    And daughters fed their sires,  
And Health sat down with Plenty  
    Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal ;  
    The Doom-ring still remains ;  
But the snows of a thousand winters  
    Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now ; the Æsir  
    Have found their twilight dim ;  
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old  
    The Vala sang of Him !



## THE TWO RABBINS.

THE Rabbi Nathan twoscore years and ten  
 Walked blameless through the evil world, and  
     then,  
 Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,  
 Met a temptation all too strong to bear,  
 And miserably sinned. So, adding not  
 Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught  
 No more among the elders, but went out  
 From the great congregation girt about  
 With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,  
 Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,  
 Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid  
 Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,  
 Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,  
 Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend  
 Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;  
 And for the evil day thy brother lives."  
 Marvelling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives  
 Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells  
 Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels  
 In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees  
 Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees  
 Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay  
 My sins before him."

And he went his way  
 Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;  
 But even as one who, followed unawares,  
 Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand  
 Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned

By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near  
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,  
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low  
The wail of David's penitential woe,  
Before him still the old temptation came,  
And mocked him with the motion and the shame  
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred  
Himself ; and, crying mightily to the Lord  
To free his soul and cast the demon out,  
Smote with his staff the blankness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,  
The towers of Ecbatana far away  
Rose on the desert's rim ; and Nathan, faint  
And footsore, pausing where for some dead  
saint

The faith of Islam reared a domed tomb,  
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom  
He greeted kindly : " May the Holy One  
Answer thy prayers, O stranger ! " Whereupon  
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,  
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men  
Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence  
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the  
sense

Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore  
Himself away : " O friend beloved, no more  
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,  
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.  
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,  
May purge my soul, and make it white like  
thine.

Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned ! "

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind  
 Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare  
 The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.  
 "I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,  
 "In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not  
     read,  
 'Better the eye should see than that desire  
 Should wander?' Burning with a hidden fire  
 That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee  
 For pity and for help, as thou to me.  
 Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,  
 "Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side

In the low sunshine by the turban stone  
 They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,  
 Forgetting, in the agony and stress  
 Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;  
 Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;  
 His prayers were answered in another's name;  
 And, when at last they rose up to embrace,  
 Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,  
 Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos  
 In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:  
*"Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;  
 Forget it in love's service, and the debt  
 Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;  
 Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;  
 Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"*

1868.

## NOREMBEGA.

Norembega, or Norinbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilization, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.

THE winding way the serpent takes  
The mystic water took,  
From where, to count its beaded lakes,  
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,  
For sun or stars to fall,  
While evermore, behind, before,  
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath  
Wan flowers without a name;  
Life tangled with decay and death,  
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill  
The rounding shadow lay,  
Save where the river cut at will  
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,  
 Weak as a child unweaned,  
 At shut of day a Christian knight  
 Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires  
 Along the clouds burned down ;  
 "I see," he said, "the domes and spires  
 Of Norembega town."

"Alack! the domes, O master mine,  
 Are golden clouds on high ;  
 Yon spire is but the branchless pine  
 That cuts the evening sky."

"Oh, hush and hark! What sounds are these  
 But chants and holy hymns?"  
 "Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the trees  
 Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills  
 The air with its low tone?"  
 "Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,  
 The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised! — He sets for me  
 A blessed cross in sight!"  
 "Now, nay, 't is but yon blasted tree  
 With two gaunt arms outright!"

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,  
 It mattereth not, my knave ;  
 Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,  
 The cross is for my grave!

“ My life is sped ; I shall not see  
My home-set sails again ;  
The sweetest eyes of Normandie  
Shall watch for me in vain.

“ Yet onward still to ear and eye  
The baffling marvel calls ;  
I fain would look before I die  
On Norembega's walls.

“ So, haply, it shall be thy part  
At Christian feet to lay  
The mystery of the desert's heart  
My dead hand plucked away.

“ Leave me an hour of rest ; go thou  
And look from yonder heights ;  
Perchance the valley even now  
Is starred with city lights.”

The henchman climbed the nearest hill,  
He saw nor tower nor town,  
But, through the drear woods, lone and still,  
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things  
Whose shapes he could not see,  
A flutter as of evil wings,  
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the moon,  
A sword of fire beyond ;  
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon  
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back : " O master dear,  
 We are but men misled ;  
 And thou hast sought a city here  
 To find a grave instead."

" As God shall will ! what matters where  
 A true man's cross may stand,  
 So Heaven be o'er it here as there  
 In pleasant Norman land ?

" These woods, perchance, no secret hide  
 Of lordly tower and hall ;  
 Yon river in its wanderings wide  
 Has washed no city wall ;

" Yet mirrored in the sullen stream  
 The holy stars are given :  
 Is Norembega, then, a dream  
 Whose waking is in Heaven ?

" No builded wonder of these lands  
 My weary eyes shall see ;  
 A city never made with hands  
 Alone awaiteth me —

" ' *Urbs Syon mystica* ; ' I see  
 Its mansions passing fair,  
 ' *Conditæ cælo* ; ' let me be,  
 Dear Lord, a dweller there ! "

Above the dying exile hung  
 The vision of the bard,  
 As faltered on his failing tongue  
 The song of good Bernard.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave  
Beneath the hemlocks brown,  
And to the desert's keeping gave  
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain  
Sailed up the unknown stream,  
And Norembega proved again  
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman's nameless grave  
Within the hemlock's shade,  
And, stretching wide its arms to save,  
The sign that God had made,

The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot  
And made it holy ground :  
He needs the earthly city not  
Who hath the heavenly found.

1869.

## MIRIAM.

TO FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD.

THE years are many since, in youth and hope,  
Under the Charter Oak, our horoscope  
We drew thick-studded with all favoring stars.  
Now, with gray beards, and faces seamed with scars  
From life's hard battle, meeting once again,  
We smile, half sadly, over dreams so vain ;  
Knowing, at last, that it is not in man  
Who walketh to direct his steps, or plan



His permanent house of life. Alike we loved  
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies moved  
To measures of old song. How since that day  
Our feet have parted from the path that lay  
So fair before us ! Rich, from lifelong search  
Of truth, within thy Academic porch  
Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of fact,  
Thy servitors the sciences exact ;  
Still listening with thy hand on Nature's keys,  
To hear the Samian's spherul harmonies  
And rhythm of law. I called from dream and  
song,

Thank God! so early to a strife so long,  
That, ere it closed, the black, abundant hair  
Of boyhood rested silver-sown and spare  
On manhood's temples, now at sunset-chime  
Tread with fond feet the path of morning time.  
And if perchance too late I linger where  
The flowers have ceased to blow, and trees are bare,  
Thou, wiser in thy choice, wilt scarcely blame  
The friend who shields his folly with thy name.

AMESBURY, 10<sup>th</sup> mo., 1870.

One Sabbath day my friend and I  
After the meeting, quietly  
Passed from the crowded village lanes,  
White with dry dust for lack of rains,  
And climbed the neighboring slope, with feet  
Slackened and heavy from the heat,  
Although the day was wellnigh done,  
And the low angle of the sun

Along the naked hillside cast  
Our shadows as of giants vast.  
We reached, at length, the topmost swell,  
Whence, either way, the green turf fell  
In terraces of nature down  
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town  
With white, pretenceless houses, tall  
Church-steeple, and, o'ershadowing all,  
Huge mills whose windows had the look  
Of eager eyes that ill could brook  
The Sabbath rest. We traced the track  
Of the sea-seeking river back,  
Glistening for miles above its mouth,  
Through the long valley to the south,  
And, looking eastward, cool to view,  
Stretched the illimitable blue  
Of ocean, from its curved coast-line ;  
Sombred and still, the warm sunshine  
Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach  
Of slumberous woods from hill to beach, —  
Slanted on walls of thronged retreats  
From city toil and dusty streets,  
On grassy bluff, and dune of sand,  
And rocky islands miles from land ;  
Touched the far-glancing sails, and showed  
White lines of foam where long waves flowed  
Dumb in the distance. In the north,  
Dim through their misty hair, looked forth  
The space-dwarfed mountains to the sea,  
From mystery to mystery !

So, sitting on that green hill-slope,  
We talked of human life, its hope

And fear, and unsolved doubts, and what  
It might have been, and yet was not.  
And, when at last the evening air  
Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer  
Ringing in steeples far below,  
We watched the people churchward go,  
Each to his place, as if thereon  
The true shekinah only shone ;  
And my friend queried how it came  
To pass that they who owned the same  
Great Master still could not agree  
To worship Him in company.  
Then, broadening in his thought, he ran  
Over the whole vast field of man, —  
The varying forms of faith and creed  
That somehow served the holders' need ;  
In which, unquestioned, undenied,  
Uncounted millions lived and died ;  
The bibles of the ancient folk,  
Through which the heart of nations spoke ;  
The old moralities which lent  
To home its sweetness and content,  
And rendered possible to bear  
The life of peoples everywhere :  
And asked if we, who boast of light,  
Claim not a too exclusive right  
To truths which must for all be meant,  
Like rain and sunshine freely sent.  
In bondage to the letter still,  
We give it power to cramp and kill, —  
To tax God's fulness with a scheme  
Narrower than Peter's house-top dream,  
His wisdom and his love with plans

Poor and inadequate as man's.  
It must be that He witnesses  
Somehow to all men that He is :  
That something of His saving grace  
Reaches the lowest of the race,  
Who, through strange creed and rite, may draw  
The hints of a diviner law.  
We walk in clearer light ; — but then,  
Is He not God ? — are they not men ?  
Are His responsibilities  
For us alone and not for these ?

And I made answer : “ Truth is one ;  
And, in all lands beneath the sun,  
Whoso hath eyes to see may see  
The tokens of its unity.  
No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,  
We trace it not by school-boy maps,  
Free as the sun and air it is  
Of latitudes and boundaries.  
In Vedic verse, in dull Korán,  
Are messages of good to man ;  
The angels to our Aryan sires  
Talked by the earliest household fires ;  
The prophets of the elder day,  
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,  
Read not the riddle all amiss  
Of higher life evolved from this.

“ Nor doth it lessen what He taught,  
Or make the gospel Jesus brought  
Less precious, that His lips retold  
Some portion of that truth of old ;

Denying not the proven seers,  
 The tested wisdom of the years ;  
 Confirming with his own impress  
 The common law of righteousness.  
 We search the world for truth ; we cull  
 The good, the pure, the beautiful,  
 From graven stone and written scroll,  
 From all old flower-fields of the soul ;  
 And, weary seekers of the best,  
 We come back laden from our quest,  
 To find that all the sages said  
 Is in the Book our mothers read,  
 And all our treasure of old thought  
 In His harmonious fulness wrought  
 Who gathers in one sheaf complete  
 The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,  
 The common growth that maketh good  
 His all-embracing Fatherhood.

" Wherever through the ages rise  
 The altars of self-sacrifice,  
 Where love its arms has opened wide,  
 Or man for man has calmly died,  
 I see the same white wings outspread  
 That hovered o'er the Master's head !  
 Up from undated time they come,  
 The martyr souls of heathendom,  
 And to His cross and passion bring  
 Their fellowship of suffering.  
 I trace His presence in the blind  
 Pathetic gropings of my kind, —  
 In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,  
 In cradle-hymns of life they sung,

Each, in its measure, but a part  
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart ;  
And with a stronger faith confess  
The greater that it owns the less.  
Good cause it is for thankfulness  
That the world-blessing of His life  
With the long past is not at strife ;  
That the great marvel of His death  
To the one order witnesseth,  
No doubt of changeless goodness wakes,  
No link of cause and sequence breaks,  
But, one with nature, rooted is  
In the eternal verities ;  
Whereby, while differing in degree  
As finite from infinity,  
The pain and loss for others borne,  
Love's crown of suffering meekly worn,  
The life man giveth for his friend  
Become vicarious in the end ;  
Their healing place in nature take,  
And make life sweeter for their sake.

“So welcome I from every source  
The tokens of that primal Force,  
Older than heaven itself, yet new  
As the young heart it reaches to,  
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls  
The tidal wave of human souls ;  
Guide, comforter, and inward word,  
The eternal spirit of the Lord !  
Nor fear I aught that science brings  
From searching through material things ;  
Content to let its glasses prove,

Not by the letter's oldness move,  
 The myriad worlds on worlds that course  
 The spaces of the universe ;  
 Since everywhere the Spirit walks  
 The garden of the heart, and talks  
 With man, as under Eden's trees,  
 In all his varied languages.  
 Why mourn above some hopeless flaw  
 In the stone tables of the law,  
 When scripture every day afresh  
 Is traced on tablets of the flesh ?  
 By inward sense, by outward signs,  
 God's presence still the heart divines ;  
 Through deepest joy of Him we learn,  
 In sorest grief to Him we turn,  
 And reason stoops its pride to share  
 The child-like instinct of a prayer."

And then, as is my wont, I told  
 A story of the days of old,  
 Not found in printed books, — in sooth,  
 A fancy, with slight hint of truth,  
 Showing how differing faiths agree  
 In one sweet law of charity.  
 Meanwhile the sky had golden grown,  
 Our faces in its glory shone ;  
 But shadows down the valley swept,  
 And gray below the ocean slept,  
 As time and space I wandered o'er  
 To tread the Mogul's marble floor,  
 And see a fairer sunset fall  
 On Jumna's wave and Agra's wall.

The good Shah Akbar (peace be his alway !)  
Came forth from the Divan at close of day  
Bowed with the burden of his many cares,  
Worn with the hearing of unnumbered prayers, —  
Wild cries for justice, the importunate  
Appeals of greed and jealousy and hate,  
And all the strife of sect and creed and rite,  
Santon and Gourouo waging holy fight :  
For the wise monarch, claiming not to be  
Allah's avenger, left his people free,  
With a faint hope, his Book scarce justified,  
That all the paths of faith, though severed wide,  
O'er which the feet of prayerful reverence passed,  
Met at the gate of Paradise at last.

He sought an alcove of his cool hareem,  
Where, far beneath, he heard the Jumna's stream  
Lapse soft and low along his palace wall,  
And all about the cool sound of the fall  
Of fountains, and of water circling free  
Through marble ducts along the balcony ;  
The voice of women in the distance sweet,  
And, sweeter still, of one who, at his feet,  
Soothed his tired ear with songs of a far land  
Where Tagus shatters on the salt sea-sand  
The mirror of its cork-grown hills of drouth  
And vales of vine, at Lisbon's harbor-mouth.

The date-palms rustled not ; the peepul laid  
Its topmost boughs against the balustrade,  
Motionless as the mimic leaves and vines  
That, light and graceful as the shawl-designs



Of Delhi or Umritsir, twined in stone ;  
 And the tired monarch, who aside had thrown  
 The day's hard burden, sat from care apart,  
 And let the quiet steal into his heart  
 From the still hour. Below him Agra slept,  
 By the long light of sunset overswept :  
 The river flowing through a level land,  
 By mango-groves and banks of yellow sand,  
 Skirted with lime and orange, gay kiosks,  
 Fountains at play, tall minarets of mosques,  
 Fair pleasure-gardens, with their flowering trees  
 Relieved against the mournful cypresses ;  
 And, air-poised lightly as the blown sea-foam,  
 The marble wonder of some holy dome  
 Hung a white moonrise over the still wood,  
 Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood.

Silent the monarch gazed, until the night  
 Swift-falling hid the city from his sight ;  
 Then to the woman at his feet he said :  
 " Tell me, O Miriam, something thou hast read  
 In childhood of the Master of thy faith,  
 Whom Islam also owns. Our Prophet saith :  
 ' He was a true apostle, yea, a Word  
 And Spirit sent before me from the Lord.'  
 Thus the Book witnesseth ; and well I know  
 By what thou art, O dearest, it is so.  
 As the lute's tone the maker's hand betrays,  
 The sweet disciple speaks her Master's praise."

Then Miriam, glad of heart, (for in some sort  
 She cherished in the Moslem's liberal court  
 The sweet traditions of a Christian child ;  
 And, through her life of sense, the undefiled

And chaste ideal of the sinless One  
Gazed on her with an eye she might not shun, —  
The sad, reproachful look of pity, born  
Of love that hath no part in wrath or scorn,)  
Began, with low voice and moist eyes, to tell  
Of the all-loving Christ, and what befell  
When the fierce zealots, thirsting for her blood,  
Dragged to his feet a shame of womanhood.  
How, when his searching answer pierced within  
Each heart, and touched the secret of its sin,  
And her accusers fled his face before,  
He bade the poor one go and sin no more.  
And Akbar said, after a moment's thought,  
“ Wise is the lesson by thy prophet taught ;  
Woe unto him who judges and forgets  
What hidden evil his own heart besets !  
Something of this large charity I find  
In all the sects that sever human kind ;  
I would to Allah that their lives agreed  
More nearly with the lesson of their creed !  
Those yellow Lamas who at Meerut pray  
By wind and water power, and love to say :  
‘ He who forgiveth not shall, unforgiven,  
Fail of the rest of Buddha,’ and who even  
Spare the black gnat that stings them, vex my ears  
With the poor hates and jealousies and fears  
Nursed in their human hives. That lean, fierce  
priest  
Of thy own people, (be his heart increased  
By Allah's love !) his black robes smelling yet  
Of Goa's roasted Jews, have I not met  
Meek-faced, barefooted, crying in the street  
The saying of his prophet true and sweet, —  
‘ He who is merciful shall mercy meet ! ’ ”

But, next day, so it chanced, as night began  
 To fall, a murmur through the hareem ran  
 That one, recalling in her dusky face  
 The full-lipped, mild-eyed beauty of a race  
 Known as the blameless Ethiops of Greek song,  
 Plotting to do her royal master wrong,  
 Watching, reproachful of the lingering light,  
 The evening shadows deepen for her flight,  
 Love-guided, to her home in a far land,  
 Now waited death at the great Shah's command.

Shapely as that dark princess for whose smile  
 A world was bartered, daughter of the Nile  
 Herself, and veiling in her large, soft eyes  
 The passion and the languor of her skies,  
 The Abyssinian knelt low at the feet  
 Of her stern lord : " O king, if it be meet,  
 And for thy honor's sake," she said, " that I,  
 Who am the humblest of thy slaves, should die,  
 I will not tax thy mercy to forgive.  
 Easier it is to die than to outlive  
 All that life gave me, — him whose wrong of thee  
 Was but the outcome of his love for me,  
 Cherished from childhood, when, beneath the shade  
 Of templed Axum, side by side we played.  
 Stolen from his arms, my lover followed me  
 Through weary seasons over land and sea ;  
 And two days since, sitting disconsolate  
 Within the shadow of the hareem gate,  
 Suddenly, as if dropping from the sky,  
 Down from the lattice of the balcony  
 Fell the sweet song by Tigre's cowherds sung  
 In the old music of his native tongue.

He knew my voice, for love is quick of ear,  
Answering in song.

                    This night he waited near  
To fly with me. The fault was mine alone :  
He knew thee not, he did but seek his own ;  
Who, in the very shadow of thy throne,  
Sharing thy bounty, knowing all thou art,  
Greatest and best of men, and in her heart  
Grateful to tears for favor undeserved,  
Turned ever homeward, nor one moment swerved  
From her young love. He looked into my eyes,  
He heard my voice, and could not otherwise  
Than he hath done ; yet, save one wild embrace  
When first we stood together face to face,  
And all that fate had done since last we met  
Seemed but a dream that left us children yet,  
He hath not wronged thee nor thy royal bed ;  
Spare him, O king ! and slay me in his stead !”

But over Akbar's brows the frown hung black,  
And, turning to the eunuch at his back,  
“ Take them,” he said, “ and let the Jumna's waves  
Hide both my shame and these accursed slaves !”  
His loathly length the unsexed bondman bowed :  
“ On my head be it !”

                    Straightway from a cloud  
Of dainty shawls and veils of woven mist  
The Christian Miriam rose, and, stooping, kissed  
The monarch's hand. Loose down her shoulders  
bare  
Swept all the rippled darkness of her hair,  
Veiling the bosom that, with high, quick swell  
Of fear and pity, through it rose and fell.

"Alas!" she cried, "hast thou forgotten quite  
 The words of Him we spake of yesternight?  
 Or thy own prophet's, 'Whoso doth endure  
 And pardon, of eternal life is sure'?  
 O great and good! be thy revenge alone  
 Felt in thy mercy to the erring shown;  
 Let thwarted love and youth their pardon plead,  
 Who sinned but in intent, and not in deed!"

One moment the strong frame of Akbar shook  
 With the great storm of passion. Then his look  
 Softened to her uplifted face, that still  
 Pleaded more strongly than all words, until  
 Its pride and anger seemed like overblown,  
 Spent clouds of thunder left to tell alone  
 Of strife and overcoming. With bowed head,  
 And smiting on his bosom: "God," he said,  
 "Alone is great, and let His holy name  
 Be honored, even to His servant's shame!  
 Well spake thy prophet, Miriam, — he alone  
 Who hath not sinned is meet to cast a stone  
 At such as these, who here their doom await,  
 Held like myself in the strong grasp of fate.  
 They sinned through love, as I through love for-  
     give;  
 Take them beyond my realm, but let them live!"

And, like a chorus to the words of grace,  
 The ancient Fakir, sitting in his place,  
 Motionless as an idol and as grim,  
 In the pavilion Akbar built for him  
 Under the court-yard trees, (for he was wise,  
 Knew Menu's laws, and through his close-shut eyes

Saw things far off, and as an open book  
Into the thoughts of other men could look,)   
Began, half chant, half howling, to rehearse  
The fragment of a holy Vedic verse ;  
And thus it ran : " He who all things forgives  
Conquers himself and all things else, and lives  
Above the reach of wrong or hate or fear,  
Calm as the gods, to whom he is most dear."

Two leagues from Agra still the traveller sees  
The tomb of Akbar through its cypress-trees ;  
And, near at hand, the marble walls that hide  
The Christian Begum sleeping at his side.  
And o'er her vault of burial (who shall tell  
If it be chance alone or miracle ?)  
The Mission press with tireless hand unrolls  
The words of Jesus on its lettered scrolls, —  
Tells, in all tongues, the tale of mercy o'er,  
And bids the guilty, " Go and sin no more ! "

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It now was dew-fall ; very still  
The night lay on the lonely hill,  
Down which our homeward steps we bent,  
And, silent, through great silence went,  
Save that the tireless crickets played  
Their long, monotonous serenade.  
A young moon, at its narrowest,  
Curved sharp against the darkening west ;  
And, momentarily, the beacon's star,  
Slow wheeling o'er its rock afar,  
From out the level darkness shot  
One instant and again was not.

And then my friend spake quietly  
 The thought of both : " Yon crescent see !  
 Like Islam's symbol-moon it gives  
 Hints of the light whereby it lives :  
 Somewhat of goodness, something true  
 From sun and spirit shining through  
 All faiths, all worlds, as through the dark  
 Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,  
 Attests the presence everywhere  
 Of love and providential care.  
 The faith the old Norse heart confessed  
 In one dear name, — the hopefulest  
 And tenderest heard from mortal lips  
 In pangs of birth or death, from ships  
 Ice-bitten in the winter sea,  
 Or lisped beside a mother's knee, —  
 The wiser world hath not outgrown,  
 And the All-Father is our own ! "

#### NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON.

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who of old  
 Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing  
     Cape  
 Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds  
 And the relentless smiting of the waves,  
 Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream  
 Of a good angel dropping in his hand  
 A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day  
 Far inland, where the voices of the waves

Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,  
As, through the tangle of the low, thick woods,  
He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor  
bird

He found ; though meanwhile in the reedy pools  
The otter plashed, and underneath the pines  
The partridge drummed : and as his thoughts went  
back

To the sick wife and little child at home,  
What marvel that the poor man felt his faith  
Too weak to bear its burden, — like a rope  
That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks above  
The hand that grasps it. “ Even now, O Lord !  
Send me,” he prayed, “ the angel of my dream !  
Nauhaught is very poor ; he cannot wait.”

Even as he spake he heard at his bare feet  
A low, metallic clink, and, looking down,  
He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold  
Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held  
The treasure up before his eyes, alone  
With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins  
Slide through his eager fingers, one by one.  
So then the dream was true. The angel brought  
One broad piece only ; should he take all these ?  
Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb woods ?  
The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss  
This dropped crumb from a table always full.  
Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry  
Of a starved child ; the sick face of his wife  
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt  
Urged the wild license of his savage youth  
Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,



Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and pitiless eyes  
 To watch his halting, — had he lost for these  
 The freedom of the woods ; — the hunting-grounds  
 Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven  
 Of everlasting psalms? One healed the sick  
 Very far off thousands of moons ago :  
 Had he not prayed him night and day to come  
 And cure his bed-bound wife? Was there a hell?  
 Were all his fathers' people writhing there —  
 Like the poor shell-fish set to boil alive —  
 Forever, dying never? If he kept  
 This gold, so needed, would the dreadful God  
 Torment him like a Mohawk's captive stuck  
 With slow-consuming splinters? Would the saints  
 And the white angels dance and laugh to see  
 him

Burn like a pitch-pine torch? His Christian garb  
 Seemed falling from him; with the fear and  
 shame

Of Adam naked at the cool of day,  
 He gazed around. A black snake lay in coil  
 On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye  
 Watched from a dead bough. All his Indian lore  
 Of evil blending with a convert's faith  
 In the supernal terrors of the Book,  
 He saw the Tempter in the coiling snake  
 And ominous, black-winged bird; and all the while  
 The low rebuking of the distant waves  
 Stole in upon him like the voice of God  
 Among the trees of Eden. Girding up  
 His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust  
 The base thought from him: "Nauhaught, be a  
 man!

Starve, if need be ; but, while you live, look out  
 From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.  
 God help me ! I am deacon of the church,  
 A baptized, praying Indian ! Should I do  
 This secret meanness, even the barken knots  
 Of the old trees would turn to eyes to see it,  
 The birds would tell of it, and all the leaves  
 Whisper above me : ‘ Nauhaught is a thief ! ’  
 The sun would know it, and the stars that hide  
 Behind his light would watch me, and at night  
 Follow me with their sharp, accusing eyes.  
 Yea, thou, God, seest me ! ” Then Nauhaught  
 drew

Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus  
 The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back  
 To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea ;  
 And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily asked :  
 “ Who hath lost aught to-day ? ”

“ I,” said a voice ;  
 “ Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,  
 My daughter’s handiwork.” He looked, and lo !  
 One stood before him in a coat of frieze,  
 And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,  
 Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no trace of  
 wings.

Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger’s  
 hand

The silken web, and turned to go his way.  
 But the man said : “ A tithe at least is yours ;  
 Take it in God’s name as an honest man.”  
 And as the deacon’s dusky fingers closed  
 Over the golden gift, “ Yea, in God’s name  
 I take it, with a poor man’s thanks,” he said.

So down the street that, like a river of sand,  
 Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,  
 He sought his home, singing and praising God ;  
 And when his neighbors in their careless way  
 Spoke of the owner of the silken purse —  
 A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port  
 That the Cape opens in its sandy wall —  
 He answered, with a wise smile, to himself :  
 "I saw the angel where they see a man."

1870.

### THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,  
 Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar  
 Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,  
 And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken !" she cried in fear,  
 "Hearest thou nothing, sister dear ?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,  
 And roar of the northeast hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,  
 No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,  
 That waves are roaring and wild winds blow ?

“No lover of thine’s afloat to miss  
The harbor-lights on a night like this.”

“But I heard a voice cry out my name,  
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

“Twice and thrice have I heard it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!”

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.  
“Hall of the Heron is safe,” she said.

“In the tautest schooner that ever swam  
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

“And, if in peril from swamping sea  
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee?”

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,  
And wringing her small white hands she cried:

“O sister Rhoda, there’s something wrong;  
I hear it again, so loud and long.

“‘Annie! Annie!’ I hear it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!”

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,  
“Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

“If he did, I would pray the wind and sea  
To keep him forever from thee and me!”

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast ;  
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,  
But through her tears a strange light shone, —

The solemn joy of her heart's release  
To own and cherish its love in peace.

“Dearest !” she whispered, under breath,  
“Life was a lie, but true is death.

“The love I hid from myself away  
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

“My ears shall never to wooer list,  
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

“Sacred to thee am I henceforth,  
Thou in heaven and I on earth !”

She came and stood by her sister's bed :  
“Hall of the Heron is dead !” she said.

“The wind and the waves their work have done,  
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

“Little will reck that heart of thine,  
It loved him not with a love like mine.

“I, for his sake, were he but here,  
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

“Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,  
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

“But now my soul with his soul I wed ;  
Thine the living, and mine the dead !”

1871.

### MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

Upwards of one thousand of the Acadian peasants forcibly taken from their homes on the Gaspereau and Basin of Minas were assigned to the several towns of the Massachusetts colony, the children being bound by the authorities to service or labor.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the buds into  
blossoms grew ;  
Little of human sorrow the buds and the robins  
knew !

Sick, in an alien household, the poor French neu-  
tral lay ;  
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April  
day,

Through the dusty window, curtained by the spi-  
der's warp and woof,  
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on oaken ribs  
of roof,

The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the teacups on the  
stand,  
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped from  
her sick hand !

What to her was the song of the robin, or warm  
morning light,  
As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of  
sound or sight?

Done was the work of her hands, she had eaten her  
bitter bread ;  
The world of the alien people lay behind her dim  
and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time ; she saw  
the sun o'erflow  
With gold the Basin of Minas, and set over Gas-  
pereau ;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea  
at flood,  
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to  
upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's  
rise and fall,  
The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark  
coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song  
she sang ;  
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers  
rang !

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat, smoothing  
the wrinkled sheet,  
Peering into the face, so helpless, and feeling the  
ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her greed and  
long abuse,  
By care no longer heeded and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the  
mistress stepped,  
Leaned over the head-board, covering his face with  
his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother, who watched him sharply,  
with brow a-frown :  
“ What ! love you the Papist, the beggar, the  
charge of the town ? ”

“ Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I know  
and God knows  
I love her, and fain would go with her wherever  
she goes !

“ O mother ! that sweet face came pleading, for  
love so athirst.  
You saw but the town-charge ; I knew her God’s  
angel at first.”

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed down  
a bitter cry ;  
And awed by the silence and shadow of death  
drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ; but closer  
the young girl pressed,  
With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross  
to her breast.



"My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice  
cruel grown.

"She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim ; let her  
alone! "

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his  
lips to her ear,

And he called back the soul that was passing :  
"Marguerite, do you hear? "

She paused on the threshold of Heaven ; love, pity,  
surprise,

Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of  
her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never  
her cheek grew red,

And the words the living long for he spake in the  
ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to  
blossoms grew ;

Of the folded hands and the still face never the  
robins knew !

1871.

### THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,  
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

“Nay!” said the grandmother; “have you not  
heard,  
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,  
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
Carries the water that quenches it?”

“He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:  
You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

“My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned  
bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like Him!”

“Amen!” I said to the beautiful myth;  
“Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

“Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all  
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!”

1871.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE beginning of German emigration to America may be traced to the personal influence of William Penn, who in 1677 visited the Continent, and made the acquaintance of an intelligent and highly cultivated circle of Pietists, or Mystics, who, reviving in the seventeenth century the spiritual faith and worship of Tauler and the "Friends of God" in the fourteenth, gathered about the pastor Spener, and the young and beautiful Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau. In this circle originated the Frankfort Land Company, which bought of William Penn, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near the new city of Philadelphia.

The company's agent in the New World was a rising young lawyer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, son of Judge Pastorius, of Windsheim, who, at the age of seventeen, entered the University of Altorf. He studied law at Strasburg, Basle, and Jena, and at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Government, obtained a practical knowledge of international polity. Successful in all his examinations and disputations, he received the degree of Doctor of Law at Nuremberg in 1676. In 1679 he was a law-lecturer at Frankfort, where he became deeply interested in the teachings of Dr. Spener. In 1680-81 he travelled in France, England, Ireland, and Italy with his friend Herr Von Rodeck. "I was," he says, "glad to enjoy again the company of my Christian friends, rather than be with Von Rodeck feasting and dancing." In 1683, in company with a small number of German Friends, he emigrated to America, settling upon the Frankfort Company's tract between the Schuylkill and the Delaware rivers. The township was divided into

four hamlets, namely, Germantown, Krisheim, Crefield, and Sommerhausen. Soon after his arrival he united himself with the Society of Friends, and became one of its most able and devoted members, as well as the recognized head and lawgiver of the settlement. He married, two years after his arrival, Anneke (Anna), daughter of Dr. Klosterman, of Muhlheim.

In the year 1688 he drew up a memorial against slaveholding, which was adopted by the Germantown Friends and sent up to the Monthly Meeting, and thence to the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. It is noteworthy as the first protest made by a religious body against Negro Slavery. The original document was discovered in 1844 by the Philadelphia antiquarian, Nathan Kite, and published in *The Friend* (Vol. XVIII. No. 16). It is a bold and direct appeal to the best instincts of the heart. "Have not," he asks, "these negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?"

Under the wise direction of Pastorius, the German-town settlement grew and prospered. The inhabitants planted orchards and vineyards, and surrounded themselves with souvenirs of their old home. A large number of them were linen-weavers, as well as small farmers. The Quakers were the principal sect, but men of all religions were tolerated, and lived together in harmony. In 1692 Richard Frame published, in what he called verse, a *Description of Pennsylvania*, in which he alludes to the settlement:—

"The German town of which I spoke before,  
Which is at least in length one mile or more,  
Where lives High German people and Low Dutch,  
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is much, —  
There grows the flax, as also you may know  
That from the same they do divide the tow.  
Their trade suits well their habitation, —  
We find convenience for their occupation."

Pastorius seems to have been on intimate terms with William Penn, Thomas Lloyd, Chief Justice Logan, Thomas Story, and other leading men in the Province belonging to his own religious society, as also with Kelpius, the learned Mystic of the Wissahickon, with the pastor of the Swedes' church, and the leaders of the Mennonites. He wrote a description of Pennsylvania, which was published at Frankfort and Leipsic in 1700 and 1701. His *Lives of the Saints*, etc., written in German and dedicated to Professor Schurmberg, his old teacher, was published in 1690. He left behind him many unpublished manuscripts covering a very wide range of subjects, most of which are now lost. One huge manuscript folio, entitled *Hive Beestock, Melliotropheum Alucar, or Rusca Apium*, still remains, containing one thousand pages with about one hundred lines to a page. It is a medley of knowledge and fancy, history, philosophy, and poetry, written in seven languages. A large portion of his poetry is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, the description of flowers, and the care of bees. The following specimen of his punning Latin is addressed to an orchard-pilferer: —

“Quisquis in hæc furtim reptas viridaria nostra  
Tangere fallaci poma caveto manu,  
Si non obsequeris faxit Deus omne quod opto,  
Cum malis nostris ut mala cuncta feras.”

Professor Oswald Seidensticker, to whose papers in *Der Deutsche Pioneer* and that able periodical the *Penn Monthly*, of Philadelphia, I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts in regard to the German pilgrims of the New World, thus closes his notice of Pastorius: —

“No tombstone, not even a record of burial, indicates where his remains have found their last resting-place, and the pardonable desire to associate the homage due to this distinguished man with some visible memento can-

not be gratified. There is no reason to suppose that he was interred in any other place than the Friends' old burying-ground in Germantown, though the fact is not attested by any definite source of information. After all, this obliteration of the last trace of his earthly existence is but typical of what has overtaken the times which he represents; *that* Germantown which he founded, which saw him live and move, is at present but a quaint idyl of the past, almost a myth, barely remembered and little cared for by the keener race that has succeeded."

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have not lacked historian and poet. Justice has been done to their faith, courage, and self-sacrifice, and to the mighty influence of their endeavors to establish righteousness on the earth. The Quaker pilgrims of Pennsylvania, seeking the same object by different means, have not been equally fortunate. The power of their testimony for truth and holiness, peace and freedom, enforced only by what Milton calls "the irresistible might of meekness," has been felt through two centuries in the amelioration of penal severities, the abolition of slavery, the reform of the erring, the relief of the poor and suffering, — felt, in brief, in every step of human progress. But of the men themselves, with the single exception of William Penn, scarcely anything is known. Contrasted, from the outset, with the stern, aggressive Puritans of New England, they have come to be regarded as "a feeble folk," with a personality as doubtful as their unrecorded graves. They were not soldiers, like Miles Standish; they had no figure so picturesque as Vane, no leader so rashly brave and haughty as Endicott. No Cotton Mather wrote their *Magnalia*; they had no awful drama of supernaturalism in which Satan and his angels were actors; and the only witch mentioned in their simple annals was a poor old Swedish woman, who, on complaint of

her countrywomen, was tried and acquitted of everything but imbecility and folly. Nothing but commonplace offices of civility came to pass between them and the Indians; indeed, their enemies taunted them with the fact that the savages did not regard them as Christians, but just such men as themselves. Yet it must be apparent to every careful observer of the progress of American civilization that its two principal currents had their sources in the entirely opposite directions of the Puritan and Quaker colonies. To use the words of a late writer:<sup>1</sup> "The historical forces, with which no others may be compared in their influence on the people, have been those of the Puritan and the Quaker. The strength of the one was in the confession of an invisible Presence, a righteous, eternal Will, which would establish righteousness on earth; and thence arose the conviction of a direct personal responsibility, which could be tempted by no external splendor and could be shaken by no internal agitation, and could not be evaded or transferred. The strength of the other was the witness in the human spirit to an eternal Word, an Inner Voice which spoke to each alone, while yet it spoke to every man; a Light which each was to follow, and which yet was the light of the world; and all other voices were silent before this, and the solitary path whither it led was more sacred than the worn ways of cathedral-aisles."

It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist, — a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colors of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether, in the glare and tumult of the present time, such a picture will find favor may well be questioned. I only know that it has be-

<sup>1</sup> Mulford's *Nation*, pp. 267, 268.

guiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 5th mo., 1872.

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HAIL to posterity !  
 Hail, future men of Germanopolis !  
 Let the young generations yet to be  
 Look kindly upon this.  
 Think how your fathers left their native land, —  
 Dear German-land ! O sacred hearths and  
     homes ! —  
 And, where the wild beast roams,  
     In patience planned  
 New forest-homes beyond the mighty sea,  
 There undisturbed and free  
 To live as brothers of one family.  
     What pains and cares befell,  
     What trials and what fears,  
 Remember, and wherein we have done well  
     Follow our footsteps, men of coming years !  
     Where we have failed to do  
         Aright, or wisely live,  
 Be warned by us, the better way pursue,  
 And, knowing we were human, even as you,  
     Pity us and forgive !  
     Farewell, Posterity !  
     Farewell, dear Germany !  
     Forevermore farewell !

*From the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS in the Germantown  
 Records. 1688.*



## PRELUDE.

I SING the Pilgrim of a softer clime  
 And milder speech than those brave men's who  
     brought  
 To the ice and iron of our winter time  
     A will as firm, a creed as stern, and wrought  
     With one mailed hand, and with the other fought.  
 Simply, as fits my theme, in homely rhyme  
     I sing the blue-eyed German Spener taught,  
 Through whose veiled, mystic faith the Inward  
     Light,  
     Steady and still, an easy brightness, shone,  
 Transfiguring all things in its radiance white.  
 The garland which his meekness never sought  
     I bring him; over fields of harvest sown  
     With seeds of blessing, now to ripeness grown,  
 I bid the sower pass before the reapers' sight.

---

Never in tenderer quiet lapsed the day  
 From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,  
 Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long bar  
 Of purple cloud, on which the evening star  
 Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway. Through the deep  
 Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep,  
 The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from their ploughs  
Rested at last, and from their long day's browse  
Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-bound  
cows.

And the young city, round whose virgin zone  
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,  
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then  
With its fair women and its stately men  
Gracing the forest court of William Penn,

Urban yet sylvan ; in its rough-hewn frames  
Of oak and pine the dryads held their claims,  
And lent its streets their pleasant woodland names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane  
Looked city-ward, then stooped to prune again  
Her vines and simples, with a sigh of pain.

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset paled  
In the oak clearing, and, as daylight failed,  
Slow, overhead, the dusky night-birds sailed.

Again she looked : between green walls of shade,  
With low-bent head as if with sorrow weighed,  
Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

“God's peace be with thee, Anna!” Then he  
stood  
Silent before her, wrestling with the mood  
Of one who sees the evil and not good.

“What is it, my Pastorius?” As she spoke,  
 A slow, faint smile across his features broke,  
 Sadder than tears. “Dear heart,” he said, “our  
       folk

“Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends  
 Are frail; our elders have their selfish ends,  
 And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

“For duty’s loss. So even our feeble word  
 For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard  
 As if a stone its quiet waters stirred;

“And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began  
 A ripple of dissent which downward ran  
 In widening circles, as from man to man.

“Somewhat was said of running before sent,  
 Of tender fear that some their guide outwent,  
 Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

“On hearing, for behind the reverend row  
 Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous show,  
 I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

“And, in the spirit, I was taken where  
 They toiled and suffered; I was made aware  
 Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair!

“And while the meeting smothered our poor plea  
 With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed  
       to be,  
 ‘As ye have done to these ye do to me!’

“So it all passed ; and the old tithe went on  
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun  
Set, leaving still the weightier work undone.

“Help, for the good man faileth ! Who is strong,  
If these be weak ? Who shall rebuke the wrong,  
If these consent ? How long, O Lord ! how  
long ! ”

He ceased ; and, bound in spirit with the bound,  
With folded arms, and eyes that sought the  
ground,  
Walked musingly his little garden round.

About him, beaded with the falling dew,  
Rare plants of power and herbs of healing grew,  
Such as Van Helmont and Agrippa knew.

For, by the lore of Gorlitz' gentle sage,  
With the mild mystics of his dreamy age  
He read the herbal signs of nature's page,

As once he heard in sweet Von Merlau's<sup>12</sup> bowers  
Fair as herself, in boyhood's happy hours,  
The pious Spener read his creed in flowers.

“The dear Lord give us patience ! ” said his wife,  
Touching with finger-tip an aloe, rife  
With leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec knife

Or Carib spear, a gift to William Penn  
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn,  
Brought from the Spanish Main by merchantmen.

"See this strange plant its steady purpose hold,  
And, year by year, its patient leaves unfold,  
Till the young eyes that watched it first are old.

"But some time, thou hast told me, there shall  
    come  
A sudden beauty, brightness, and perfume,  
The century-moulded bud shall burst in bloom.

"So may the seed which hath been sown to-day  
Grow with the years, and, after long delay,  
Break into bloom, and God's eternal Yea

"Answer at last the patient prayers of them  
Who now, by faith alone, behold its stem  
Crowned with the flowers of Freedom's diadem.

"Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work and wait,  
Remains for us. The wrong indeed is great,  
But love and patience conquer soon or late."

"Well hast thou said, my Anna!" Tenderer  
Than youth's caress upon the head of her  
Pastorius laid his hand. "Shall we demur

"Because the vision tarrieth? In an hour  
We dream not of, the slow-grown bud may flower,  
And what was sown in weakness rise in power!"

Then through the vine-draped door whose legend  
    read,

"Procul este profani!" Anna led  
To where their child upon his little bed

Looked up and smiled. "Dear heart," she said,  
"if we

Must bearers of a heavy burden be,  
Our boy, God willing, yet the day shall see

"When from the gallery to the farthest seat,  
Slave and slave-owner shall no longer meet,  
But all sit equal at the Master's feet."

On the stone hearth the blazing walnut block  
Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed the cock  
Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck clock,

Shone on old tomes of law and physic, side  
By side with Fox and Behmen, played at hide  
And seek with Anna, midst her household pride

Of flaxen webs, and on the table, bare  
Of costly cloth or silver cup, but where,  
Tasting the fat shads of the Delaware,

The courtly Penn had praised the goodwife's  
cheer,  
And quoted Horace o'er her home-brewed beer,  
Till even grave Pastorius smiled to hear.

In such a home, beside the Schuylkill's wave,  
He dwelt in peace with God and man, and gave  
Food to the poor and shelter to the slave.

For all too soon the New World's scandal shamed  
The righteous code by Penn and Sidney framed,  
And men withheld the human rights they claimed.

And slowly wealth and station sanction lent,  
 And hardened avarice, on its gains intent,  
 Stifled the inward whisper of dissent.

Yet all the while the burden rested sore  
 On tender hearts. At last Pastorius bore  
 Their warning message to the Church's door

In God's name ; and the leaven of the word  
 Wrought ever after in the souls who heard,  
 And a dead conscience in its grave-clothes  
                   stirred

To troubled life, and urged the vain excuse  
 Of Hebrew custom, patriarchal use,  
 Good in itself if evil in abuse.

Gravely Pastorius listened, not the less  
 Discerning through the decent fig-leaf dress  
 Of the poor plea its shame of selfishness.

One Scripture rule, at least, was unforgot ;  
 He hid the outcast, and bewrayed him not ;  
 And, when his prey the human hunter sought,

He scrupled not, while Anna's wise delay  
 And proffered cheer prolonged the master's stay,  
 To speed the black guest safely on his way.

Yet, who shall guess his bitter grief who lends  
 His life to some great cause, and finds his  
                   friends

Shame or betray it for their private ends ?

How felt the Master when his chosen strove  
In childish folly for their seats above ;  
And that fond mother, blinded by her love,

Besought him that her sons, beside his throne,  
Might sit on either hand ? Amidst his own  
A stranger oft, companionless and lone,

God's priest and prophet stands. The martyr's  
pain

Is not alone from scourge and cell and chain ;  
Sharper the pang when, shouting in his train,

His weak disciples by their lives deny  
The loud hosannas of their daily cry,  
And make their echo of his truth a lie.

His forest home no hermit's cell he found,  
Guests, motley-minded, drew his hearth around,  
And held armed truce upon its neutral ground.

There Indian chiefs with battle-bows unstrung,  
Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom Homer  
sung,  
Pastorius fancied, when the world was young,

Came with their tawny women, lithe and tall,  
Like bronzes in his friend Von Rodeck's hall,  
Comely, if black, and not unpleasing all.

There hungry folk in homespun drab and gray  
Drew round his board on Monthly Meeting day,  
Genial, half merry in their friendly way.



Or, haply, pilgrims from the Fatherland,  
 Weak, timid, homesick, slow to understand  
 The New World's promise, sought his helping  
                   hand.

Or painful Kelpius<sup>13</sup> from his hermit den  
 By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,  
 Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of Petersen.

Deep in the woods, where the small river slid  
 Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic hid,  
 Weird as a wizard, over arts forbid,

Reading the books of Daniel and of John,  
 And Behmen's Morning-Redness, through the  
                   Stone  
 Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes alone,

Whereby he read what man ne'er read before,  
 And saw the visions man shall see no more,  
 Till the great angel, striding sea and shore,

Shall bid all flesh await, on land or ships,  
 The warning trump of the Apocalypse,  
 Shattering the heavens before the dread eclipse.

Or meek-eyed Mennonist his bearded chin  
 Leaned o'er the gate ; or Ranter, pure within,  
 Aired his perfection in a world of sin.

Or, talking of old home scenes, Op der Graaf  
 Teased the low back-log with his shodden staff,  
 Till the red embers broke into a laugh

And dance of flame, as if they fain would  
cheer

The rugged face, half tender, half austere,  
Touched with the pathos of a homesick tear !

Or Sluyter,<sup>14</sup> saintly familist, whose word  
As law the Brethren of the Manor heard,  
Announced the speedy terrors of the Lord,

And turned, like Lot at Sodom, from his race,  
Above a wrecked world with complacent face  
Riding secure upon his plank of grace !

Haply, from Finland's birchen groves exiled,  
Manly in thought, in simple ways a child,  
His white hair floating round his visage mild,

The Swedish pastor sought the Quaker's door,  
Pleased from his neighbor's lips to hear once  
more  
His long-disused and half-forgotten lore.

For both could baffle Babel's lingual curse,  
And speak in Bion's Doric, and rehearse  
Cleanthes' hymn or Virgil's sounding verse.

And oft Pastorius and the meek old man  
Argued as Quaker and as Lutheran,  
Ending in Christian love, as they began.

With lettered Lloyd on pleasant morns he strayed  
Where Sommerhausen over vales of shade  
Looked miles away, by every flower delayed,

Or song of bird, happy and free with one  
 Who loved, like him, to let his memory run  
 Over old fields of learning, and to sun

Himself in Plato's wise philosophies,  
 And dream with Philo over mysteries  
 Whereof the dreamer never finds the keys ;

To touch all themes of thought, nor weakly  
     stop  
 For doubt of truth, but let the buckets drop  
 Deep down and bring the hidden waters up.<sup>15</sup>

For there was freedom in that wakening time  
 Of tender souls ; to differ was not crime ;  
 The varying bells made up the perfect chime.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's coal,  
 The white, clear light, tradition-colored, stole  
 Through the stained oriel of each human soul.

Gathered from many sects, the Quaker brought  
 His old beliefs, adjusting to the thought  
 That moved his soul the creed his fathers  
     taught.

One faith alone, so broad that all mankind  
 Within themselves its secret witness find,  
 The soul's communion with the Eternal Mind,

The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule and Guide,  
 Scholar and peasant, lord and serf, allied,  
 The polished Penn and Cromwell's Ironside.

As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meeting,<sup>16</sup> face  
By face in Flemish detail, we may trace  
How loose-mouthed boor and fine ancestral grace

Sat in close contrast, — the clipt-headed churl,  
Broad market-dame, and simple serving-girl  
By skirt of silk and periwig in curl!

For soul touched soul; the spiritual treasure-  
trove  
Made all men equal, none could rise above  
Nor sink below that level of God's love.

So, with his rustic neighbors sitting down,  
The homespun frock beside the scholar's gown,  
Pastorius to the manners of the town

Added the freedom of the woods, and sought  
The bookless wisdom by experience taught,  
And learned to love his new-found home, while  
not

Forgetful of the old; the seasons went  
Their rounds, and somewhat to his spirit lent  
Of their own calm and measureless content.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin sing  
His song of welcome to the Western spring,  
And bluebird borrowing from the sky his wing.

And when the miracle of autumn came,  
And all the woods with many-colored flame  
Of splendor, making summer's greenness tame,

Burned, unconsumed, a voice without a sound  
 Spake to him from each kindled bush around,  
 And made the strange, new landscape holy  
 ground !

And when the bitter north-wind, keen and swift,  
 Swept the white street and piled the dooryard  
 drift,  
 He exercised, as Friends might say, his gift

Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like the hash  
 Of corn and beans in Indian succotash ;  
 Dull, doubtless, but with here and there a flash

Of wit and fine conceit, — the good man's play  
 Of quiet fancies, meet to while away  
 The slow hours measuring off an idle day.

At evening, while his wife put on her look  
 Of love's endurance, from its niche he took  
 The written pages of his ponderous book.

And read, in half the languages of man,  
 His " *Rusca Apium*," which with bees began,  
 And through the gamut of creation ran.

Or, now and then, the missive of some friend  
 In gray Altorf or storied Nürnberg penned  
 Dropped in upon him like a guest to spend

The night beneath his roof-tree. Mystical  
 The fair Von Merlau spake as waters fall  
 And voices sound in dreams, and yet withal

Human and sweet, as if each far, low tone,  
Over the roses of her gardens blown  
Brought the warm sense of beauty all her own.

Wise Spenser questioned what his friend could trace  
Of spiritual influx or of saving grace  
In the wild natures of the Indian race.

And learned Schurmberg, fain, at times, to look  
From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and Pentateuch,  
Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,

To query with him of climatic change,  
Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest range,  
Of flowers and fruits and simples new and strange.

And thus the Old and New World reached their  
    hands  
Across the water, and the friendly lands  
Talked with each other from their severed strands.

Pastorius answered all : while seed and root  
Sent from his new home grew to flower and  
    fruit  
Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's foot ;

And, in return, the flowers his boyhood knew  
Smiled at his door, the same in form and hue,  
And on his vines the Rhenish clusters grew.

No idler he ; whoever else might shirk,  
He set his hand to every honest work, —  
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting clerk.

Still on the town seal his device is found,  
 Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a trefoil ground,  
 With " Vinum, Linum et Textrinum " wound.

One house sufficed for gospel and for law,  
 Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture text and  
     saw,  
 Assured the good, and held the rest in awe.

Whatever legal maze he wandered through,  
 He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view,  
 And justice always into mercy grew.

No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor jail,  
 Nor ducking-stool ; the orchard-thief grew pale  
 At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,

The usurer's grasp released the forfeit land ;  
 The slanderer faltered at the witness-stand,  
 And all men took his counsel for command.

Was it caressing air, the brooding love  
 Of tenderer skies than German land knew of,  
 Green calm below, blue quietness above,

Still flow of water, deep repose of wood  
 That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood  
 And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of  
     hate,  
 Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal to wait  
 The slow assurance of the better state ?

Who knows what goadings in their sterner way  
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,  
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke?  
What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke  
In waves that on their iron coast-line broke?

Be it as it may: within the Land of Penn  
The sectary yielded to the citizen,  
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung  
The air to madness, and no steeple flung  
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from his face  
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place  
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,

Or wrought for wages at the white man's side, —  
Giving to kindness what his native pride  
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved the old  
Traditions that his swarthy neighbors told  
By wigwam-fires when nights were growing cold,

Discerned the fact round which their fancy  
drew  
Its dreams, and held their childish faith more  
true  
To God and man than half the creeds he knew.<sup>17</sup>



The desert blossomed round him ; wheat-fields  
rolled

Beneath the warm wind waves of green and gold ;  
The planted ear returned its hundred-fold.

Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun  
Than that which by the Rhine stream shines upon  
The purpling hillsides with low vines o'errun.

About each rustic porch the humming-bird  
Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal stirred,  
The Old World flowers to virgin soil transferred ;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple, bending  
The young boughs down, their gold and russet  
blending,  
Made glad his heart, familiar odors lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch and pine,  
Life-everlasting, bay, and eglantine,  
And all the subtle scents the woods combine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,  
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,  
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel  
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel  
A golden thread of music. With no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise,  
The scattered settlers through green forest-ways  
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim  
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,  
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

There, through the gathered stillness multiplied  
And made intense by sympathy, outside  
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume  
Breathed through the open windows of the  
room  
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came,  
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,  
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their  
shame,

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread  
In Indian isles ; pale women who had bled  
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

God's message through their prison's iron bars ;  
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with scars  
From every stricken field of England's wars.

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt  
Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt  
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole  
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,  
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When shaken hands announced the meeting o'er,  
The friendly group still lingered at the door,  
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and maid  
Down the green vistas of the woodland strayed,  
Whispered and smiled and oft their feet de-  
layed.

Did the boy's whistle answer back the thrushes?  
Did light girl laughter ripple through the bushes,  
As brooks make merry over roots and rushes?

Unvexed the sweet air seemed. Without a  
wound  
The ear of silence heard, and every sound  
Its place in nature's fine accordance found.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,  
Old kindly faces, youth and maidenhood  
Seemed, like God's new creation, very good!

And, greeting all with quiet smile and word,  
Pastorius went his way. The unscared bird  
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;  
And, wheresoe'er the good man looked or trod,  
He felt the peace of nature and of God.

His social life wore no ascetic form,  
He loved all beauty, without fear of harm,  
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran warm.

Strict to himself, of other men no spy,  
He made his own no circuit-judge to try  
The freer conscience of his neighbors by.

With love rebuking, by his life alone,  
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown,  
The joy of one, who, seeking not his own,

And faithful to all scruples, finds at last  
The thorns and shards of duty overpast,  
And daily life, beyond his hope's forecast,

Pleasant and beautiful with sight and sound,  
And flowers upspringing in its narrow round,  
And all his days with quiet gladness crowned.

He sang not ; but, if sometimes tempted strong,  
He hummed what seemed like Altorf's Burschen-  
song ;  
His good wife smiled, and did not count it wrong.

For well he loved his boyhood's brother band ;  
His Memory, while he trod the New World's  
strand,  
A double-ganger walked the Fatherland !

If, when on frosty Christmas eves the light  
Shone on his quiet hearth, he missed the sight  
Of Yule-log, Tree, and Christ-child all in white ;

And closed his eyes, and listened to the sweet  
Old wait-songs sounding down his native street,  
And watched again the dancers' mingling feet ;

Yet not the less, when once the vision passed,  
 He held the plain and sober maxims fast  
 Of the dear Friends with whom his lot was cast.

Still all attuned to nature's melodies,  
 He loved the bird's song in his dooryard trees,  
 And the low hum of home-returning bees ;

The blossomed flax, the tulip-trees in bloom  
 Down the long street, the beauty and perfume  
 Of apple-boughs, the mingling light and gloom

Of Sommerhausen's woodlands, woven through  
 With sun - threads ; and the music the wind  
     drew,  
 Mournful and sweet, from leaves it overblew.

And evermore, beneath this outward sense,  
 And through the common sequence of events,  
 He felt the guiding hand of Providence

Reach out of space. A Voice spake in his ear,  
 And lo ! all other voices far and near  
 Died at that whisper, full of meanings clear.

The Light of Life shone round him ; one by  
     one  
 The wandering lights, that all-misleading run,  
 Went out like candles paling in the sun.

That Light he followed, step by step, where'er  
 It led, as in the vision of the seer  
 The wheels moved as the spirit in the clear

And terrible crystal moved, with all their eyes  
Watching the living splendor sink or rise,  
Its will their will, knowing no otherwise.

Within himself he found the law of right,  
He walked by faith and not the letter's sight,  
And read his Bible by the Inward Light.

And if sometimes the slaves of form and rule,  
Frozen in their creeds like fish in winter's pool,  
Tried the large tolerance of his liberal school,

His door was free to men of every name,  
He welcomed all the seeking souls who came,  
And no man's faith he made a cause of blame.

But best he loved in leisure hours to see  
His own dear Friends sit by him knee to knee,  
In social converse, genial, frank, and free.

There sometimes silence (it were hard to tell  
Who owned it first) upon the circle fell,  
Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and laid its spell

On the black boy who grimaced by the hearth,  
To solemnize his shining face of mirth;  
Only the old clock ticked amidst the dearth

Of sound; nor eye was raised nor hand was  
                  stirred  
In that soul-sabbath, till at last some word  
Of tender counsel or low prayer was heard.

Then guests, who lingered but farewell to say  
 And take love's message, went their homeward  
                   way;  
 So passed in peace the guileless Quaker's day.

His was the Christian's unsung Age of Gold,  
 A truer idyl than the bards have told  
 Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.

Where still the Friends their place of burial keep,  
 And century-rooted mosses o'er it creep,  
 The Nürnberg scholar and his helpmeet sleep.

And Anna's aloe? If it flowered at last  
 In Bartram's garden, did John Woolman cast  
 A glance upon it as he meekly passed?

And did a secret sympathy possess  
 That tender soul, and for the slave's redress  
 Lend hope, strength, patience? It were vain to  
                   guess.

Nay, were the plant itself but mythical,  
 Set in the fresco of tradition's wall  
 Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not at all.

Enough to know that, through the winter's frost  
 And summer's heat, no seed of truth is lost,  
 And every duty pays at last its cost.

For, ere Pastorius left the sun and air,  
 God sent the answer to his life-long prayer;  
 The child was born beside the Delaware,

Who, in the power a holy purpose lends,  
Guided his people unto nobler ends,  
And left them worthier of the name of Friends.

And lo! the fulness of the time has come,  
And over all the exile's Western home,  
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom!

And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets blow;  
But not for thee, Pastorius! Even so  
The world forgets, but the wise angels know.

### KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones  
of the Horg,  
In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg,  
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his  
power,  
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his  
tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his young and faithful squire:  
"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy  
desire?"  
"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me:  
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."



Loud laughed the king: "To-morrow shall bring  
another day,"<sup>18</sup>  
When I myself will test her; she will not say me  
nay."  
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about  
him stood,  
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as  
courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the  
ancient town  
From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose  
looks down;  
The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of  
morn,  
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare  
of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and  
spins,  
And, singing with the early birds, her daily task  
begins.  
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her  
garden-bower,  
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than  
the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and,  
white  
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small,  
round wrists in sight;  
Below, the modest petticoat can only half conceal  
The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a  
wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sun-  
shine warm ;  
But, look ! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades  
it with her arm.  
And, hark ! a train of horsemen, with sound of  
dog and horn,  
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling  
down the corn !

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume  
streamed gay,  
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held  
their way ;  
And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden  
spur on heel,  
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden  
checked her wheel.

“ All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me !  
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for  
thee ! ”

What noble knight was this ? What words for  
modest maiden's ear ?  
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and  
fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel ; she fain would  
seek the door,  
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes  
crimsoned o'er.  
“ Nay, fear me not,” the rider said, “ I offer heart  
and hand,  
Bear witness these good Danish knights who round  
about me stand.

“I grant you time to think of this, to answer as  
you may,  
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day.”  
He spake the old phrase slyly as, glancing round  
his train,  
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their  
smiles in vain.

“The snow of pearls I’ll scatter in your curls of  
golden hair,  
I’ll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you  
wear;  
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in  
a chariot gay  
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds  
of gray.

“And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and  
brazen lamps shall glow;  
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances  
to and fro.  
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall  
shine,  
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink  
the blood-red wine.”

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face  
to face;  
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip  
found place.  
Back from her low white forehead the curls of  
gold she threw,  
And lifted up her eyes to his, steady and clear and  
blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight ;  
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn  
to slight.

If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not  
a lord ;

I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty  
sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel  
away,

And in its place will swing the scythe and mow  
your father's hay."

"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can  
never bear ;

A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you  
must wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider  
gayly spoke,

"And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet  
cloak."

"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peas-  
ant love must ride,

A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he  
must guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed : "Well,  
let him wander free :

No other man must ride the horse that has been  
backed by me.

Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen  
talk,

If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

“ You must take from out your cellar cask of wine  
and flask and can ;

The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-  
man.”

“ Most willingly, fair Elsie, I’ll drink that mead  
of thine,

And leave my minstrel’s thirsty throat to drain  
my generous wine.”

“ Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign  
and boss,

Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly  
knee across.

And pull me down your castle from top to base-  
ment wall,

And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of  
your hall ! ”

Then smiled he with a lofty pride ; right well at  
last he knew

The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-  
plight true.

“ Ah, roguish little Elsie ! you act your part full  
well :

You know that I must bear my shield and in my  
castle dwell !

“ The lions ramping on that shield between the  
hearts aflame

Keep watch o’er Denmark’s honor, and guard her  
ancient name.

For know that I am Volmer ; I dwell in yonder  
towers,  
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this  
goodly home of ours !

“I tempt no more, fair Elsie ! your heart I know  
is true ;  
Would God that all our maidens were good and  
pure as you !  
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall  
well repay ;  
God’s peace ! Farewell ! To-morrow will bring  
another day ! ”

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good  
steed then,  
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gal-  
lant men.  
The steel hoofs beat the rocky path ; again on  
winds of morn  
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare  
of hunter’s horn.

“Thou true and ever faithful ! ” the listening Hen-  
rik cried ;  
And, leaping o’er the green hedge, he stood by  
Elsie’s side.  
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from  
afar,  
The Golden Goose that watched them from the  
tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers  
 that throng  
 Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my  
 song.  
 No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's  
 skill;  
 Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has  
 plenty still!

1872.

## THE THREE BELLS.

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud  
 That raked her splintering mast  
 The good ship settled slowly,  
 The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean  
 Her signal guns pealed out.  
 Dear God! was that Thy answer  
 From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,  
 "Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:  
 "Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow  
 Shall lay till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,  
 Yet on the heaving swells  
 Tossed up and down the ship-lights,  
 The lights of the Three Bells!

And ship to ship made signals,  
Man answered back to man,  
While oft, to cheer and hearten,  
The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail  
Sent down his hopeful cry :  
"Take heart ! Hold on !" he shouted ;  
"The Three Bells shall lay by !"

All night across the waters  
The tossing lights shone clear ;  
All night from reeling taffrail  
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches  
Of storm and darkness passed,  
Just as the wreck lurched under,  
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,  
In grateful memory sail !  
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,  
Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,  
Repeat the Master's cry,  
As tossing through our darkness  
The lights of God draw nigh !

1872.



## JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone  
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone,  
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars  
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,  
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered down,  
East by north, to Cocheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel sweet,  
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,  
And, when the bolt of banishment fell  
On the head of his saintly oracle,  
He had shared her ill as her good report,  
And braved the wrath of the General Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away  
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.  
The world might bless and the world might ban,  
What did it matter the perfect man,  
To whom the freedom of earth was given,  
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven?

He cheered his heart as he rode along  
With screed of Scripture and holy song,  
Or thought how he rode with his lances free  
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-Zee,  
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,  
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house nigh,  
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,

And, tacking to windward, low and crank,  
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank ;  
And he rose in his stirrups and looked abroad  
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,  
Into the clearing's space rode he,  
With the sun on the hilt of his sword in sheath,  
And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,  
And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,  
From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders : " Lo, I come  
As the way seemed open to seek a home.  
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my hands  
In the Narragansett and Netherlands,  
And if here ye have work for a Christian  
man,  
I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

" I boast not of gifts, but fain would own  
The wonderful favor God hath shown,  
The special mercy vouchsafed one day  
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,  
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp aside,  
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

" A sudden sweetness of peace I found,  
A garment of gladness wrapped me round.  
I felt from the law of works released,  
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,  
My faith to a full assurance grew,  
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

“Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way,  
 I shall not stumble, I shall not stray ;  
 He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,  
 I wear the robe of His righteousness ;  
 And the shafts of Satan no more avail  
 Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail.”

“Tarry with us,” the settlers cried,  
 “Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide.”  
 And Captain Underhill bowed his head.  
 “The will of the Lord be done !” he said.  
 And the morrow beheld him sitting down  
 In the ruler’s seat in Coheco town.

And he judged therein as a just man should ;  
 His words were wise and his rule was good ;  
 He coveted not his neighbor’s land,  
 From the holding of bribes he shook his hand ;  
 And through the camps of the heathen ran  
 A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book saith,  
 And life hath ever a savor of death.  
 Through hymns of triumph the tempter calls,  
 And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.  
 Alas ! ere their round the seasons ran,  
 There was grief in the soul of the saintly man.

The tempter’s arrows that rarely fail  
 Had found the joints of his spiritual mail ;  
 And men took note of his gloomy air,  
 The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,  
 The signs of a battle lost within,  
 The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name  
With broken vows and a life of blame ;  
And the people looked askance on him  
As he walked among them sullen and grim,  
Ill at ease, and bitter of word,  
And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting still,  
He strove in the bonds of his evil will ;  
But he shook himself like Samson at length,  
And girded anew his loins of strength,  
And bade the crier go up and down  
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head  
Ceased as he rose in his place and said :  
“ Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know  
How I came among you a year ago,  
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed  
From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

“ I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame,  
But not with a lie on my lips I came.  
In my blindness I verily thought my heart  
Swept and garnished in every part.  
He chargeth His angels with folly ; He sees  
The heavens unclean. Was I more than these ?

“ I urge no plea. At your feet I lay  
The trust you gave me, and go my way.  
Hate me or pity me, as you will,  
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still ;  
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,  
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall.”

No voice made answer : a sob so low  
 That only his quickened ear could know  
 Smote his heart with a bitter pain,  
 As into the forest he rode again,  
 And the veil of its oaken leaves shut down  
 On his latest glimpse of Coheco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin  
 The streams flashed up, and the sky shone in ;  
 On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,  
 The leaves dropped on him their tears of dew,  
 And angels of God, in the pure, sweet guise  
 Of flowers, looked on him with sad surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze  
 Sang in their saddest of minor keys ?  
 What was it the mournful wood-thrush said ?  
 What whispered the pine-trees overhead ?  
 Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way  
 That Adam heard in the cool of day ?

Into the desert alone rode he,  
 Alone with the Infinite Purity ;  
 And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,  
 As Peter did to the Master's look,  
 He measured his path with prayers of pain  
 For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Coheco came  
 The bruit of a once familiar name ;  
 How among the Dutch of New Netherlands,  
 From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,  
 A penitent soldier preached the Word,  
 And smote the heathen with Gideon's sword !

And the heart of Boston was glad to hear  
How he harried the foe on the long frontier,  
And heaped on the land against him barred  
The coals of his generous watch and ward.  
Frailest and bravest ! the Bay State still  
Counts with her worthies John Underhill.

1873.

### CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

A railway conductor who lost his life in an accident on a Connecticut railway, May 9, 1873.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY, (always may his name  
Be said with reverence !) as the swift doom came,  
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he  
stood  
To do the utmost that a brave man could,  
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him ; women dropped their  
tears  
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,  
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they ? Lo ! the ghastly lips of pain,  
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again :  
" Put out the signals for the other train ! "

No nobler utterance since the world began  
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,  
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me ! how poor and noteless seem to this  
 The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,  
 Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss !

Oh, grand, supreme endeavor ! Not in vain  
 That last brave act of failing tongue and brain !  
 Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows wave,  
 Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.  
 Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead  
 Who in his record still the earth shall tread  
 With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride  
 Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.  
 God give us grace to live as Bradley died !

1873.

## THE WITCH OF WENHAM.

The house is still standing in Danvers, Mass., where, it is said, a suspected witch was confined overnight in the attic, which was bolted fast. In the morning when the constable came to take her to Salem for trial she was missing, although the door was still bolted. Her escape was doubtless aided by her friends, but at the time it was attributed to Satanic interference.

### I.

ALONG Crane River's sunny slopes  
 Blew warm the winds of May,  
 And over Naumkeag's ancient oaks  
 The green outgrew the gray.

The grass was green on Rial-side,  
The early birds at will  
Waked up the violet in its dell,  
The wind-flower on its hill.

“Where go you, in your Sunday coat,  
Son Andrew, tell me, pray.”  
“For stripèd perch in Wenham Lake  
I go to fish to-day.”

“Unharmed of thee in Wenham Lake  
The mottled perch shall be :  
A blue-eyed witch sits on the bank  
And weaves her net for thee.

“She weaves her golden hair ; she sings  
Her spell-song low and faint ;  
The wickedest witch in Salem jail  
Is to that girl a saint.”

“Nay, mother, hold thy cruel tongue ;  
God knows,” the young man cried,  
“He never made a whiter soul  
Than hers by Wenham side.

“She tends her mother sick and blind,  
And every want supplies ;  
To her above the blessed Book  
She lends her soft blue eyes.

“Her voice is glad with holy songs,  
Her lips are sweet with prayer ;  
Go where you will, in ten miles round  
Is none more good and fair.”



“Son Andrew, for the love of God  
And of thy mother, stay ! ”  
She clasped her hands, she wept aloud,  
But Andrew rode away.

“O reverend sir, my Andrew’s soul  
The Wenham witch has caught ;  
She holds him with the curl’d gold  
Whereof her snare is wrought.

“She charms him with her great blue eyes,  
She binds him with her hair ;  
Oh, break the spell with holy words,  
Unbind him with a prayer ! ”

“Take heart,” the painful preacher said,  
“This mischief shall not be ;  
The witch shall perish in her sins  
And Andrew shall go free.

“Our poor Ann Putnam testifies  
She saw her weave a spell,  
Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of moon,  
Around a dried-up well.

“‘Spring up, O well ! ’ she softly sang  
The Hebrew’s old refrain  
(For Satan uses Bible words),  
Till water flowed amain.

“And many a goodwife heard her speak  
By Wenham water words  
That made the buttercups take wings  
And turn to yellow birds.

“They say that swarming wild bees seek  
The hive at her command ;  
And fishes swim to take their food  
From out her dainty hand.

“Meek as she sits in meeting-time,  
The godly minister  
Notes well the spell that doth compel  
The young men’s eyes to her.

“The mole upon her dimpled chin  
Is Satan’s seal and sign ;  
Her lips are red with evil bread  
And stain of unblest wine.

“For Tituba, my Indian, saith  
At Quasycung she took  
The Black Man’s godless sacrament  
And signed his dreadful book.

“Last night my sore-afflicted child  
Against the young witch cried.  
To take her Marshal Herrick rides  
Even now to Wenham side.”

The marshal in his saddle sat,  
His daughter at his knee ;

“I go to fetch that arrant witch,  
Thy fair playmate,” quoth he.

“Her spectre walks the parsonage,  
And haunts both hall and stair ;  
They know her by the great blue eyes  
And floating gold of hair.”

“ They lie, they lie, my father dear !  
 No foul old witch is she,  
 But sweet and good and crystal-pure  
 As Wenham waters be.”

“ I tell thee, child, the Lord hath set  
 Before us good and ill,  
 And woe to all whose carnal loves  
 Oppose His righteous will.

“ Between Him and the powers of hell  
 Choose thou, my child, to-day :  
 No sparing hand, no pitying eye,  
 When God commands to slay ! ”

He went his way ; the old wives shook .  
 With fear as he drew nigh ;  
 The children in the dooryards held  
 Their breath as he passed by.

Too well they knew the gaunt gray horse  
 The grim witch-hunter rode  
 The pale Apocalyptic beast  
 By grisly Death bestrode.

## II.

Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake  
 Upon the young girl's shone,  
 Her tender mouth, her dreaming eyes,  
 Her yellow hair outblown.

By happy youth and love attuned  
 To natural harmonies,

The singing birds, the whispering wind,  
She sat beneath the trees.

Sat shaping for her bridal dress  
Her mother's wedding gown,  
When lo ! the marshal, writ in hand,  
From Alford hill rode down.

His face was hard with cruel fear,  
He grasped the maiden's hands :  
"Come with me unto Salem town,  
For so the law commands ! "

"Oh, let me to my mother say  
Farewell before I go ! "  
He closer tied her little hands  
Unto his saddle bow.

"Unhand me," cried she piteously,  
"For thy sweet daughter's sake."  
"I'll keep my daughter safe," he said,  
"From the witch of Wenham Lake."

"Oh, leave me for my mother's sake,  
She needs my eyes to see."  
"Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall peck  
From off the gallows-tree."

He bore her to a farm-house old,  
And up its stairway long,  
And closed on her the garret-door  
With iron bolted strong.

The day died out, the night came down :  
Her evening prayer she said,  
While, through the dark, strange faces seemed  
To mock her as she prayed.

The present horror deepened all  
The fears her childhood knew ;  
The awe wherewith the air was filled  
With every breath she drew.

And could it be, she trembling asked,  
Some secret thought or sin  
Had shut good angels from her heart  
And let the bad ones in ?

Had she in some forgotten dream  
Let go her hold on Heaven,  
And sold herself unwittingly  
To spirits unforgiven ?

Oh, weird and still the dark hours passed ;  
No human sound she heard,  
But up and down the chimney stack  
The swallows moaned and stirred.

And o'er her, with a dread surmise  
Of evil sight and sound,  
The blind bats on their leathern wings  
Went wheeling round and round.

Low hanging in the midnight sky  
Looked in a half-faced moon.  
Was it a dream, or did she hear  
Her lover's whistled tune ?

She forced the oaken scuttle back ;  
A whisper reached her ear :  
"Slide down the roof to me," it said,  
"So softly none may hear."

She slid along the sloping roof  
Till from its eaves she hung,  
And felt the loosened shingles yield  
To which her fingers clung.

Below, her lover stretched his hands  
And touched her feet so small ;  
"Drop down to me, dear heart," he said,  
"My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillion soft,  
Her arms about him twined ;  
And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,  
They left the house behind.

But when they reached the open way,  
Full free the rein he cast ;  
Oh, never through the mirk midnight  
Rode man and maid more fast.

Along the wild wood-paths they sped,  
The bridgeless streams they swam ;  
At set of moon they passed the Bass,  
At sunrise Agawam.

At high noon on the Merrimac  
The ancient ferryman  
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,  
So fair a freight to scan.

And when from off his grounded boat  
 He saw them mount and ride,  
 "God keep her from the evil eye,  
 And harm of witch!" he cried.

The maiden laughed, as youth will laugh  
 At all its fears gone by;  
 "He does not know," she whispered low,  
 "A little witch am I."

All day he urged his weary horse,  
 And, in the red sundown,  
 Drew rein before a friendly door  
 In distant Berwick town.

A fellow-feeling for the wronged  
 The Quaker people felt;  
 And safe beside their kindly hearths  
 The hunted maiden dwelt,

Until from off its breast the land  
 The haunting horror threw,  
 And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,  
 To shame and pity grew.

Sad were the year's spring morns, and sad  
 Its golden summer day,  
 But blithe and glad its withered fields,  
 And skies of ashen gray;

For spell and charm had power no more,  
 The spectres ceased to roam,  
 And scattered households knelt again  
 Around the hearths of home.







And when once more by Beaver Dam  
The meadow-lark outsang,  
And once again on all the hills  
The early violets sprang,

And all the windy pasture slopes  
Lay green within the arms  
Of creeks that bore the salted sea  
To pleasant inland farms,

The smith filed off the chains he forged,  
The jail-bolts backward fell;  
And youth and hoary age came forth  
Like souls escaped from hell.

1877.

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

Out from Jerusalem  
The king rode with his great  
War chiefs and lords of state,  
And Sheba's queen with them;

Comely, but black withal,  
To whom, perchance, belongs  
That wondrous Song of songs,  
Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn  
In fond, ecstatic dream,  
And through its earth-born theme  
The Love of loves discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun,  
In gold and purple sheen,  
The dusky Ethiop queen  
Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew  
The languages of all  
The creatures great or small  
That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led  
The king's path, and he heard  
Its small folk, and their word  
He thus interpreted :

“Here comes the king men greet  
As wise and good and just,  
To crush us in the dust  
Under his heedless feet.”

The great king bowed his head,  
And saw the wide surprise  
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes  
As he told her what they said.

“O king !” she whispered sweet,  
“Too happy fate have they  
Who perish in thy way  
Beneath thy gracious feet !

“Thou of the God-lent crown,  
Shall these vile creatures dare  
Murmur against thee where  
The knees of kings kneel down ?”

"Nay," Solomon replied,  
    "The wise and strong should seek  
    The welfare of the weak,"  
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,  
    Curved with their leader round  
    The ant-hill's peopled mound,  
And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low ;  
    "O king!" she said, "henceforth  
    The secret of thy worth  
And wisdom well I know.

"Happy must be the State  
    Whose ruler heedeth more  
    The murmurs of the poor  
Than flatteries of the great."

1877.

### IN THE "OLD SOUTH."

On the 8th of July, 1677, Margaret Brewster with four other Friends went into the South Church in time of meeting, "in sack-cloth, with ashes upon her head, barefoot, and her face blackened," and delivered "a warning from the great God of Heaven and Earth to the Rulers and Magistrates of Boston." For the offence she was sentenced to be "whipped at a cart's tail up and down the Town, with twenty lashes."

SHE came and stood in the Old South Church,  
    A wonder and a sign,  
With a look the old-time sibyls wore,  
    Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound,  
Unclothed as the primal mother,  
With limbs that trembled and eyes that blazed  
With a fire she dare not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair,  
With sprinkled ashes gray ;  
She stood in the broad aisle strange and weird  
As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,  
And the people held their breath,  
For these were the words the maiden spoke  
Through lips as the lips of death :

“Thus saith the Lord, with equal feet  
All men my courts shall tread,  
And priest and ruler no more shall eat  
My people up like bread !

“Repent ! repent ! ere the Lord shall speak  
In thunder and breaking seals !  
Let all souls worship Him in the way  
His light within reveals.”

She shook the dust from her naked feet,  
And her sackcloth closer drew,  
And into the porch of the awe-hushed church  
She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the cart  
Through half the streets of the town,  
But the words she uttered that day nor fire  
Could burn nor water drown.

And now the aisles of the ancient church  
By equal feet are trod,  
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings  
Freedom to worship God !

And now whenever a wrong is done  
It thrills the conscious walls ;  
The stone from the basement cries aloud  
And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple-houses on every hand,  
And pulpits that bless and ban,  
And the Lord will not grudge the single church  
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law  
And the prophets under the sun,  
And the first is last and the last is first,  
And the twain are verily one.

So, long as Boston shall Boston be,  
And her bay-tides rise and fall,  
Shall freedom stand in the Old South Church  
And plead for the rights of all !

1877.

#### THE HENCHMAN.

My lady walks her morning round,  
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,  
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,  
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,  
And Rathburn side is gay with flowers;  
But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,  
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers ;  
The least of all her worshippers,  
The dust beneath her dainty heel,  
She knows not that I see or feel.

Oh, proud and calm ! — she cannot know  
Where'er she goes with her I go ;  
Oh, cold and fair ! — she cannot guess  
I kneel to share her hound's caress !

Gay knights beside her hunt and hawk,  
I rob their ears of her sweet talk ;  
Her suitors come from east and west,  
I steal her smiles from every guest.

Unheard of her, in loving words,  
I greet her with the song of birds ;  
I reach her with her green-armed bowers,  
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail,  
The wind and I uplift her veil ;  
As if the calm, cold moon she were,  
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share  
The license of the sun and air,

And in a common homage hide  
My worship from her scorn and pride.

World-wide apart, and yet so near,  
I breathe her charmèd atmosphere,  
Wherein to her my service brings  
The reverence due to holy things.

Her maiden pride, her haughty name,  
My dumb devotion shall not shame ;  
The love that no return doth crave  
To knightly levels lifts the slave.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,  
To splinter in my lady's sight ;  
But, at her feet, how blest were I  
For any need of hers to die !

1877.

## THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK.

E. B. Tylor in his *Primitive Culture*, chapter xii., gives an account of the reverence paid the dead by the Kol tribes of Chota Nagpur, Assam. "When a Ho or Munda," he says, "has been burned on the funeral pile, collected morsels of his bones are carried in procession with a solemn, ghostly, sliding step, keeping time to the deep-sounding drum, and when the old woman who carries the bones on her bamboo tray lowers it from time to time, then girls who carry pitchers and brass vessels mournfully reverse them to show that they are empty ; thus the remains are taken to visit every house in the village, and every dwelling of a friend or relative for miles, and the inmates come out to mourn and praise the goodness of the departed ; the bones are carried to all the dead man's favorite haunts, to the fields he cultivated, to the grove he planted, to the threshing-floor where he worked, to the village dance-room where he made merry. At last they are taken to the grave, and buried in an earthen vase upon a store of food,



covered with one of those huge stone slabs which European visitors wonder at in the districts of the aborigines of India." In the *Journal of the Asiatic Society, Bengal*, vol. ix., p. 795, is a Ho dirge.

We have opened the door,  
 Once, twice, thrice !  
 We have swept the floor,  
 We have boiled the rice.  
 Come hither, come hither !  
 Come from the far lands,  
 Come from the star lands,  
 Come as before !  
 We lived long together,  
 We loved one another ;  
 Come back to our life.  
 Come father, come mother,  
 Come sister and brother,  
 Child, husband, and wife,  
 For you we are sighing.  
 Come take your old places,  
 Come look in our faces,  
 The dead on the dying,  
 Come home !

We have opened the door,  
 Once, twice, thrice !  
 We have kindled the coals,  
 And we boil the rice  
 For the feast of souls.  
 Come hither, come hither !  
 Think not we fear you,  
 Whose hearts are so near you.  
 Come tenderly thought on,  
 Come all unforgotten,

Come from the shadow-lands,  
From the dim meadow-lands  
Where the pale grasses bend  
    Low to our sighing.  
Come father, come mother,  
Come sister and brother,  
Come husband and friend,  
    The dead to the dying,  
    Come home !

We have opened the door  
    You entered so oft ;  
For the feast of souls  
We have kindled the coals,  
    And we boil the rice soft.  
Come you who are dearest  
To us who are nearest,  
Come hither, come hither,  
From out the wild weather ;  
The storm clouds are flying,  
The peepul is sighing ;  
    Come in from the rain.  
Come father, come mother,  
Come sister and brother,  
Come husband and lover,  
Beneath our roof-cover.  
    Look on us again,  
The dead on the dying,  
    Come home !

We have opened the door !  
For the feast of souls  
We have kindled the coals  
    We may kindle no more !

Snake, fever, and famine,  
 The curse of the Brahmin,  
 The sun and the dew,  
 They burn us, they bite us,  
 They waste us and smite us ;  
 Our days are but few !  
 In strange lands far yonder  
 To wonder and wander  
 We hasten to you.  
 List then to our sighing,  
 While yet we are here :  
 Nor seeing nor hearing,  
 We wait without fearing,  
 To feel you draw near.  
 O dead, to the dying  
 Come home !

1879.

### THE KHAN'S DEVIL.

THE Khan came from Bokhara town  
 To Hamza, santon of renown.

“ My head is sick, my hands are weak ;  
 Thy help, O holy man, I seek.”

In silence marking for a space  
 The Khan's red eyes and purple face,

Thick voice, and loose, uncertain tread,  
 “ Thou hast a devil ! ” Hamza said.

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the Khan.

"Rid me of him at once, O man!"

"Nay," Hamza said, "no spell of mine  
Can slay that cursed thing of thine.

"Leave feast and wine, go forth and drink  
Water of healing on the brink

"Where clear and cold from mountain snows,  
The Nahr el Zeben downward flows.

"Six moons remain, then come to me;  
May Allah's pity go with thee!"

Awestruck, from feast and wine the Khan  
Went forth where Nahr el Zeben ran.

Roots were his food, the desert dust  
His bed, the water quenched his thirst;

And when the sixth moon's scimeter  
Curved sharp above the evening star,

He sought again the santon's door,  
Not weak and trembling as before,

But strong of limb and clear of brain;  
"Behold," he said, "the fiend is slain."

"Nay," Hamza answered, "starved and drowned,  
The curst one lies in death-like swound.

“ But evil breaks the strongest gyves,  
And jins like him have charmed lives.

“ One beaker of the juice of grape  
May call him up in living shape.

“ When the red wine of Badakshan  
Sparkles for thee, beware, O Khan !

“ With water quench the fire within,  
And drown each day thy devilkin ! ”

Thenceforth the great Khan shunned the cup  
As Shitan's own, though offered up,

With laughing eyes and jewelled hands,  
By Yarkand's maids and Samarcand's.

And, in the lofty vestibule  
Of the medress of Kaush Kodul,

The students of the holy law  
A golden-lettered tablet saw,

With these words, by a cunning hand,  
Graved on it at the Khan's command :

“ In Allah's name, to him who hath  
A devil, Khan el Hamed saith,

“ Wisely our Prophet cursed the vine:  
The fiend that loves the breath of wine

“No prayer can slay, no marabout  
Nor Meccan dervis can drive out.

“I, Khan el Hamed, know the charm  
That robs him of his power to harm.

“Drown him, O Islam’s child! the spell  
To save thee lies in tank and well!”

1879.

### THE KING’S MISSIVE.

1661.

This ballad, originally written for *The Memorial History of Boston*, describes, with pardonable poetic license, a memorable incident in the annals of the city. The interview between Shattuck and the Governor took place, I have since learned, in the residence of the latter, and not in the Council Chamber. The publication of the ballad led to some discussion as to the historical truthfulness of the picture, but I have seen no reason to rub out any of the figures or alter the lines and colors.

UNDER the great hill sloping bare  
To cove and meadow and Common lot,  
In his council chamber and oaken chair,  
Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.  
A grave, strong man, who knew no peer  
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear  
Of God, not man, and for good or ill  
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from out  
The flag, and cloven the May-pole down,  
Harried the heathen round about,  
And whipped the Quakers from town to town.

Earnest and honest, a man at need  
 To burn like a torch for his own harsh creed,  
 He kept with the flaming brand of his zeal  
 The gate of the holy common weal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,  
 With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath ;  
 " Woe 's me ! " he murmured : " at every turn  
 The pestilent Quakers are in my path !  
 Some we have scourged, and banished some,  
 Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,  
 Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,  
 Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

" Did we count on this ? Did we leave behind  
 The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease  
 Of our English hearths and homes, to find  
 Troublers of Israel such as these ?  
 Shall I spare ? Shall I pity them ? God forbid !  
 I will do as the prophet to Agag did :  
 They come to poison the wells of the Word,  
 I will hew them in pieces before the Lord ! "

The door swung open, and Rawson the clerk  
 Entered, and whispered under breath,  
 " There waits below for the hangman's work  
 A fellow banished on pain of death —  
 Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip,  
 Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship  
 At anchor here in a Christian port,  
 With freight of the devil and all his sort ! "

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor  
 Striding fiercely from wall to wall,

"The Lord do so to me and more,"

The Governor cried, "if I hang not all!  
Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,  
With the look of a man at ease with fate,  
Into that presence grim and dread  
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry hand  
Smote down the offence; but the wearer said,  
With a quiet smile, "By the king's command  
I bear his message and stand in his stead."  
In the Governor's hand a missive he laid  
With the royal arms on its seal displayed,  
And the proud man spake as he gazed thereat,  
Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low, —

"The king commandeth your friends' release;  
Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although  
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.  
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,  
His loyal servant, questioneth not.  
You are free! God grant the spirit you own  
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,

And, like Daniel, out of the lion's den  
Tender youth and girlhood passed,  
With age-bowed women and gray-locked men.  
And the voice of one appointed to die  
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,  
And the little maid from New Netherlands  
Kissed, in her joy, the doomed man's hands.



And one, whose call was to minister  
 To the souls in prison, beside him went,  
 An ancient woman, bearing with her  
 The linen shroud for his burial meant.  
 For she, not counting her own life dear,  
 In the strength of a love that cast out fear,  
 Had watched and served where her brethren died,  
 Like those who waited the cross beside.

One moment they paused on their way to look  
 On the martyr graves by the Common side,  
 And much scourged Wharton of Salem took  
 His burden of prophecy up and cried :  
 " Rest, souls of the valiant ! Not in vain  
 Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain ;  
 Ye have fought the fight, ye are victors crowned,  
 With a fourfold chain ye have Satan bound ! "

The autumn haze lay soft and still  
 On wood and meadow and upland farms ;  
 On the brow of Snow Hill the great windmill  
 Slowly and lazily swung its arms ;  
 Broad in the sunshine stretched away,  
 With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay ;  
 And over water and dusk of pines  
 Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,  
 The sumach added its crimson fleck,  
 And double in air and water showed  
 The tinted maples along the Neck ;  
 Through frost flower clusters of pale star-mist,  
 And gentian fringes of amethyst,

And royal plumes of golden-rod,  
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But as they who see not, the Quakers saw  
The world about them ; they only thought  
With deep thanksgiving and pious awe  
On the great deliverance God had wrought.  
Through lane and alley the gazing town  
Noisily followed them up and down ;  
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,  
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din.  
Upsall, gray with his length of days,  
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn :  
“ Men of Boston, give God the praise !  
No more shall innocent blood call down  
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.  
The freedom of worship, dear to you,  
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

“ I see the vision of days to come,  
When your beautiful City of the Bay  
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,  
And none shall his neighbor's rights gainsay.  
The varying notes of worship shall blend  
And as one great prayer to God ascend,  
And hands of mutual charity raise  
Walls of salvation and gates of praise.”

So passed the Quakers through Boston town,  
Whose painful ministers sighed to see  
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down,  
And wolves of heresy prowling free.

But the years went on, and brought no wrong ;  
 With milder counsels the State grew strong,  
 As outward Letter and inward Light  
 Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit perishing not,  
 To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,  
 And spake in the voice of the cannon-shot  
 That severed the chains of a continent.  
 With its gentler mission of peace and good-will  
 The thought of the Quaker is living still,  
 And the freedom of soul he prophesied  
 Is gospel and law where the martyrs died.

1880.

#### VALUATION.

- THE old Squire said, as he stood by his gate,  
 And his neighbor, the Deacon, went by,  
 "In spite of my bank stock and real estate,  
 You are better off, Deacon, than I.
- "We're both growing old, and the end's drawing  
 near,  
 You have less of this world to resign,  
 But in Heaven's appraisal your assets, I fear,  
 Will reckon up greater than mine.
- "They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so poor,  
 I wish I could swap with you even :  
 The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store  
 For the shillings and pence you have given."

“Well, Squire,” said the Deacon, with shrewd common sense,

While his eye had a twinkle of fun,

“Let your pounds take the way of my shillings and pence,

And the thing can be easily done ! ”

1880.

### RABBI ISHMAEL.

“Rabbi Ishmael Ben Elisha said, Once, I entered into the Holy of Holies [as High Priest] to burn incense, when I saw Akatriel [the Divine Crown] Jah, Lord of Hosts, sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, who said unto me, ‘Ishmael, my son, bless me.’ I answered, ‘*May it please Thee to make Thy compassion prevail over Thine anger; may it be revealed above Thy other attributes; mayest Thou deal with Thy children according to it, and not according to the strict measure of judgment.*’ It seemed to me that He bowed His head, as though to answer Amen to my blessing.” — *Talmud* (Berachôth, i. f. 6. b.)

THE Rabbi Ishmael, with the woe and sin  
Of the world heavy upon him, entering in  
The Holy of Holies, saw an awful Face  
With terrible splendor filling all the place.

“O Ishmael Ben Elisha ! ” said a voice,  
“What seekest thou? What blessing is thy  
choice ? ”

And, knowing that he stood before the Lord,  
Within the shadow of the cherubim,  
Wide - winged between the blinding light and  
him,

He bowed himself, and uttered not a word,  
But in the silence of his soul was prayer :

“O Thou Eternal ! I am one of all,  
And nothing ask that others may not share.

Thou art almighty; we are weak and small,  
 And yet Thy children: let Thy mercy spare!"  
 Trembling, he raised his eyes, and in the place  
 Of the insufferable glory, lo! a face  
 Of more than mortal tenderness, that bent  
 Graciously down in token of assent,  
 And, smiling, vanished! With strange joy elate,  
 The wondering Rabbi sought the temple's gate.  
 Radiant as Moses from the Mount, he stood  
 And cried aloud unto the multitude:  
 "O Israel, hear! The Lord our God is good!  
 Mine eyes have seen his glory and his grace;  
 Beyond his judgments shall his love endure;  
 The mercy of the All Merciful is sure!"

1881.

### THE ROCK-TOMB OF BRADORE.

H. Y. Hind, in *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula* (ii. 166) mentions the finding of a rock tomb near the little fishing port of Bradore, with the inscription upon it which is given in the poem.

A DREAR and desolate shore!  
 Where no tree unfolds its leaves,  
 And never the spring wind weaves  
 Green grass for the hunter's tread;  
 A land forsaken and dead,  
 Where the ghostly icebergs go  
 And come with the ebb and flow  
 Of the waters of Bradore!

A wanderer, from a land  
 By summer breezes fanned,

Looked round him, awed, subdued,  
 By the dreadful solitude,  
 Hearing alone the cry  
 Of sea-birds clanging by,  
 The crash and grind of the floe,  
 Wail of wind and wash of tide.  
 "O wretched land!" he cried,  
 "Land of all lands the worst,  
 God forsaken and curst!  
 Thy gates of rock should show  
     The words the Tuscan seer  
 Read in the Realm of Woe:  
     *Hope entereth not here!*"

Lo! at his feet there stood  
 A block of smooth larch wood,  
 Waif of some wandering wave,  
 Beside a rock-closed cave  
 By Nature fashioned for a grave;  
 Safe from the ravening bear  
 And fierce fowl of the air,  
 Wherein to rest was laid  
 A twenty summers' maid,  
 Whose blood had equal share  
 Of the lands of vine and snow,  
 Half French, half Eskimo.  
 In letters uneffaced,  
 Upon the block were traced  
 The grief and hope of man,  
 And thus the legend ran:  
     *"We loved her!"*  
*Words cannot tell how well!*  
     *We loved her!*  
     *God loved her!*

*And called her home to peace and rest.  
We love her ! ”*

The stranger paused and read.  
“ O winter land ! ” he said,  
“ Thy right to be I own ;  
God leaves thee not alone.  
And if thy fierce winds blow  
Over drear wastes of rock and snow,  
And at thy iron gates  
The ghostly iceberg waits,  
Thy homes and hearts are dear.  
Thy sorrow o’er thy sacred dust  
Is sanctified by hope and trust ;  
God’s love and man’s are here.  
And love where’er it goes  
Makes its own atmosphere ;  
Its flowers of Paradise  
Take root in the eternal ice,  
And bloom through Polar snows ! ”

1881.

### THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS.

The volume in which *The Bay of Seven Islands* was published was dedicated to the late Edwin Percy Whipple, to whom more than to any other person I was indebted for public recognition as one worthy of a place in American literature, at a time when it required a great degree of courage to urge such a claim for a proscribed abolitionist. Although younger than I, he had gained the reputation of a brilliant essayist, and was regarded as the highest American authority in criticism. His wit and wisdom enlivened a small literary circle of young men including Thomas Starr King, the eloquent preacher, and Daniel N. Haskell of the *Daily Transcript*, who gathered about our common friend James T. Fields at the Old Corner Bookstore. The poem which gave

title to the volume I inscribed to my friend and neighbor Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose poems have lent a new interest to our beautiful river-valley.

FROM the green Amesbury hill which bears the  
name

Of that half mythic ancestor of mine  
Who trod its slopes two hundred years ago,  
Down the long valley of the Merrimac,  
Midway between me and the river's mouth,  
I see thy home, set like an eagle's nest  
Among Deer Island's immemorial pines,  
Crowning the crag on which the sunset breaks  
Its last red arrow. Many a tale and song,  
Which thou hast told or sung, I call to mind,  
Softening with silvery mist the woods and hills,  
The out-thrust headlands and inreaching bays  
Of our northeastern coast-line, trending where  
The Gulf, midsummer, feels the chill blockade  
Of icebergs stranded at its northern gate.

To thee the echoes of the Island Sound  
Answer not vainly, nor in vain the moan  
Of the South Breaker prophesying storm.  
And thou hast listened, like myself, to men  
Sea-periled oft where Anticosti lies  
Like a fell spider in its web of fog,  
Or where the Grand Bank shallows with the  
wrecks

Of sunken fishers, and to whom strange isles  
And frost-rimmed bays and trading stations seem  
Familiar as Great Neck and Kettle Cove,  
Nubble and Boon, the common names of home.



So let me offer thee this lay of mine,  
 Simple and homely, lacking much thy play  
 Of color and of fancy. If its theme  
 And treatment seem to thee befitting youth  
 Rather than age, let this be my excuse :  
 It has beguiled some heavy hours and called  
 Some pleasant memories up ; and, better still,  
 Occasion lent me for a kindly word  
 To one who is my neighbor and my friend.

1883.

---

The skipper sailed out of the harbor mouth,  
 Leaving the apple-bloom of the South  
     For the ice of the Eastern seas,  
     In his fishing schooner Breeze.

Handsome and brave and young was he,  
 And the maids of Newbury sighed to see  
     His lessening white sail fall  
     Under the sea's blue wall.

Through the Northern Gulf and the misty screen  
 Of the isles of Mingan and Madeleine,  
     St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,  
     The little Breeze sailed on,

Backward and forward, along the shore  
 Of lorn and desolate Labrador,  
     And found at last her way  
     To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below  
 Great hills white with lingering snow,

With its tin-roofed chapel stood  
Half hid in the dwarf spruce wood ;

Green-turfed, flower-sown, the last outpost  
Of summer upon the dreary coast,  
    With its gardens small and spare,  
    Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner lay,  
A fisherman's cottage looked away  
    Over isle and bay, and behind  
    On mountains dim-defined.

And there twin sisters, fair and young,  
Laughed with their stranger guest, and sung  
    In their native tongue the lays  
    Of the old Provençal days.

Alike were they, save the faint outline  
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine ;  
    And both, it so befell,  
    Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,  
But the heart of the skipper clave to one ;  
    Though less by his eye than heart  
    He knew the twain apart.

Despite of alien race and creed,  
Well did his wooing of Marguerite speed ;  
    And the mother's wrath was vain  
    As the sister's jealous pain.

The shrill-tongued mistress her house forbade,  
And solemn warning was sternly said  
By the black-robed priest, whose word  
As law the hamlet heard.

But half by voice and half by signs  
The skipper said, "A warm sun shines  
On the green-banked Merrimac;  
Wait, watch, till I come back.

"And when you see, from my mast head,  
The signal fly of a kerchief red,  
My boat on the shore shall wait;  
Come, when the night is late."

Ah! weighed with childhood's haunts and friends,  
And all that the home sky overbends,  
Did ever young love fail  
To turn the trembling scale?

Under the night, on the wet sea sands,  
Slowly unclasped their plighted hands:  
One to the cottage hearth,  
And one to his sailor's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard?  
Nor leaf, nor ripple, nor wing of bird,  
But a listener's stealthy tread  
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.

He weighed his anchor, and fished once more  
By the black coast-line of Labrador;  
And by love and the north wind driven,  
Sailed back to the Islands Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain  
Saw the Breeze come sailing in again ;  
Said Suzette, " Mother dear,  
The heretic's sail is here."

" Go, Marguerite, to your room, and hide ;  
Your door shall be bolted ! " the mother cried :  
While Suzette, ill at ease,  
Watched the red sign of the Breeze.

At midnight, down to the waiting skiff  
She stole in the shadow of the cliff ;  
And out of the Bay's mouth ran  
The schooner with maid and man.

And all night long, on a restless bed,  
Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite said :  
And thought of her lover's pain  
Waiting for her in vain.

Did he pace the sands ? Did he pause to hear  
The sound of her light step drawing near ?  
And, as the slow hours passed,  
Would he doubt her faith at last ?

But when she saw through the misty pane,  
The morning break on a sea of rain,  
Could even her love avail  
To follow his vanished sail ?

Meantime the Breeze, with favoring wind,  
Left the rugged Moisis hills behind,  
And heard from an unseen shore  
The falls of Manitou roar.

On the morrow's morn, in the thick, gray weather  
They sat on the reeling deck together,  
    Lover and counterfeit,  
    Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her forehead fair  
He smoothed away her jet-black hair.  
    What was it his fond eyes met?  
    The scar of the false Suzette!

Fiercely he shouted: "Bear away  
East by north for Seven Isles Bay!"  
    The maiden wept and prayed,  
    But the ship her helm obeyed.

Once more the Bay of the Isles they found:  
They heard the bell of the chapel sound,  
    And the chant of the dying sung  
    In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

A feeling of mystery, change, and awe  
Was in all they heard and all they saw:  
    Spell-bound the hamlet lay  
    In the hush of its lonely bay.

And when they came to the cottage door,  
The mother rose up from her weeping sore,  
    And with angry gestures met  
    The scared look of Suzette.

"Here is your daughter," the skipper said;  
"Give me the one I love instead."  
    But the woman sternly spoke;  
    "Go, see if the dead will wake!"

He looked. Her sweet face still and white  
And strange in the noonday taper light,  
She lay on her little bed,  
With the cross at her feet and head.

In a passion of grief the strong man bent  
Down to her face, and, kissing it, went  
Back to the waiting Breeze,  
Back to the mournful seas.

Never again to the Merrimac  
And Newbury's homes that bark came back.  
Whether her fate she met  
On the shores of Carraquette,

Miscou, or Tracadie, who can say ?  
But even yet at Seven Isles Bay  
Is told the ghostly tale  
Of a weird, unspoken sail,

In the pale, sad light of the Northern day  
Seen by the blanketed Montagnais,  
Or squaw, in her small kyack,  
Crossing the spectre's track.

On the deck a maiden wrings her hands ;  
Her likeness kneels on the gray coast sands ;  
One in her wild despair,  
And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before no earthly blast,  
The red sign fluttering from her mast,

Over the solemn seas,  
The ghost of the schooner Breeze!

1882.

### THE WISHING BRIDGE.

AMONG the legends sung or said  
Along our rocky shore,  
The Wishing Bridge of Marblehead  
May well be sung once more.

An hundred years ago (so ran  
The old-time story) all  
Good wishes said above its span  
Would, soon or late, befall.

If pure and earnest, never failed  
The prayers of man or maid  
For him who on the deep sea sailed,  
For her at home who stayed.

Once thither came two girls from school,  
And wished in childish glee :  
And one would be a queen and rule,  
And one the world would see.

Time passed ; with change of hopes and fears,  
And in the self-same place,  
Two women, gray with middle years,  
Stood, wondering, face to face.

With wakened memories, as they met,  
They queried what had been :

"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"  
Said one, "I am a queen.

"My realm a little homestead is,  
Where, lacking crown and throne,  
I rule by loving services  
And patient toil alone."

The other said: "The great world lies  
Beyond me as it lay;  
O'er love's and duty's boundaries  
My feet may never stray.

"I see but common sights of home,  
Its common sounds I hear,  
My widowed mother's sick-bed room  
Sufficeth for my sphere.

"I read to her some pleasant page  
Of travel far and wide,  
And in a dreamy pilgrimage  
We wander side by side.

"And when, at last, she falls asleep,  
My book becomes to me  
A magic glass: my watch I keep,  
But all the world I see.

"A farm-wife queen your place you fill,  
While fancy's privilege  
Is mine to walk the earth at will,  
Thanks to the Wishing Bridge."



“Nay, leave the legend for the truth,”  
 The other cried, “and say  
 God gives the wishes of our youth,  
 But in His own best way!”

1882.

## HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER.

The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662. The Quakers, as was their wont, prophesied against him, and saw, as they supposed, the fulfilment of their prophecy when, many years after, he was killed by the Indians.

*To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Rorbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.*

You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

*Dated at Dover, December 22, 1662.*

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the town's people, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimac, who stood far in advance of his time, as an advocate of religious freedom, and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the court at Salem, remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

THE tossing spray of Coheco's fall  
 Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,  
 As through Dover town in the chill, gray dawn,  
 Three women passed, at the cart-tail drawn!

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's grip  
And keener sting of the constable's whip,  
The blood that followed each hissing blow  
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow.

Priest and ruler, boy and maid  
Followed the dismal cavalcade ;  
And from door and window, open thrown,  
Looked and wondered gaffer and crone.

"God is our witness," the victims cried,  
"We suffer for Him who for all men died ;  
The wrong ye do has been done before,  
We bear the stripes that the Master bore !

"And thou, O Richard Waldron, for whom  
We hear the feet of a coming doom,  
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of wrong  
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long.

"In the light of the Lord, a flame we see  
Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree ;  
And beneath it an old man lying dead,  
With stains of blood on his hoary head."

"Smite, Goodman Hate-Evil ! — harder still !"  
The magistrate cried, "lay on with a will !  
Drive out of their bodies the Father of Lies,  
Who through them preaches and prophecies !"

So into the forest they held their way,  
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,  
Over wind-swept hills that felt the beat  
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his traps,  
 Peered stealthily through the forest gaps ;  
 And the outlying settler shook his head, —  
 “ They ’re witches going to jail,” he said.

At last a meeting-house came in view ;  
 A blast on his horn the constable blew ;  
 And the boys of Hampton cried up and down,  
 “ The Quakers have come ! ” to the wondering town.

From barn and woodpile the goodman came ;  
 The goodwife quitted her quilting frame,  
 With her child at her breast ; and, hobbling slow,  
 The grandam followed to see the show.

Once more the torturing whip was swung,  
 Once more keen lashes the bare flesh stung.  
 “ Oh, spare ! they are bleeding ! ” a little maid  
       cried,  
 And covered her face the sight to hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd : “ Good folks,”  
 Quoth the constable, busy counting the strokes,  
 “ No pity to wretches like these is due,  
 They have beaten the gospel black and blue ! ”

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed fear,  
 With her wooden noggin of milk drew near.  
 “ Drink, poor hearts ! ” a rude hand smote  
 Her draught away from a parching throat.

“ Take heed,” one whispered, “ they ’ll take your  
       cow  
 For fines, as they took your horse and plough,

And the bed from under you." "Even so,"  
She said ; " they are cruel as death, I know."

Then on they passed, in the waning day,  
Through Seabrook woods, a weariful way ;  
By great salt meadows and sand-hills bare,  
And glimpses of blue sea here and there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury town,  
The sufferers stood, in the red sundown,  
Bare for the lash ! O pitying Night,  
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight !

With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip  
The Salisbury constable dropped his whip.  
" This warrant means murder foul and red ;  
Cursed is he who serves it," he said.

" Show me the order, and meanwhile strike  
A blow at your peril ! " said Justice Pike.  
Of all the rulers the land possessed,  
Wisest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft ; the priest he met  
As man meets man ; his feet he set  
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,  
Soul-free, with his face to the morning light.

He read the warrant : " *These convey  
From our precincts ; at every town on the  
way*  
*Give each ten lashes.*" " God judge the brute !  
I tread his order under my foot !

“Cut loose these poor ones and let them go ;  
Come what will of it, all men shall know  
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,  
For whipping women in Salisbury town ! ”

The hearts of the villagers, half released  
From creed of terror and rule of priest,  
By a primal instinct owned the right  
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,  
His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept ;  
Quicker or slower, the same blood ran  
In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise  
And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze  
Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed  
A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,  
When souls were fettered and thought was crime,  
And heresy's whisper above its breath  
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and death !

What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried,  
Even woman rebuked and prophesied,  
And soft words rarely answered back  
The grim persuasion of whip and rack !

If her cry from the whipping-post and jail  
Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven nail,  
O woman, at ease in these happier days,  
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways !

How much thy beautiful life may owe  
To her faith and courage thou canst not know,  
Nor how from the paths of thy calm retreat  
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet.  
1883.

## SAINT GREGORY'S GUEST.

A TALE for Roman guides to tell  
To careless, sight-worn travellers still,  
Who pause beside the narrow cell  
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came  
A beggar, stretching empty palms,  
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name  
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered, "All I have  
In this poor cell of mine I give,  
The silver cup my mother gave ;  
In Christ's name take thou it, and live."

Years passed ; and, called at last to bear  
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,  
The poor monk, in Saint Peter's chair,  
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," Saint Gregory cried,  
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."  
The beggars came, and one beside,  
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

“I asked thee not,” the Pontiff spake,  
 “O stranger ; but if need be thine,  
 I bid thee welcome, for the sake  
 Of Him who is thy Lord and mine.”

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,  
 Like His who on Gennesaret trod,  
 Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,  
 Whose form was as the Son of God.

“Know’st thou,” he said, “thy gift of old ?”  
 And in the hand he lifted up  
 The Pontiff marvelled to behold  
 Once more his mother’s silver cup.

“Thy prayers and alms have risen, and bloom  
 Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.  
 I am The Wonderful, through whom  
 Whate’er thou askest shall be given.”

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell  
 With his twelve guests in mute accord  
 Prone on their faces, knowing well  
 Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain ;  
 Nor vain thy art, Verona’s Paul,  
 Telling it o’er and o’er again  
 On gray Vicenza’s frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares  
 Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,  
 And love the beggar’s feast prepares,  
 The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,  
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,  
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,  
And all good deeds are done to Him.

1883.

## BIRCHBROOK MILL.

A NOTELESS stream, the Birchbrook runs  
Beneath its leaning trees ;  
That low, soft ripple is its own,  
That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone  
The distant church spire's tip,  
And, ghost-like, on a blank of gray,  
The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,  
It wanders at its will ;  
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell  
Where once was Birchbrook mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed  
Long since a farmer's fires ;  
His doorsteps are the stones that ground  
The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here ; but Nature lost  
No right of her domain ;  
She waited, and she brought the old  
Wild beauty back again.



By day the sunlight through the leaves  
 Falls on its moist, green sod,  
 And wakes the violet bloom of spring  
 And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,  
 The swallow dips her wings  
 In the cool spray, and on its banks  
 The gray song-sparrow sings.

But from it, when the dark night falls,  
 The school-girl shrinks with dread;  
 The farmer, home-bound from his fields,  
 Goes by with quickened tread.

They dare not pause to hear the grind  
 Of shadowy stone on stone;  
 The plashing of a water-wheel  
 Where wheel there now is none.

Has not a cry of pain been heard  
 Above the clattering mill?  
 The pawing of an unseen horse,  
 Who waits his mistress still?

Yet never to the listener's eye  
 Has sight confirmed the sound;  
 A wavering birch line marks alone  
 The vacant pasture ground.

No ghostly arms fling up to heaven  
 The agony of prayer;  
 No spectral steed impatient shakes  
 His white mane on the air.

The meaning of that common dread  
No tongue has fitly told ;  
The secret of the dark surmise  
The brook and birches hold.

What nameless horror of the past  
Broods here forevermore ?  
What ghost his unforgiven sin  
Is grinding o'er and o'er ?

Does, then, immortal memory play  
The actor's tragic part,  
Rehearsals of a mortal life  
And unveiled human heart ?

God's pity spare a guilty soul  
That drama of its ill,  
And let the scenic curtain fall  
On Birchbrook's haunted mill !

1884.

### THE TWO ELIZABETHS.

Read at the unveiling of the bust of Elizabeth Fry at the  
Friends' School, Providence, R. I.

A. D. 1209.

AMIDST Thuringia's wooded hills she dwelt,  
A high-born princess, servant of the poor,  
Sweetening with gracious words the food she dealt  
To starving throngs at Wartburg's blazoned  
door.

A blinded zealot held her soul in chains,  
Cramped the sweet nature that he could not kill,  
Scarred her fair body with his penance-pains,  
And gauged her conscience by his narrow will.

God gave her gifts of beauty and of grace,  
With fast and vigil she denied them all;  
Unquestioning, with sad, pathetic face,  
She followed meekly at her stern guide's call.

So drooped and died her home-blown rose of bliss  
In the chill rigor of a discipline  
That turned her fond lips from her children's kiss,  
And made her joy of motherhood a sin.

To their sad level by compassion led,  
One with the low and vile herself she made,  
While thankless misery mocked the hand that fed,  
And laughed to scorn her piteous masquerade.

But still, with patience that outwearied hate,  
She gave her all while yet she had to give;  
And then her empty hands, importunate,  
In prayer she lifted that the poor might live.

Sore pressed by grief, and wrongs more hard to  
bear,  
And dwarfed and stifled by a harsh control,  
She kept life fragrant with good deeds and prayer,  
And fresh and pure the white flower of her soul.

Death found her busy at her task : one word  
Alone she uttered as she paused to die,

“Silence!” — then listened even as one who heard  
With song and wing the angels drawing nigh!

Now Fra Angelico's roses fill her hands,  
And, on Murillo's canvas, Want and Pain  
Kneel at her feet. Her marble image stands  
Worshipped and crowned in Marburg's holy  
fane.

Yea, wheresoe'er her Church its cross uprears,  
Wide as the world her story still is told;  
In manhood's reverence, woman's prayers and tears,  
She lives again whose grave is centuries old.

And still, despite the weakness or the blame  
Of blind submission to the blind, she hath  
A tender place in hearts of every name,  
And more than Rome owns Saint Elizabeth!

A. D. 1780.

Slow ages passed: and lo! another came,  
An English matron, in whose simple faith  
Nor priestly rule nor ritual had claim,  
A plain, uncanonized Elizabeth.

No sackcloth robe, nor ashen-sprinkled hair,  
Nor wasting fast, nor scourge, nor vigil long,  
Marred her calm presence. God had made her fair,  
And she could do His goodly work no wrong.

Their yoke is easy and their burden light  
Whose sole confessor is the Christ of God;  
Her quiet trust and faith transcending sight  
Smoothed to her feet the difficult paths she trod.

And there she walked, as duty bade her go,  
 Safe and unsullied as a cloistered nun,  
 Shamed with her plainness Fashion's gaudy show,  
 And overcame the world she did not shun.

In Earlham's bowers, in Plashet's liberal hall,  
 In the great city's restless crowd and din,  
 Her ear was open to the Master's call,  
 And knew the summons of His voice within.

Tender as mother, beautiful as wife,  
 Amidst the throngs of prisoned crime she stood  
 In modest raiment faultless as her life,  
 The type of England's worthiest womanhood !

To melt the hearts that harshness turned to stone  
 The sweet persuasion of her lips sufficed,  
 And guilt, which only hate and fear had known,  
 Saw in her own the pitying love of Christ.

So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit went  
 She followed, finding every prison cell  
 It opened for her sacred as a tent  
 Pitched by Gennesaret or by Jacob's well.

And Pride and Fashion felt her strong appeal,  
 And priest and ruler marvelled as they saw  
 How hand in hand went wisdom with her zeal,  
 And woman's pity kept the bounds of law.

She rests in God's peace ; but her memory stirs  
 The air of earth as with an angel's wings,  
 And warms and moves the hearts of men like hers,  
 The sainted daughter of Hungarian kings.

United now, the Briton and the Hun,  
Each, in her own time, faithful unto death,  
Live sister souls ! in name and spirit one,  
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth !  
1885.

## REQUITAL.

As Islam's Prophet, when his last day drew  
Nigh to its close, besought all men to say  
Whom he had wronged, to whom he then should  
pay  
A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue,  
And, through the silence of his weeping friends,  
A strange voice cried : "Thou owest me a debt,"  
"Allah be praised !" he answered. "Even yet  
He gives me power to make to thee amends.  
O friend ! I thank thee for thy timely word."  
So runs the tale. Its lesson all may heed,  
For all have sinned in thought, or word, or  
deed,  
Or, like the Prophet, through neglect have erred.  
All need forgiveness, all have debts to pay  
Ere the night cometh, while it still is day.  
1885.

## THE HOMESTEAD.

AGAINST the wooded hills it stands,  
Ghost of a dead home, staring through  
Its broken lights on wasted lands  
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,  
 The poor, forsaken farm-fields lie,  
 Once rich and rife with golden corn  
 And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,  
 The garden plot no housewife keeps ;  
 Through weeds and tangle only left,  
 The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, still blossom-clad,  
 Sways slow before the empty rooms ;  
 Beside the roofless porch a sad  
 Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of drouth,  
 On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,  
 And in the fireless chimney's mouth  
 His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn, about to fall,  
 Resounds no more on husking eves ;  
 No cattle low in yard or stall,  
 No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear ! It seems almost  
 Some haunting Presence makes its sign ;  
 That down yon shadowy lane some ghost  
 Might drive his spectral kine !

O home so desolate and lorn !  
 Did all thy memories die with thee ?  
 Were any wed, were any born,  
 Beneath this low roof-tree ?

Whose axe the wall of forest broke,  
And let the waiting sunshine through?  
What goodwife sent the earliest smoke  
Up the great chimney flue?

Did rustic lovers hither come?  
Did maidens, swaying back and forth  
In rhythmic grace, at wheel and loom,  
Make light their toil with mirth?

Did child feet patter on the stair?  
Did boyhood frolic in the snow?  
Did gray age, in her elbow chair,  
Knit, rocking to and fro?

The murmuring brook, the sighing breeze,  
The pine's slow whisper, cannot tell;  
Low mounds beneath the hemlock-trees  
Keep the home secrets well.

Cease, mother-land, to fondly boast  
Of sons far off who strive and thrive,  
Forgetful that each swarming host  
Must leave an emptier hive!

O wanderers from ancestral soil,  
Leave noisome mill and chaffering store:  
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil,  
And build the home once more!

Come back to bayberry-scented slopes,  
And fragrant fern, and ground-nut vine;  
Breathe airs blown over holt and copse  
Sweet with black birch and pine.



What matter if the gains are small  
 That life's essential wants supply?  
 Your homestead's title gives you all  
 That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many-dollared crave,  
 The brick-walled slaves of 'Change and mart,  
 Lawns, trees, fresh air, and flowers, you have,  
 More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom-willed,  
 With none to bid you go or stay,  
 Till the old fields your fathers tilled,  
 As manly men as they!

With skill that spares your toiling hands,  
 And chemic aid that science brings,  
 Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,  
 And reign thereon as kings!

1886.

## HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

### AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND.

HAPPY young friends, sit by me,  
 Under May's blown apple-tree,  
 While these home-birds in and out  
 Through the blossoms flit about.  
 Hear a story, strange and old,  
 By the wild red Indians told,  
 How the robin came to be:

Once a great chief left his son, —  
Well-beloved, his only one, —  
When the boy was well-nigh grown,  
In the trial-lodge alone.  
Left for tortures long and slow  
Youths like him must undergo,  
Who their pride of manhood test,  
Lacking water, food, and rest.

Seven days the fast he kept,  
Seven nights he never slept.  
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,  
Weak from nature's overstrain,  
Faltering, moaned a low complaint :  
"Spare me, father, for I faint !"  
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,  
Hid his pity in his pride.  
"You shall be a hunter good,  
Knowing never lack of food ;  
You shall be a warrior great,  
Wise as fox and strong as bear ;  
Many scalps your belt shall wear,  
If with patient heart you wait  
Bravely till your task is done.  
Better you should starving die  
Than that boy and squaw should cry  
Shame upon your father's son !"

When next morn the sun's first rays  
Glistened on the hemlock sprays,  
Straight that lodge the old chief sought,  
And boiled samp and moose meat brought.  
"Rise and eat, my son !" he said.  
Lo, he found the poor boy dead !

As with grief his grave they made,  
 And his bow beside him laid,  
 Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,  
 On the lodge-top overhead,  
 Preening smooth its breast of red  
 And the brown coat that it wore,  
 Sat a bird, unknown before.  
 And as if with human tongue,  
 "Mourn me not," it said, or sung ;  
 "I, a bird, am still your son,  
 Happier than if hunter fleet,  
 Or a brave, before your feet  
 Laying scalps in battle won.  
 Friend of man, my song shall cheer  
 Lodge and corn-land ; hovering near,  
 To each wigwam I shall bring  
 Tidings of the coming spring ;  
 Every child my voice shall know  
 In the moon of melting snow,  
 When the maple's red bud swells,  
 And the wind-flower lifts its bells.  
 As their fond companion  
 Men shall henceforth own your son,  
 And my song shall testify  
 That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith  
 How, at first, the robin came  
 With a sweeter life from death,  
 Bird for boy, and still the same.  
 If my young friends doubt that this  
 Is the robin's genesis,  
 Not in vain is still the myth

If a truth be found therewith :  
 Unto gentleness belong  
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong ;  
 Happier far than hate is praise, —  
 He who sings than he who slays.

# BANISHED FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

1660.

On a painting by E. A. Abbey. The General Court of Massachusetts enacted Oct. 19, 1658, that "any person or persons of the cursed sect of Quakers" should, on conviction of the same, be banished, on pain of death, from the jurisdiction of the commonwealth.

OVER the threshold of his pleasant home  
 Set in green clearings passed the exiled Friend,  
 In simple trust, misdoubting not the end.  
 "Dear heart of mine!" he said, "the time has  
     come  
 To trust the Lord for shelter." One long gaze  
 The goodwife turned on each familiar thing, —  
 The lowing kine, the orchard blossoming,  
 The open door that showed the hearth-fire's  
     blaze, —  
 And calmly answered, "Yes, He will provide."  
 Silent and slow they crossed the homestead's  
     bound,  
 Lingering the longest by their child's grave-mound.  
 "Move on, or stay and hang!" the sheriff cried.  
 They left behind them more than home or land,  
 And set sad faces to an alien strand.

Safer with winds and waves than human wrath,  
 With ravening wolves than those whose zeal for  
 God

Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod  
 Drear leagues of forest without guide or path,  
 Or launching frail boats on the uncharted sea,  
 Round storm-vexed capes, whose teeth of granite  
 ground

The waves to foam, their perilous way they  
 wound,

Enduring all things so their souls were free.

Oh, true confessors, shaming them who did  
 Anew the wrong their Pilgrim Fathers bore !

For you the Mayflower spread her sail once  
 more,

Freighted with souls, to all that duty bid  
 Faithful as they who sought an unknown land,  
 O'er wintry seas, from Holland's Hook of Sand !

So from his lost home to the darkening main,  
 Bodeful of storm, stout Macy held his way,  
 And, when the green shore blended with the  
 gray,

His poor wife moaned : " Let us turn back again."

" Nay, woman, weak of faith, kneel down," said he,

" And say thy prayers : the Lord himself will  
 steer ;

And led by Him, nor man nor devils I fear ! " <sup>19</sup>

So the gray Southwicks, from a rainy sea,  
 Saw, far and faint, the loom of land, and gave  
 With feeble voices thanks for friendly ground  
 Whereon to rest their weary feet, and found

A peaceful death-bed and a quiet grave  
 Where, ocean-walled, and wiser than his age,  
 The lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's rage.

Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely shores,  
 And Indian-haunted Narragansett saw  
 The way-worn travellers round their camp-fire  
 draw,  
 Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.  
 And every place whereon they rested grew  
 Happier for pure and gracious womanhood,  
 And men whose names for stainless honor stood,  
 Founders of States and rulers wise and true.  
 The Muse of history yet shall make amends  
 To those who freedom, peace, and justice taught,  
 Beyond their dark age led the van of thought,  
 And left unforfeited the name of Friends.  
 O mother State, how foiled was thy design !  
 The gain was theirs, the loss alone was thine.

### THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

The hint of this ballad is found in Arndt's *Märchen*, Berlin, 1816. The ballad appeared first in *St. Nicholas*, whose young readers were advised, while smiling at the absurd superstition, to remember that bad companionship and evil habits, desires, and passions are more to be dreaded now than the Elves and Trolls who frightened the children of past ages.

THE pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic water  
 o'er,  
 To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian  
 shore ;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and  
maid  
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the  
sea-surf played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their degree :  
He was the Amptman's first-born, the miller's  
child was she.

Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs  
and Trolls,  
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the people with-  
out souls ;

And for every man and woman in Rügen's island  
found  
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was under-  
ground.

It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled  
away  
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves  
and goblins play.

That day, in barley-fields below, the harvesters had  
known  
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns  
blown.

She came not back ; the search for her in field and  
wood was vain :  
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she  
came not again.

“She’s down among the Brown Dwarfs,” said the  
dream-wives wise and old,  
And prayers were made, and masses said, and  
Rambin’s church bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her ; and then John  
Deitrich said :  
“ I will find my little playmate, be she alive or  
dead.”

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the  
Brown Dwarfs sing,  
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a  
ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap  
of red,  
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it  
on his head.

The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept for  
lack of it.  
“ Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great  
head unfit ! ”

“ Nay,” Deitrich said ; “ the Dwarf who throws his  
charmèd cap away,  
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly  
pay.

“ You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the  
earth ;  
And you shall ope the door of glass and let me  
lead her forth.”



"She will not come; she's one of us; she's mine!" the Brown Dwarf said;

"The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we shall wed."

"The fell fiend fetch thee!" Deitrich cried, "and keep thy foul tongue still.

Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill!"

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the long stair-way passed,  
And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land, —  
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came unto a banquet-hall with tables richly spread,  
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild!  
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled!

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her tender blue eyes seemed  
Like something he had seen elsewhere or something he had dreamed.

He looked ; he clasped her in his arms ; he knew  
the long-lost one ;

“ O Lisbeth ! See thy playmate — I am the  
Amptman's son ! ”

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through  
her sobs she spoke :

“ Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the  
elfin folk !

“ And let me tread the grass-green fields and smell  
the flowers again,  
And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the  
dropping rain !

“ And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of  
the tree,  
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of  
the sea ;

“ And oh, upon my father's knee to sit beside the  
door,  
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin  
church once more ! ”

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips ; the Brown  
Dwarf groaned to see,  
And tore his tangled hair and ground his long  
teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said : “ For five long years this ten-  
der Christian maid  
Has served you in your evil world and well must  
she be paid !

“Haste! — hither bring me precious gems, the  
richest in your store;  
Then when we pass the gate of glass, you ’ll take  
your cap once more.”

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and, murmur-  
ing, he obeyed,  
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of  
the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and passed the  
gate of glass;  
They felt the sunshine’s warm caress, they trod the  
soft, green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up  
to them his brown  
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red  
cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so  
blue,  
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleas-  
ant meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin’s  
woods before,  
And never washed the waves so soft along the Bal-  
tic shore;

And when beneath his door-yard trees the father  
met his child,  
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks  
with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain  
came forth as one,  
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest  
a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse  
and maid crooned o'er  
Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well, the  
Trolls shall come no more!"

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of  
stone;  
And Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door  
where door was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's pride  
and boast,  
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian  
coast;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich beyond com-  
pare,  
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long and  
happy there.



## NOTES

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Note 1, page 24. The Pythoness of ancient Lynn was the redoubtable Moll Pitcher, who lived under the shadow of High Rock in that town, and was sought far and wide for her supposed powers of divination. She died about 1810. Mr. Upham, in his *Salem Witchcraft*, has given an account of her.

Note 2, page 88. Bashaba was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook. (*Mass. Hist. Coll.*, vol. iii. pp. 21, 22.) "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, etc. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devill appeareth more familiarly than to others." — *Winslow's Relation*.

Note 3, page 93. "The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit, who presides over the household."

Note 4, page 97. There are rocks in the river at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

Note 5, page 101. The Spring God. — See *Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language*.

Note 6, page 106. "Mat wonck kunna-monee." We shall see thee or her no more. — See *Roger Williams's Key*.

Note 7, page 106. "The Great South West God." — See *Roger Williams's Observations*, etc.

Note 8, page 109. The barbarities of Count de Tilly after the siege of Magdeburg made such an impression upon our forefathers that the phrase "like old Tilly" is still heard sometimes in New England of any piece of special ferocity.

Note 9, page 134. Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire which was seen in latitude 77° south, — a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean, was covered with everlasting snow and ice : —

"The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet ; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colors of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward ! This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand."

Note 10, page 210. It was the custom in Sewall's time for churches and individuals to hold fasts whenever any public or private need suggested the fitness ; and as state and church were very closely connected, the General Court sometimes ordered a fast. Out of this custom sprang the annual fast in spring, now observed, but it is of comparatively recent date. Such a fast was ordered on the 14th of January,

1697, when Sewall made his special confession of guilt in condemning innocent persons under the supposition that they were witches. He is said to have observed the day privately on each annual return thereafter.

Note 11, page 244. Dr. John Dee was a man of erudition, who had an extensive museum, library, and apparatus; he claimed to be an astrologer, and had acquired the reputation of having dealings with evil spirits, and a mob was raised which destroyed the greater part of his possessions. He professed to raise the dead and had a magic crystal. He died a pauper in 1608.

Note 12, page 325. Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau, or, as Sewall the Quaker Historian gives it, Von Merlane, a noble young lady of Frankfort, seems to have held among the Mystics of that city very much such a position as Anna Maria Schurmaus did among the Labadists of Holland. William Penn appears to have shared the admiration of her own immediate circle for this accomplished and gifted lady.

Note 13, page 330. Magister Johann Kelpius, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, came to Pennsylvania in 1694, with a company of German Mystics. They made their home in the woods on the Wissahickon, a little west of the Quaker settlement of Germantown. Kelpius was a believer in the near approach of the Millennium, and was a devout student of the Book of Revelation, and the *Morgen-Rothe* of Jacob Behmen. He called his settlement "The Woman in the Wilderness" (*Das Weib in der Wueste*). He was only twenty-four years of age when he came to America, but his gravity, learning, and devotion placed him at the head of the settlement. He disliked the Quakers, because he thought they were too exclusive in the matter of ministers. He was, like most of the Mystics, opposed to the severe doctrinal views of Calvin and even Luther, declaring "that he could as little agree with the *Damnamus* of the Augsburg Confession as with the *Anathema* of the Council of Trent."

He died in 1704, sitting in his little garden surrounded by his grieving disciples. Previous to his death it is said that he cast his famous "Stone of Wisdom" into the river, where



that mystic souvenir of the times of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and Agrippa has lain ever since, undisturbed.

Note 14, page 331. Peter Sluyter, or Schluter, a native of Wesel, united himself with the sect of Labadists, who believed in the Divine commission of John De Labadie, a Roman Catholic priest converted to Protestantism, enthusiastic, eloquent, and evidently sincere in his special calling and election to separate the true and living members of the Church of Christ from the formalism and hypocrisy of the ruling sects. George Keith and Robert Barclay visited him at Amsterdam, and afterward at the communities of Herford and Wieward; and, according to Gerard Croes, found him so near to them on some points, that they offered to take him into the Society of Friends. This offer, if it was really made, which is certainly doubtful, was, happily for the Friends at least, declined. Invited to Herford in Westphalia by Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector Palatine, De Labadie and his followers preached incessantly, and succeeded in arousing a wild enthusiasm among the people, who neglected their business and gave way to excitements and strange practices. Men and women, it was said, at the Communion drank and danced together, and private marriages, or spiritual unions, were formed. Labadie died in 1674 at Altona, in Denmark, maintaining his testimonies to the last. "Nothing remains for me," he said, "except to go to my God. Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier."

In 1679, Peter Sluyter and Jasper Dankers were sent to America by the community at the Castle of Wieward. Their journal, translated from the Dutch and edited by Henry C. Murphy, has been recently published by the Long Island Historical Society. They made some converts, and among them was the eldest son of Hermanns, the proprietor of a rich tract of land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, known as Bohemia Manor. Sluyter obtained a grant of this tract, and established upon it a community numbering at one time a hundred souls. Very contradictory statements are on record regarding his headship of this spiritual family, the discipline of which seems to have been of more than monastic

severity. Certain it is that he bought and sold slaves, and manifested more interest in the world's goods than became a believer in the near Millennium. He evinces in his journal an overweening spiritual pride, and speaks contemptuously of other professors, especially the Quakers whom he met in his travels. The latter, on the contrary, seem to have looked favorably upon the Labadists, and uniformly speak of them courteously and kindly. His journal shows him to have been destitute of common gratitude and Christian charity. He threw himself upon the generous hospitality of the Friends wherever he went, and repaid their kindness by the coarsest abuse and misrepresentation.

Note 15, page 332. Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad and liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Council of State, Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his Society, took a deep interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusion of modern geologists. "I spent," he says, "some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season attending meetings, at whose high cliffs and the variety of strata therein and their several positions I further learned and was confirmed in some things, — that the earth is of much older date as to the beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days." It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects, that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies, and that they quoted heathen moralists in support of their views. Sluyter and Dankers, in their journal of American travels, visiting a Quaker preacher's house at Burling-

ton, on the Delaware, found "a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common hand-book ; also Helmont's book on Medicine (*Ortus Medicinæ, id est Initia Physica inaudita progressus medicinæ novus in morborum ultionem ad vitam longam*), whom, in an introduction they have made to it, they make to pass for one of their own sect, although in his lifetime he did not know anything about Quakers." It would appear from this that the half-mystical, half-scientific writings of the alchemist and philosopher of Vilverde had not escaped the notice of Friends, and that they had included him in their broad eclecticism.

Note 16, page 333. "The Quaker's Meeting," a painting by E. Hemskerck (supposed to be Egbert Hemskerck the younger, son of Egbert Hemskerck the old), in which William Penn and others — among them Charles II., or the Duke of York — are represented along with the rudest and most stolid class of the British rural population at that period. Hemskerck came to London from Holland with King William in 1689. He delighted in wild, grotesque subjects, such as the nocturnal intercourse of witches and the temptation of St. Anthony. Whatever was strange and uncommon attracted his free pencil. Judging from the portrait of Penn, he must have drawn his faces, figures, and costumes from life, although there may be something of caricature in the convulsed attitudes of two or three of the figures.

Note 17, page 337. In one of his letters addressed to German friends, Pastorius says : "These wild men, who never in their life heard Christ's teachings about temperance and contentment, herein far surpass the Christians. They live far more contented and unconcerned for the morrow. They do not overreach in trade. They know nothing of our everlasting pomp and stylishness. They neither curse nor swear, are temperate in food and drink, and if any of them get drunk, the mouth-Christians are at fault, who, for the sake of accursed lucre, sell them strong drink."

Again he wrote in 1698 to his father that he finds the Indians reasonable people, willing to accept good teaching and manners, evincing an inward piety toward God, and more eager, in fact, to understand things divine than many

among you who in the pulpit teach Christ in word, but by ungodly life deny him.

"It is evident," says Professor Seidensticker, "Pastorius holds up the Indian as Nature's unspoiled child to the eyes of the 'European Babel,' somewhat after the same manner in which Tacitus used the barbarian *Germani* to shame his degenerate countrymen."

As believers in the universality of the Saving Light, the outlook of early Friends upon the heathen was a very cheerful and hopeful one. God was as near to them as to Jew or Anglo-Saxon; as accessible at Timbuctoo as at Rome or Geneva. Not the letter of Scripture, but the spirit which dictated it, was of saving efficacy. Robert Barclay is nowhere more powerful than in his argument for the salvation of the heathen, who live according to their light, without knowing even the name of Christ. William Penn thought Socrates as good a Christian as Richard Baxter. Early Fathers of the Church, as Origen and Justin Martyr, held broader views on this point than modern Evangelicals. Even Augustine, from whom Calvin borrowed his theology, admits that he has no controversy with the admirable philosophers Plato and Plotinus. "Nor do I think," he says in *De Civ. Dei*, lib. xviii., cap. 47, "that the Jews dare affirm that none belonged unto God but the Israelites."

Note 18, page 346. A common saying of Valdemar; hence his sobriquet *Alterday*.

Note 19, page 420. "He [Macy] shook the dust from off his feet, and departed with all his worldly goods and his family. He encountered a severe storm, and his wife, influenced by some omens of disaster, besought him to put back. He told her not to fear, for his faith was perfect. But she entreated him again. Then the spirit that impelled him broke forth: 'Woman, go below and seek thy God. I fear not the witches on earth, or the devils in hell!'" — *Life of Robert Pike*, page 55.